Saturday Review

May 29, 1971 50¢

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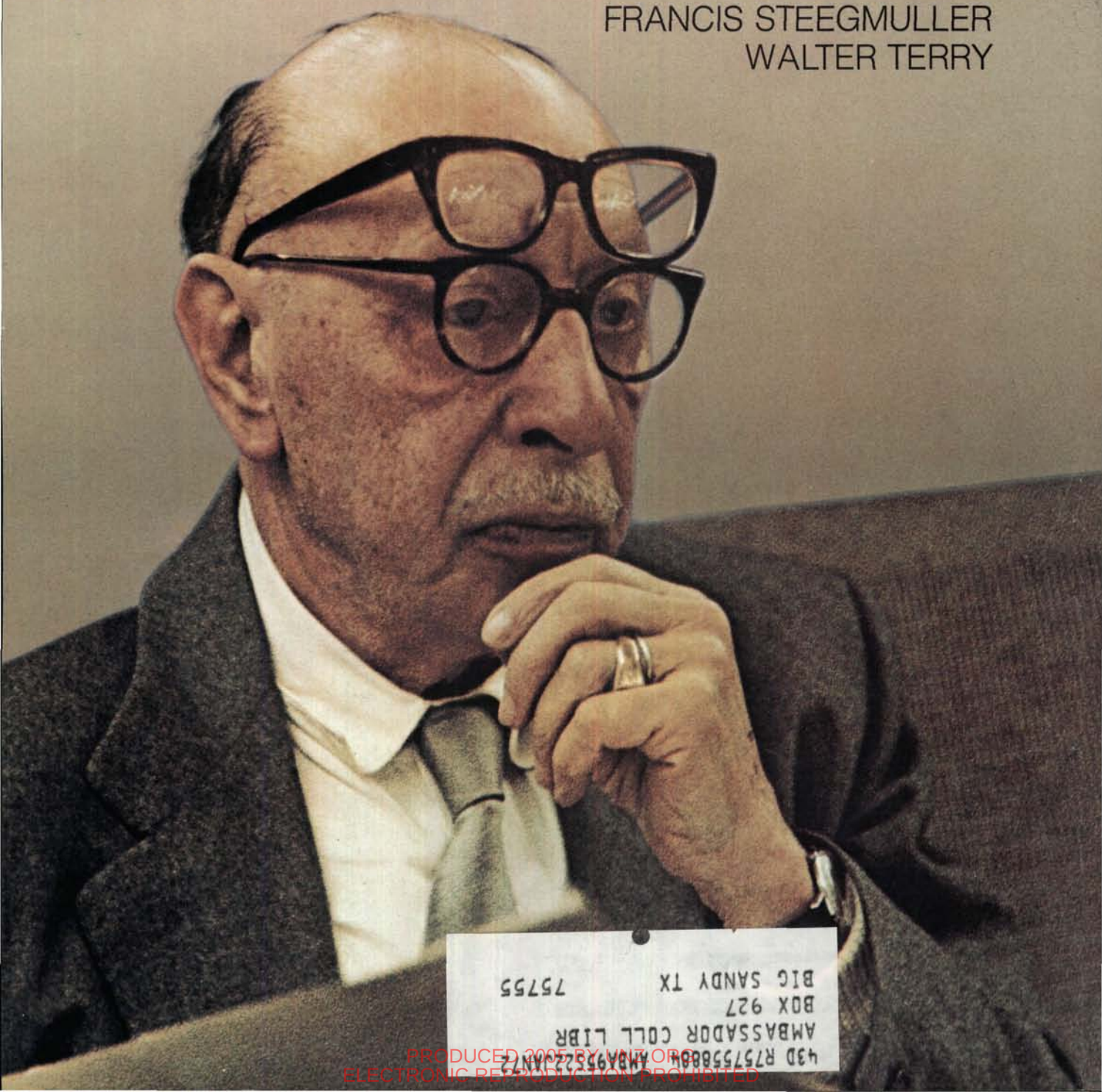

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We're helping a cookie ma

Southern Delicious Bakeries, Inc., is the first major Black-operated bakery in the United States. It started with a little help from its friends. Werner-Lehara Inc., a manufacturer of commercial baking equipment. A large supermarket chain. And Chase Manhattan, which continues to serve as a financial advisor.

Its product is a quality line of "home style" cookies. Southern Delicious sells mostly to supermarket chains, grocery outlets and the institutional food market in the New York New Jersey and Pennsylvania areas. The bakery is also equipped for private-label distribution.

The West Orange plant contains more

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cturer make a lot of bread.

an a quarter of a million dollars' worth modern, high-speed baking and ckaging machinery. The location was osen because of its accessibility by blic transportation to Newark's labor rce. Because teaching people new skills d giving them pride in their work is important part of Southern Delicious.

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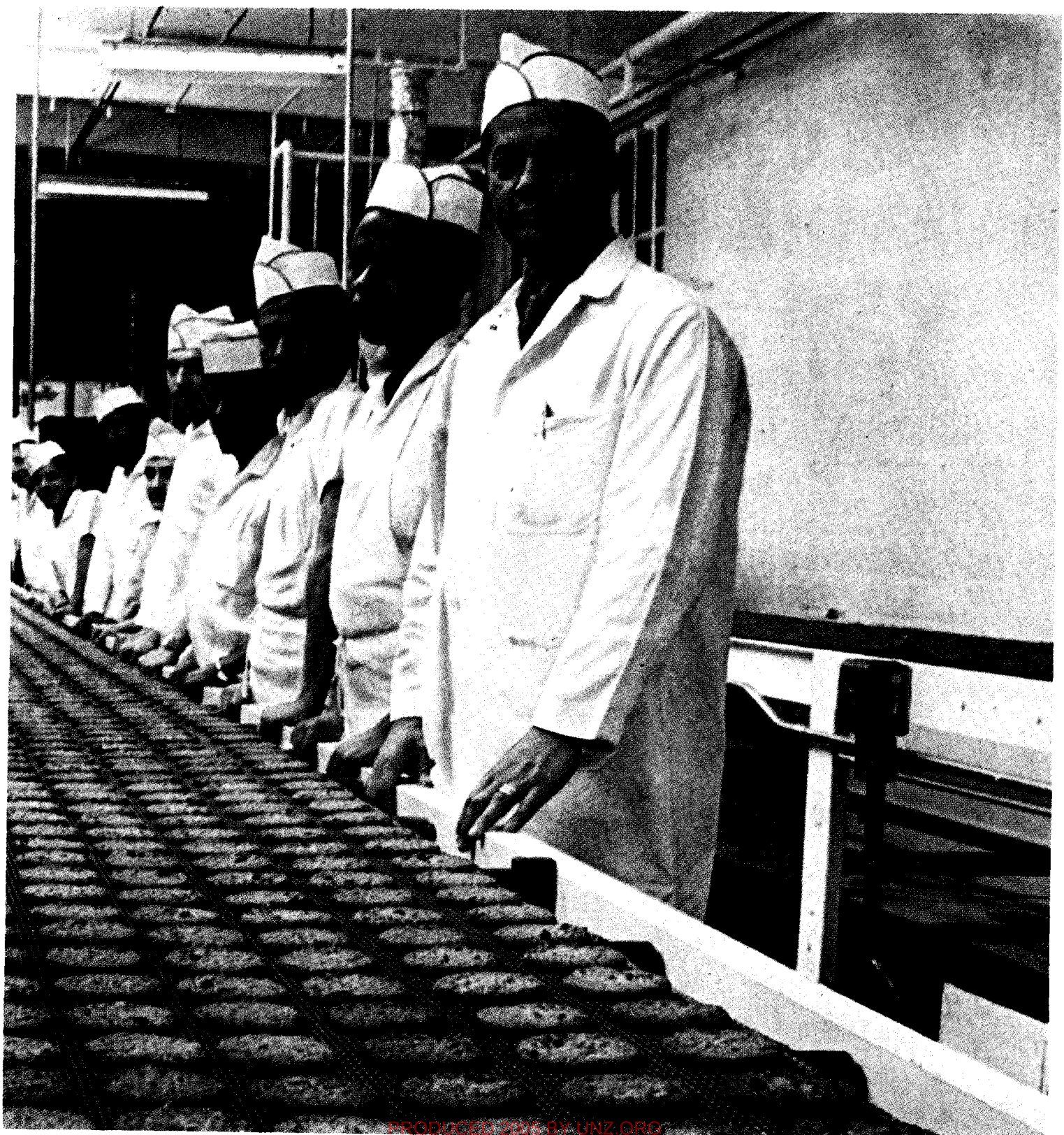
1 Chase Manhattan Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10015/Member F.D.I.C.



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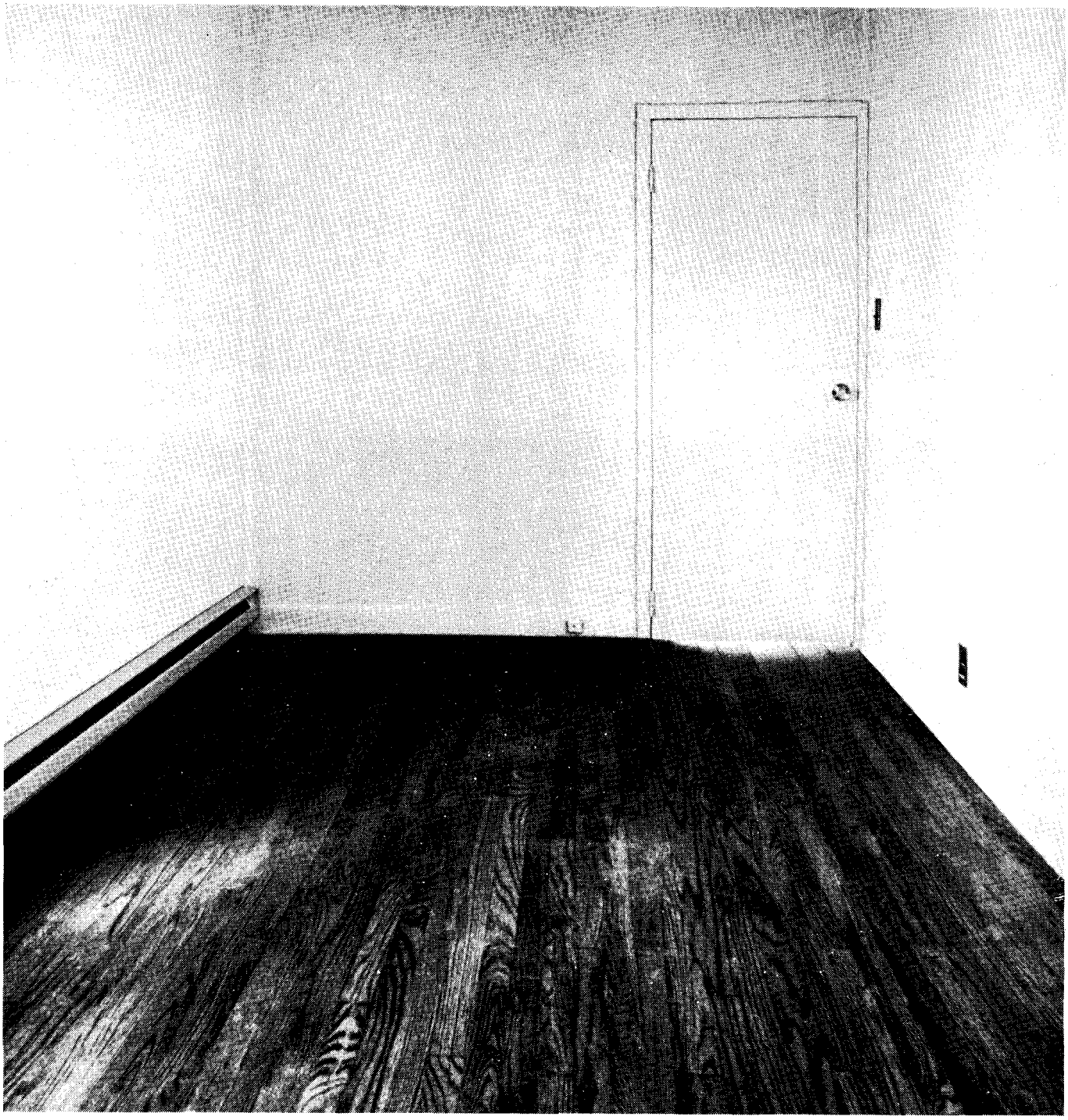

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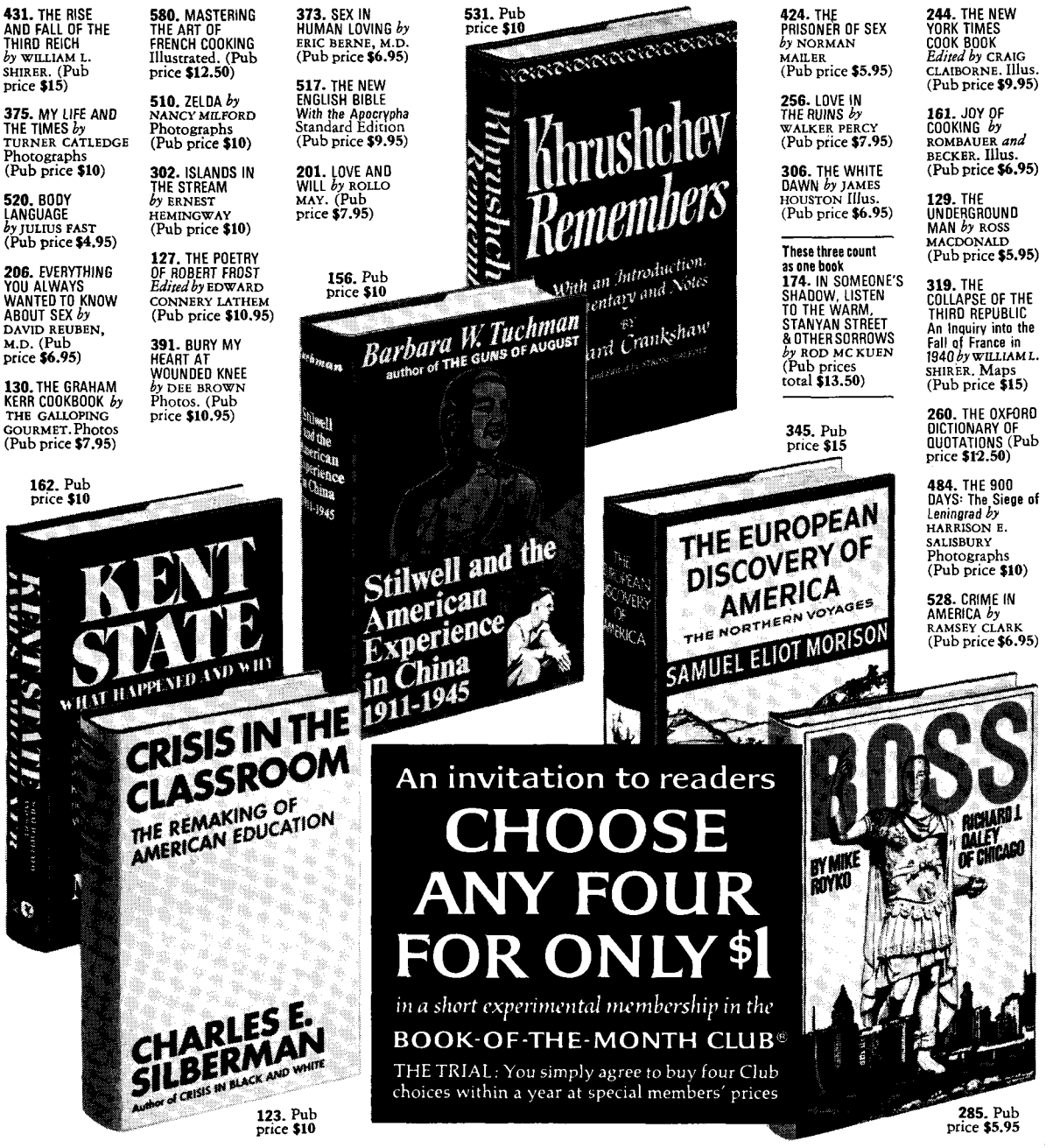
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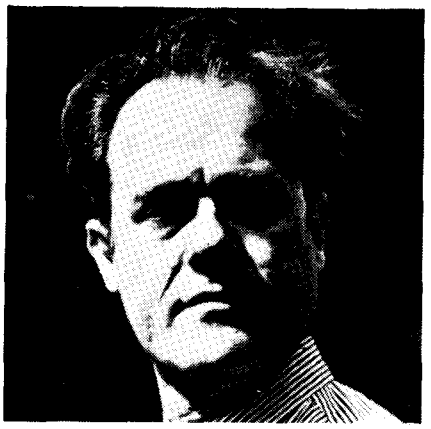

. . . and his "brilliant and searching study."*

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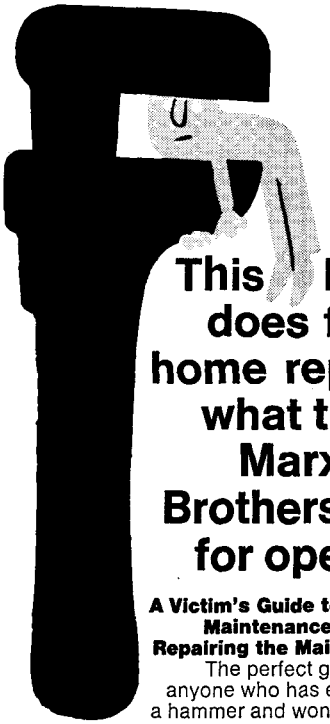

This book does for home repairs what the Marx Brothers did for opera

A Victim's Guide to Repairs, Maintenance, and Repairing the Maintenance.
The perfect gift for anyone who has ever lifted a hammer and wondered why.

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May 29, 1971

Saturday Review

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Cover photo: courtesy of Columbia Records

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See, we've learned something already.

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THE TRAVELERS

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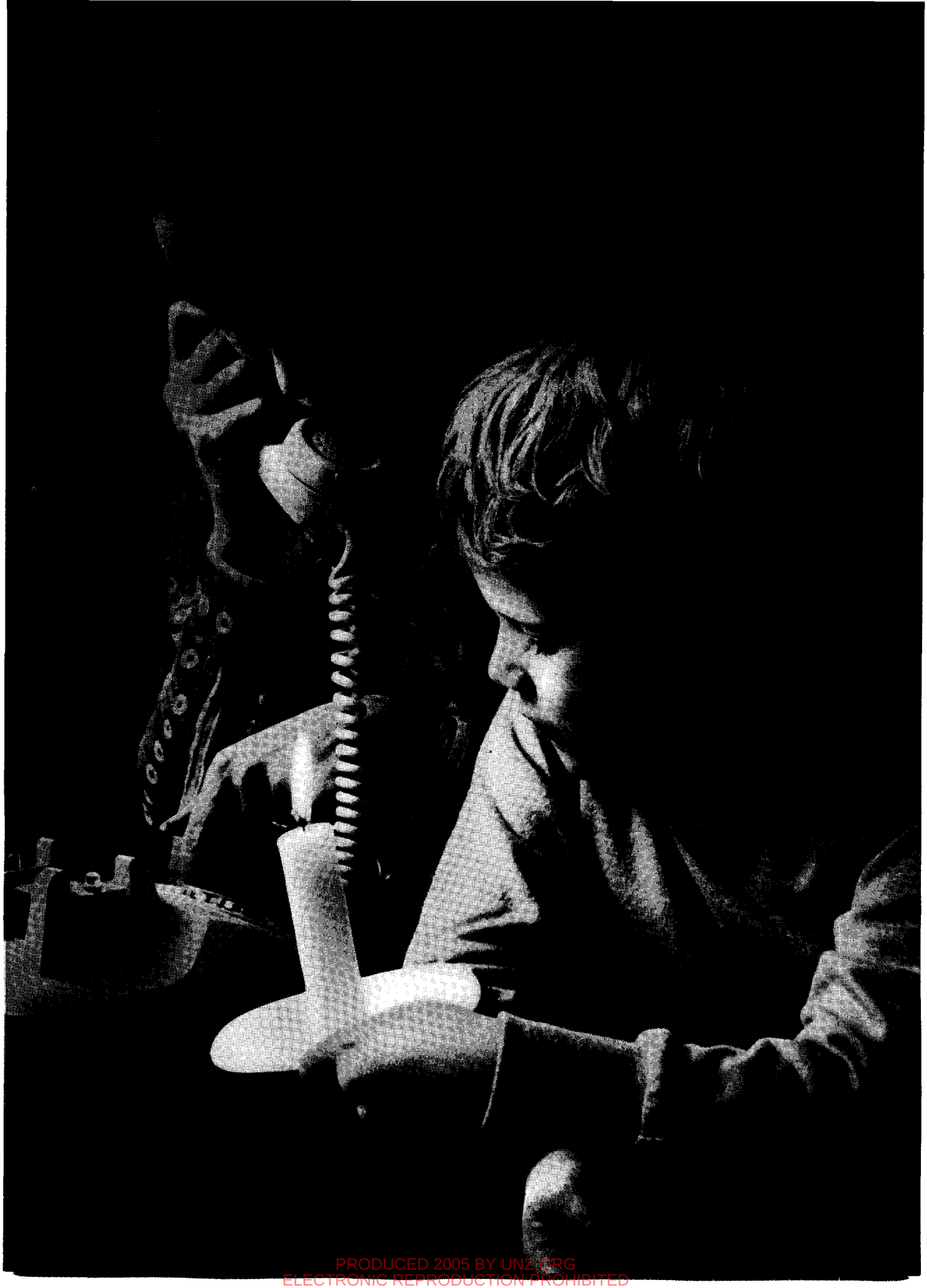

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Even when you've blown a fuse,
we're still on the line.

You could blow every fuse in your house and still be able to use your telephone.

Because a telephone doesn't get its power from your house circuits.

Instead, it operates from a low-voltage direct current supplied by Telephone Company batteries.

Much like the battery you have in your car, ours, too, must be constantly charged.

For this purpose we have battery chargers that convert power from the local power company.

But knowing that storms and other emergencies can sometimes affect power lines as well as our own, we have auxiliary generating equipment ready to take over at any time to keep the batteries charged.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company and your local Bell Company are constantly working to provide reliable telephone service.

So if a blown fuse does leave you temporarily in the dark, you can at least call somebody about it.

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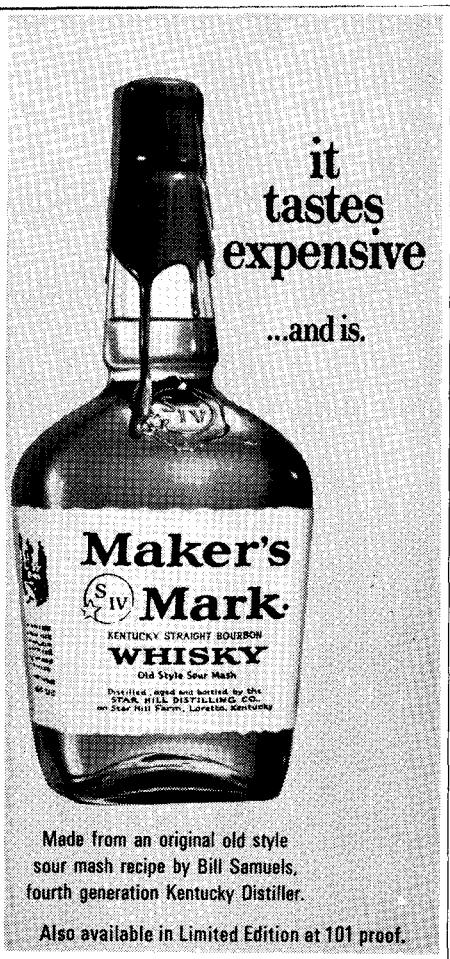
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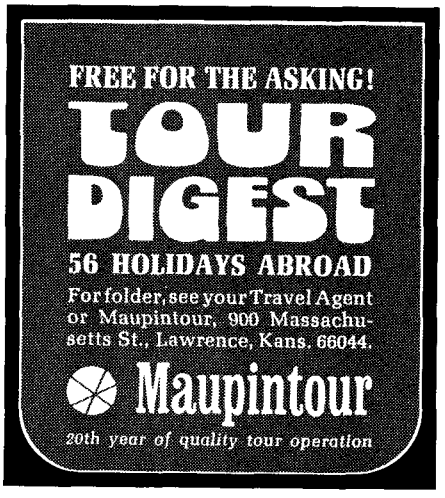
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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

The Scientist

YOU MUST have noticed this commercial on your TV screen. "Ever feel plain lousy?" asks a young man who looks as if he feels so plain lousy that you wonder how he ever made it to the studio to film the commercial.

He continues: "You can drop a couple of these into a glass of water." He drops a couple of what look like Alka-Seltzer tablets into a glass of water.

"Or," he says, "you can pour water into a glass of Bromo-Seltzer." He does. He drinks, stopping only to say, "Bromo has already gone to work in your stomach to make you feel better, while these tablets are still fizzing." There is a close-up shot of the tablets, and they are indeed still fizzing.

"So take Bromo, when you don't have the time to feel bad," says the young man who still looks as if he feels plain lousy. Or as if the loud fizzing of those tablets is giving him a headache.

"When you ache," he says, "time drags. So why wait?"

Now before the Food and Drug Administration begins to feel plain lousy about the truth-in-advertising of that Bromo-Seltzer commercial and appoints a million-dollar committee to research the validity of that claim, I can save them a lot of time and money.

I did the research. I bought a bottle of each product and took them to the laboratory in my lavatory and held a stop watch against the speed of their respective fizzes. Report:

Bromo: 6.1 seconds.

Alka-Seltzer: 21.2 seconds.

Conclusion: Bromo-Seltzer is ready for drinking 15.1 seconds before Alka-Seltzer. It is obvious, therefore, that Bromo is the SST of seltzers. Or at least the 747. Which is good news for those who don't have the time to feel bad and can't wait that extra one-fourth of a minute, plus one-tenth of a second.

While I'm at it, I may as well give you some other results of my research. I had a slight problem with one commercial: "If he kisses you once, will he kiss you again?" The story here is that if the girl wants to be cert he will kiss her again, she should take a certain lozenge.

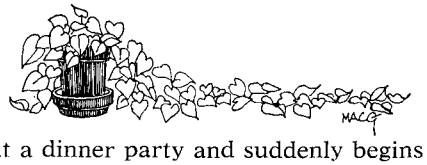
I was bothered by the fact that the question wasn't also asked the other way around. What about the boy? Doesn't he ever wonder, "If she let me kiss her once, will she let me kiss her again?"

It seemed the implication was that the girl who used the miracle lozenge was so anxious for the boy to kiss her again that she didn't mind whether he used it or not. It distressed me to believe that a girl would be that easy a kiss.

But a truly dedicated scientist doesn't give up. Back to the test tubes. I began to research a bottle of antiseptic mouthwash that "kills germs by millions and lasts for hours." Pouring that liquid into a bottle containing one of those lozenges, I nearly blew up my laboratory. "Eureka!" I exclaimed, in the tradition of great discoveries.

Think of it, I thought. A girl who has just taken a Cert meets a boy who has just taken a swig of Listerine. What a confrontation! Bingo! Wham! Wow! And shooting stars! Hopefully followed by wedding bells. I'm still that square.

However, I did find a commercial that didn't live up to its claim. It's the one in which a woman says she looks younger than she is because she drinks Geritol. (This product also comes in tablets. That's for the woman who is



at a dinner party and suddenly begins to feel she is looking her age.)

The commercial ends with the woman saying, "It's the nicest thing a girl can do for herself."

This claim, I regret to say, did not stand up in my research. It may be *one* of the nicest things a girl can do for herself. But it was not the number one nicest. For this experiment, I left my laboratory and went out to conduct sidewalk interviews.

"Which of these two would you consider the nicest thing a girl can do for herself?" I asked the first woman I met as I held up, in one hand, a bottle of Geritol and, in the other, a sable coat. "I'll give you the one you choose. It's free."

She slapped me and said, "Beat it or I'll call a cop."

Undaunted, I turned the other cheek and approached another woman. She was made of sterner stuff. "Are you kidding?" she said. "I'll take that sable."

Result: Nine out of ten women interviewed chose the coat as the nicest thing that could happen to a girl. Conclusion: There's nothing like a free sable to make a girl feel that she looks younger.

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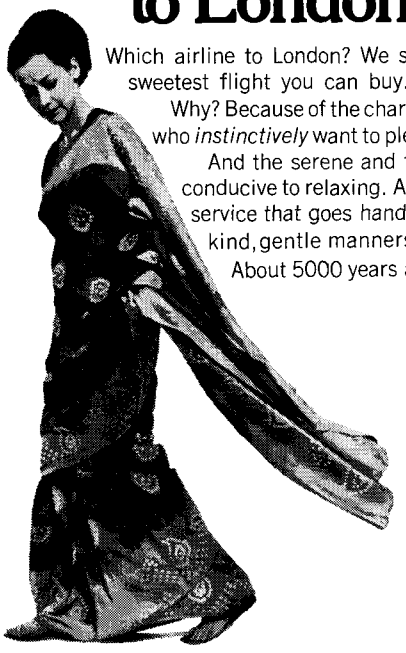
Now that all the 747s are here. Let's go on from there.

The sweet flight to London.



Which airline to London? We suggest ours is the sweetest flight you can buy.

Why? Because of the charm of our sari'd girls who *instinctively* want to please.

And the serene and timeless setting so conducive to relaxing. And the exquisite service that goes hand in hand with the kind, gentle manners we learned early.

About 5000 years ago.

Tours that aren't supermarket tours.

At every turn of your tour (beginning with the sweet flight to London) we look after things with that personal attentiveness typical of Air-India. It's most comforting when you're abroad.

Then there are the *kinds* of tours we offer. They're for people who want a richer travel experience.

Theatre Europe with tickets to best shows in London and other capitals of the performing arts.

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And we've scores of other non-supermarket tours including magical trips to India. Our India.

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Planes may be getting bigger but on Air-India it doesn't mean you feel *diminished or lost in the shuffle.*

There's an awareness, a regard for the person that comes out of our culture.

To us, no one is simply a passenger filling a seat.

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"Why didn't some one tell me about Air-India?"
"It's different . . . less commercial."

The letters keep coming (lots from who's-who people) and they never cease to delight us.

But the way we look at it, it spoils things to name names.

However, if you're planning to go to London, most anywhere in Europe, India, or beyond, just ask someone who's flown with us (along with your travel agent of course). It's the kind of advertising we like best.

You're still the biggest thing in our life.

AIR-INDIA

The airline that treats you like a maharajah. Over 38 years of flying experience. For reservations call your travel agent or Air-India, 666 Fifth Avenue corner 52nd Street, 751-6200.

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Headline of the Week—from the *Arkansas Gazette*, via John Allen Adams:

> 120 Persons a Year Who Want to See the President Sent to Mental Hospital

Before, we want to know, or after? Mr. Adams, incidentally, is the Adams of the Adams Book Store of Arkadelphia, Arkansas. Meanwhile, from Philadelphia, there was news—which came to us from Mrs. Stephen Dinius of Fort Wayne, Indiana, who found it in the Fort Wayne *Journal Gazette*:

> PHILADELPHIA—After four years and $2.5 million in planning, the steering committee of the Philadelphia Bicentennial Corporation recommended Tuesday that all plans for the city playing ghost to a world's fair in 1976 be stopped.

Didn't want to repeat, we guess, something New York had done so well. This week too, on the city front, we

had our first Ordinance of the Week. It came to us from Julie Enright of Janesville, Wisconsin:

> The city council of Dallas recently passed an ordinance forbidding and providing penalties for: "Walking aimlessly about, without apparent purpose, lingering, hanging around, lagging behind, idly spending time, delaying, sauntering and moving slowly about. . . ."

Just for lagging behind? The way we see it, the bum's rush was a bum rap. Finally, there was a city item, located by Mrs. Sue Ross, in the *New York Times Book Review*:

> For an anthology and study of Chicago literature, I would appreciate receiving plays, short stories and poetry written by Mexican-Americans.
>
> C. Cardenas Dwyer
> Graduate English Department
> State University of New York

Nothing about the Chicano White Sox please.

"There are too many names," said the handsome, actor-looking—which he formerly was—James Leo Herlihy, author of *Midnight Cowboy* and his newest, *The Season of the Witch* (Simon & Schuster). "Nowadays *everybody's* famous." "Yes," agreed his friend Evans Rhodes, smiling, "we're all super-stars."

Mr. Herlihy smiled also. "I'd like to get into something with *people*," he continued. "Writing is so lonely. It's like sentencing yourself to solitary confinement. But I said that twenty years ago, and look at me now."

How old, we asked, was he? "Very," he said. "I'm forty-four." Born in Detroit, the son of a construction engineer, Mr. Herlihy has two brothers, one of whom is an electrician and the other a janitor in a church. He also has two sisters, who married men in the steel business. Where, we asked, did he go wrong?

"I started to write at seven," he said. "The first thing I wrote was a story about a little boy who survived the eruption of Mount Vesuvius and ended up in Ireland."

Mr. Herlihy's collegiate career consisted of one year at Black Mountain College in North Carolina. "It was a really lively educational experience," he told us. "Remember, it was founded 'way back in '33. It was very idealistic then—ninety students and thirty-five teachers—and the teachers didn't get any salaries. John Rice, one of the founders, predicted that if it was successful, it would die in twenty-five years, and it did. It collapsed in the mid-Fifties."

At Black Mountain, the late critic Isaac Rosenfeld read Mr. Herlihy's first attempt at a novel. "He told me," Herlihy said matter-of-factly, "that it was not only episodic and bad, but that it was hopeless, that I had no talent and should give up the idea of writing. Remember, he was the authority, the published novelist. And that was that.

"How," he asked, "do any of us survive the 'authorities'? Anyway, I took an aptitude test, and it came out I was a writer first and an actor second. So I went to the Pasadena Playhouse. I figured that if I was a bad writer, I could at least go there and become a bad actor.

"Actually," he said, "they didn't teach us very well. I quickly found out that you had to play parts that were terrible. So I went to work writing some parts. And then they wouldn't let me play the parts because they said I wasn't a good enough actor."

Nonetheless, the Playhouse produced Mr. Herlihy's first play, *Streetlight Sonata*. And on the closing night, when the leading man became ill, Mr. Herlihy played the part for one performance. Next came his own theater group and his second play, *Moon in Capricorn*. Then, in collaboration with William Noble, his playwriting instructor at the Playhouse, came—after thirteen rewrites, he recalls—*Blue Denim* and Broadway.

Mr. Herlihy's first publication, a short story entitled "The Sleep of Baby

Filbertson," appeared in *Paris Review*. Seven years later, in 1959, came his first novel, *All Fall Down*. Recently, for the first time, he went for two whole weeks without carrying a notebook. "I didn't miss it at all," he told us. "When I write I never look at it anyway. But I was so damned dependent on it. I'd be in the middle of the most wonderful evening and I'd suddenly clutch somebody on my left or right and say, 'Excuse me,' and then I'd rush to my own room to write notes. By the time I'd come back, I'd have ruined the very thing I'd gone to write about. Now, thank God, no more."

Mr. Herlihy used to paint, but doesn't anymore. He lives in a cottage in Key West and recently also bought a lake—at least a farmhouse with a lake—near the Endless Mountains of Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania. "I have nine canoes," he told us.

"My father's generation," he concluded, "was the first alcoholic generation. The kids today are the first drug generation. But I have high hopes for them. At least they're plugged into something—even if it's themselves.

"These are the most creative times in the history of man—and they'd better be. We're going to have to create a whole new way of living on this planet. Or get blown up. One or the other. It's as simple as that."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1937)

RING LARDNER:

SAY IT WITH OIL

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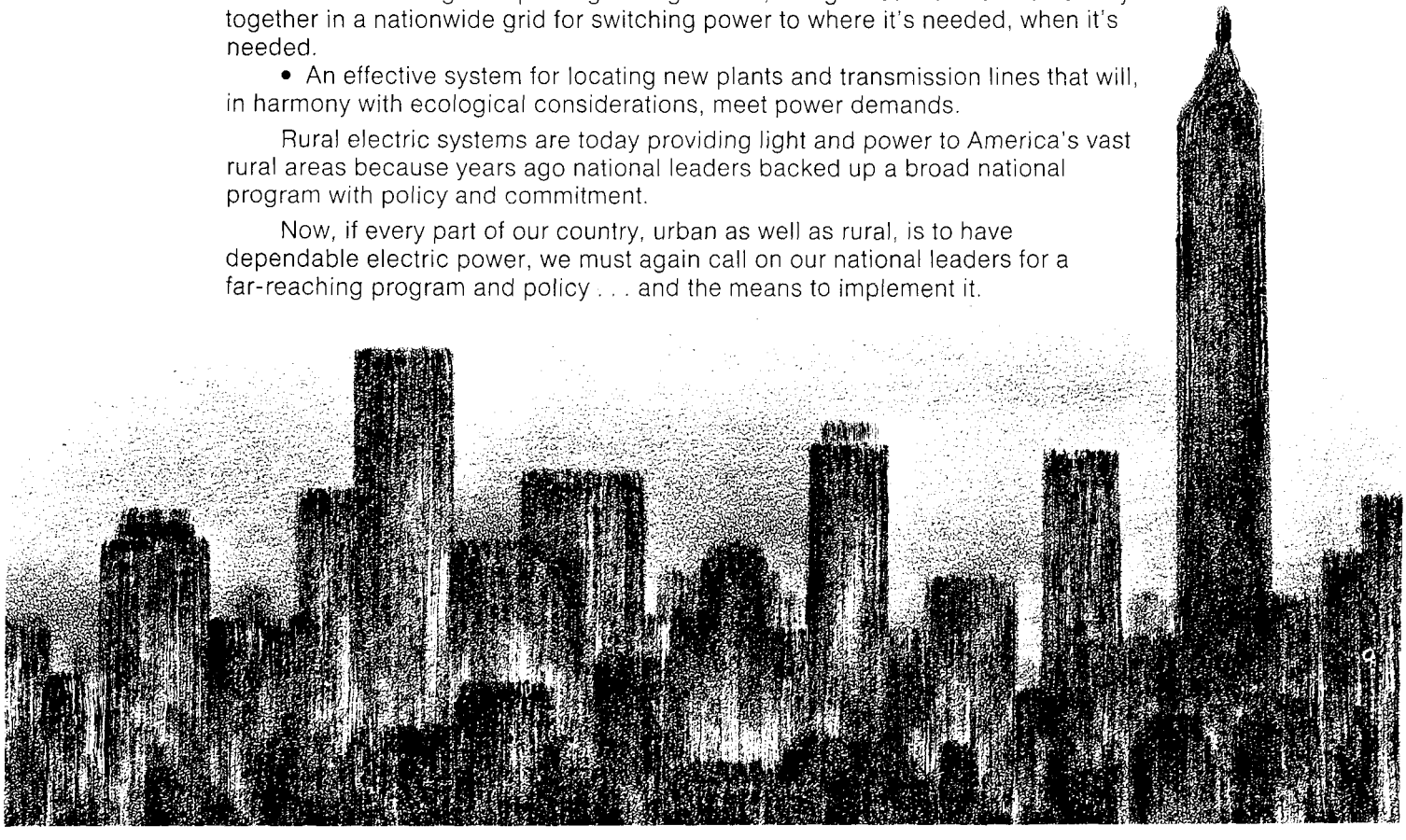

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Saturday Review
May 29, 1971

Test Pattern for Living

"How about trying to find out what you would do and be and think and create if there weren't some corporation trying to sell you on doing everything its way."

by NICHOLAS JOHNSON

An FCC Commissioner in the 1970s, sworn to regulate broadcasting "in the public interest," simply cannot content himself with the myopic supervision of antenna tower painting and frequency assignments. He cannot witness the careening of America without trying to evaluate whether broadcasting is a part of the solution or a part of the problem. At least that is the way I have viewed my job. And so it is that I feel some responsibility to examine the possible role of mass communications in our current malaise.

As I have gone through the process of addressing that question, I have become more and more aware of the extent to which television not only distributes programs and sells products but also preaches a general philosophy of life. The quest has forced me to consider not only television's life-style but my own—in ways I will describe later. Television tells us, hour after gruesome hour, that the primary measure of an individual's worth is his consumption of products, his sexuality, his measuring up to ideals found in packages mass-produced and distributed by corporate America. Commercials for many products (and even some programs), but especially the drug commercials, sell the gospel that there are instant solutions to life's most pressing personal problems. You need not think about your own emotional maturity and development of individuality; your discipline, training, and education; your perception of the world; your willingness to cooperate and compromise and work with other people; or about your developing deep and meaningful human relationships and trying to keep them in repair. You pop a pill. "Better living through chemistry" is not just Du Pont's slogan. It is one of the commandments of consumerism.

Television—which Professor John Kenneth Galbraith has characterized as one of the "prime instruments for the manipulation of consumer demand"—educates us away from life and away from our individuality. It drives us to line up at the counters of drugstores and supermarkets, and to shape our needs and wants and, ultimately, ourselves into the molds that are the products. Not only do the programs and commercials explicitly preach materialism, conspicuous consumption, status consciousness, sexploitation, and fantasy worlds of quick, shallow solutions, but even the settings and subliminal messages are commercials for the consumption style of life.

The headache remedy commercials are among the most revealing. A headache is often our body's way of telling us something's wrong. What is wrong may have to do with the bad vibes one picks up working in big corporations' office buildings or shopping in their stores. The best answer may be to stay out of such places. Obviously, such a solution would be as bad for the corporate state generally as for the headache remedy business in particular. So the message is made clear: Corporate jobs and shopping trips are as American as chemical additives in apple pie. You just keep driving yourself through both. And when those mysterious headache devils appear for no reason at all, you swallow the magic chemicals.

But what's true of the magic-chemical ads is true of commercials and programs generally. Look at the settings. Auto ads push clothes fashion and vacations. Furniture wax ads push wall-to-wall carpeting and draperies. Breakfast cereal ads push new stoves and refrigerators. Not surprisingly, the programs do the same—after all, they're paid for by the same guys who pay for the commercials. Dean Martin probably sells as many cigarettes just by smoking them on camera as the Marlboro Man did by riding his horse. How many blacks have commented on the misleading life-style of blacks as depicted by such television shows as *Julia*? Eric Barnouw's three-volume history of broadcasting reveals that the disappearance of the early-1950s dramatists from television was due to advertisers' revulsion at the dramatists' message that happiness could be found by ordinary people in lower-class settings.

You have probably thought about television's phony values and their impact on society. But reflect: How many people do *you* know whom you think of as "fully functioning personalities"? How many are there in whose daily lives there is a measure of beauty, contact with nature, artistic creativity, some philosophical contemplation or religion, love, self-fulfilling productivity of some kind, participation in life-support activities, physical well-being, a spirit of joy, and individual growth? That's what the world's great theolo-

NICHOLAS JOHNSON is Commissioner of the Federal Communications Commission and author of the book *How to Talk Back to Your Television Set* (published last year by Little, Brown and Bantam).

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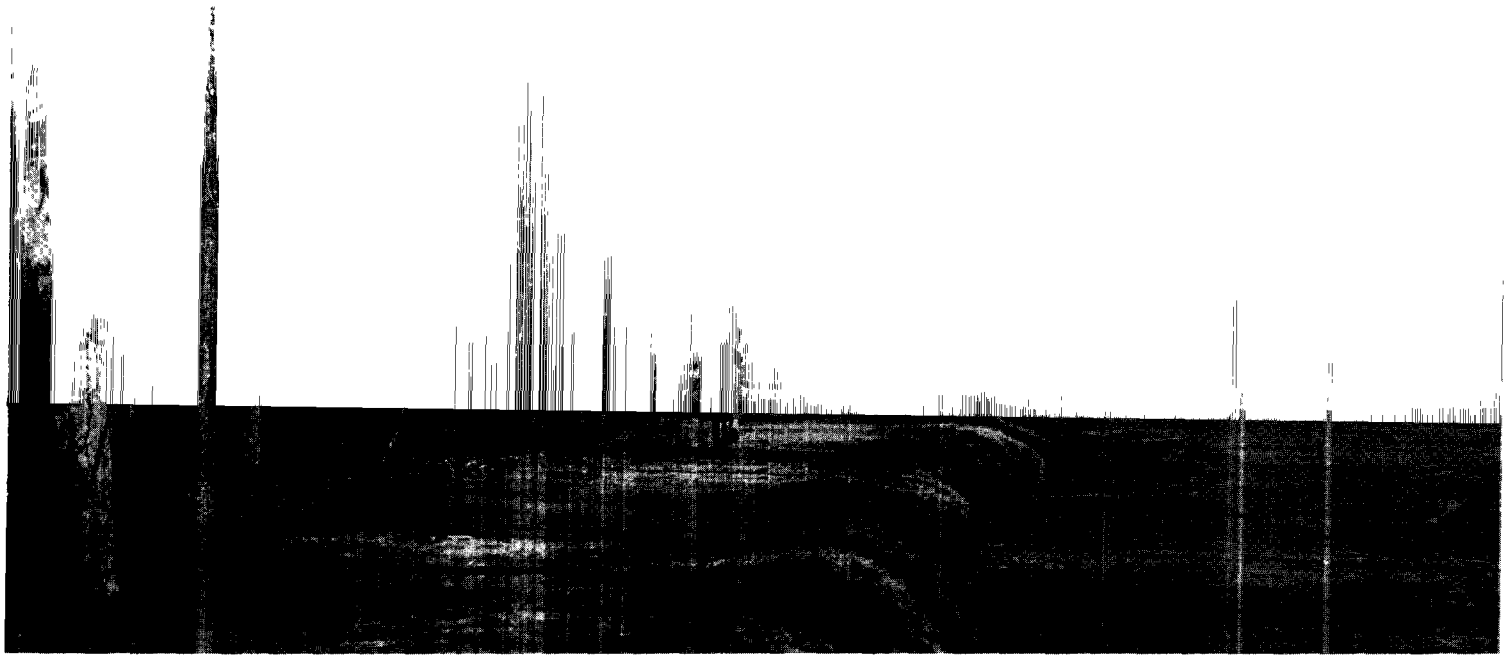

—*Annie Leibovitz*

The author en route to his office—"I find this time especially good for doing some of my best thinking."

gians, psychiatrists, poets, and philosophers have been telling us human life is all about. But few of us have come close to realizing our potential.

"OK," you say, "I don't dig the hollow values preached in the temple of television. But what's the alternative?"

"How about life?" I respond. "How about trying to find out what you would do and be and think and create if there weren't some corporation trying to sell you on doing everything its way."

But just how would you go about that? It's heady stuff to gaze at the clouds while lying on the campus of a small and exclusive Eastern college. It's a great place for students to grow for four years of their lives, and for Professor Charles Reich to write *The Greening of America.* But how about the 99.99 per cent of the American people who *aren't* at Yale? Suppose you don't want to drop out or camp out. Maybe you want to step in, try to make things a little better, or just earn a living. What then? How can we make life *in* the corporate state more livable and more human?

It soon became obvious that if I was going to criticize television for not offering alternative life-styles I was going to have to be able to find the answer to that question. So I set about it.

I think experience is useful to understanding. When I was trying to understand the problems of creative artists in television, I got an 8 mm camera and tried to make some films, and tried writing some poetry and songs and playing the guitar. When the FCC was involved in evaluating questions of journalistic freedom, I watched and talked to the radio and television reporters themselves as well as listened to the formal presentations of their lawyers.

As with any inquiry, a search for alternative life-styles can best be begun by identifying, segregating, examining, and experiencing the most basic components of the subject. In this case, the subject was life. Whether or not you end up permanently leaving the city to live in the woods, a natural environment is a good place to sort out the basics of living. I have always enjoyed hiking and camping anyway, and the West Virginia mountains seemed the best setting for my new odyssey. Let me tell you a little about it.

For two weeks last August my boys —Sherman, age nine, and Gregory, age six—and I lived on some isolated forested land in the mountains of West Virginia. The only radio station we could hear was WELD in Fisher, West Virginia—a town about ten miles away with a population of twenty-five or thirty. Bordering the land was the somewhat larger community of Moorefield, where we did our shopping. But we were five miles down a state highway from Moorefield and another five miles up a barely passable rocky mountain road that forded a stream twenty times on its way to our wilderness campsite. So we were pretty much on our own.

Because we had never owned much in the way of elaborate camping gear, and because it had been a while since we had done this kind of camping, and because I have never really been leisurely or organized enough to plan carefully what I am going to take, we wound up starting life from scratch in a number of respects. For example, we began getting water by dipping tin cups into the stream and pouring the water into an old gallon milk container. When one day I saw a wash basin and bucket in the Moorefield hardware store and suddenly realized the wash basin could be used for dipping water much more efficiently into the bucket, it was almost as if I had invented both objects then and there.

We did a lot of our own food gathering (including the discovery of a very friendly and generous Farmer Mathias on the top of our mountain), cooking, washing, minor mending, health care, fire building, and so forth, and also constructed a very grand outhouse (a tangible token of our appreciation to our friends, the Inmans, whose land it was). We walked through the mountains and played in the streams and watched the sky and talked a lot.

Out of the West Virginia experience came a number of somewhat significant philosophical insights for me. I took the time to relax, and think, and write in a journal—especially at night, when the moon was full and my boys were asleep. Most of my professional life has been just that, a professional life—using such skills as I picked up along the way to do the kinds of things that lawyers, professors, and public officials do. That's an important part of life, I think. Most grown men and women need to have the sense that they are capable of, and are involved in, productivity that is paid for or otherwise generally recognized as of value to society. The problem, of course, is that it is all too easy for such activities to consume virtually all of your intellectual, emotional, and

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physical energy—as they had for me. So I began to think about the other basic elements of life. If you were to plan an ideal day, what would it contain?

Most fundamental, I suppose, is love. Each of us has had different feelings and relationships we have thought of as love. Sexuality can be an important part of it. Each of us means something a little different by it. But we would probably all agree that

To be alive
Is very nice
But scarcely half as fine
As with the love
And other stuff
That makes it just divine.

And we would probably also agree that there's very little more I should or need contribute at this point to the thousands of volumes, poems, and songs on that subject.

Contemplation of some kind has been considered fundamental by man throughout the ages. I decided to include it as another basic element. It can be "religion," philosophy, mythology, yoga, or whatever makes sense for you. But we have to have some time when we think beyond our hangnails and hang-overs and the daily routine to a somewhat more meaningful view of life.

Personal analysis is a related activity. Psychiatrists or counseling services or encounter groups is one way to do it. But thinking to oneself, writing in a journal, or regularly talking with a trusted friend are other ways to achieve related benefits. Most of us could do with a little more knowledge about why we tick the way we do.

Creative expression is especially important in relation to television. The opportunity to *be* creative—personally, not professionally—as well as to be exposed to beauty and the best creativity of others, is essential to individual growth.

Regular contact with nature is a necessary reminder of the whole earth system from which we came, in which we live, and to which we will return. Living in the woods may or may not be the best way to keep in touch with our origins. But it is a decidedly impractical way for that 90 per cent of the American people who live in cities. (I considered, and fairly quickly rejected, the thought of commuting to Washington from West Virginia.) So what are the alternatives? Look around you. Plant something. (I have a pineapple plant in my office and pine trees and dill at home.) Feed some birds, even if they're sparrows. Have a picnic lunch in a downtown park. Look at the sky. Walk in the rain.

Camping in the mountains for two weeks reaffirmed my latent but basic commitment to the psychic values of simplicity. You not only can "get along with" substantially fewer "things" when camping in the woods, but you actually enjoy life more because it is not so cluttered with objects. The experience gave me a way of thinking about simplicity, objects, and natural living that I had not had before. And it impressed upon me, for perhaps the first time, a sense of the interrelated totality of "life-support activities"—another basic element of life.

By life-support activities I mean the provision of those things that are necessary to sustain our physical life: food, clothing, shelter, transportation, and so forth. These are the kinds of activities that I became most fully aware of in the woods because I had to, and because they can be most easily comprehended when reduced to basics.

In an industrialized urban environment it is easy to forget that human life still is, as it was originally, sustained by certain basic functions. I think *some* participation in the support of your life is essential to a sense of fulfillment. And yet, I used to give almost no attention to these kinds of activities. Food simply appeared on my dinner table ready to be eaten. The house I lived in was purchased. It was warmed or cooled by some equipment in the basement that I knew very little about and that was tended to by repairmen when necessary. Clothing was something that I found in closets and dresser drawers and that was cleaned and mended by my wife, the maid, or a cleaning establishment. Transportation was provided by the municipal bus system for commuting and by FCC drivers during the day. At my office I was surrounded not only by machines —copying machines, electric typewriters, dictating machines, and so forth —but also by people paid to operate them for me, answer my telephone, and bring me coffee.

In short, I had taken very nearly all my life-support activities—"my life"—and cut them up into bits and pieces that I parceled out to individuals, corporations, and machines around me. The upshot was that there was very little left of my life for me to live. This was extraordinarily "efficient" in one sense; that is, I was working at perhaps 98 per cent of the level of professional production of which I am capable. But what I concluded was that it was bad for life, for I was *living* only a small percentage of my ultimate capacity to live.

Now if you follow me so far and see some similarities to your own life—or what your own life is becoming—the question is what to do about it. Do you do all your life-support activities by yourself? Perhaps. Maybe that's best. But there *are* alternatives short of that which are more consistent with life *in* the corporate state.

I do not think that you need to do everything for yourself. For one thing, you cannot trace everything back to first elements. You can build your own furniture. But are you going to saw your own boards from your own trees? Are you going to insist upon having planted the trees? Must you make your own nails from your own iron ore? Even the most deeply committed do-it-yourselfers reach some accommodation with civilization.

In the second place, you simply don't have time to do it all. To raise and can all your own fruits and vegetables, for example, would take substantially more time per year than most people are prepared to give to it—especially if you are also personally constructing your own house, weaving your own material, making your own clothes, and walking everywhere.

In the third place, there *are* a lot of conveniences of urbanized life that are there anyway and that you might as well use. They can save you time you might rather spend in other more satisfying ways. There's no point in cooking in your fireplace every night—or on your corporate cookout charcoal grill—if you have a gas or electric range sitting in your kitchen.

So my conclusion is that you ought to try to do a *little bit* of all your life-support activities and a substantial amount of whichever one or two of them appeal to you and make the most practical sense for you. I have taken to tending a simple garden, preparing my own simple foods, doing some modest mending of clothes, and providing my own transportation by bicycle. Undoubtedly, other activities will fit better into your own life-pattern.

If you start looking around for simplification, for ways to make you less possession-bound and give you more chance to participate in your life, the opportunities are endless. Start by searching your house or apartment for things you can throw away. Ask yourself, "If I were living in the woods, would I spend a day going to town to buy this aerosol can?" Look for simple substitutes.

Take bicarbonate of soda, for example. You can substitute it for the following products: toothpaste, gargle and mouthwash, burn ointment, stomach settlers, room freshener, fire extinguisher, icebox cleaner, children's clay, baking powder, and so forth. And it costs only 12 cents a box! Get the idea?

Look for unnecessary appliances or other machinery. Bread can be toasted

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in the broiler of the stove. Carving knives and toothbrushes really need not be electrically powered. Put fruit and vegetable waste in a compost heap instead of down an electric disposal. I took up shaving with a blade, brush, and shaving soap instead of with an electric razor. It's kind of bloody, but it's more fun.

You can easily ignore most of the products in your supermarket and do a little more food preparation from basic ingredients yourself. But I'm not into "hobbies." If you are, fine. But I'm not interested in giving cooking or any other of these activities a lot of time. I'll walk up to a mile in dense urban areas because I can move faster that way than in a car—as well as get exercise, not pollute, help fight the automotive life-style, save money, and do a "life thing" (transportation) myself naturally. But I'm not going to walk twenty miles into the suburbs—at least not often. I can make corn bread with baking soda in about the same time it takes to go to the store or to put supper on the table (twenty minutes). But I won't often take the time to make yeast bread, unless there's somebody there to visit with or something else to do at the same time. I make my own *muesli* (rolled oats, wheat germ, raisins, etc.) in less time than it takes to open a box of Captain Crunch. But I don't often take the time to crack and pick walnuts to add to it.

It is often possible to find activities that will provide you more than one element of life at a time. Bicycle riding is perhaps my best example.

As you may have observed, my own motives are almost hedonistic. I ride a bicycle because I enjoy it more than driving a car. It makes me *feel* better.

But look at the other benefits of bicycling. It is good exercise. It gets your lungs to breathing and your heart to pumping. Dr. Paul Dudley White and others have long recommended it as a means of warding off heart attacks. If you can use a bicycle to get to and from work, you can have the added satisfaction of knowing that you are providing a life-support activity for yourself: transportation. In my case, I bicycle through one of Washington's wilderness parks, so that it also provides my daily time in a natural setting with stream, trees, birds, changing seasons, and sky. I find this time especially good for doing some of my best thinking (something I found very difficult to do during an earlier phase when I was jogging). So it also serves as a time to compose little poems and songs, to think of ideas for statements and speeches, and to reflect upon matters philosophical.

On those occasions when I am not able to cycle through the park—because it is covered with snow or muddy from rain or melting ice—bicycling enables me to keep closer to the street people: folks waiting for buses or to cross streets, street sweepers, policemen, school safety patrols, men unloading trucks, and so forth. Needless to say, you cannot claim any depth of understanding as a result of such momentary and chance encounters, but I do somehow have the sense—by the time I get to the office—that I have a much better feeling for the mood of the city that day than the public officials who have come to their offices in limousines or their own automobiles.

Bicycle riding also has a lot of peripheral benefits. It is cheap. You can buy an entire bicycle, brand-new, for the cost of operating an automobile for a couple of weeks. The costs of operation are negligible—perhaps a penny or two a day. It is a significantly faster means of transportation than automobiles or buses during rush hours, as "races" in numerous cities have demonstrated.

It happens that the bicycle has some significant social advantages over the automobile, too. Cars unnecessarily kill 60,000 people every year, permanently maim another 170,000, and injure three-and-a-half million more. The automobile accounts for at least 60 per cent by tonnage of the total air pollution in the United States—as high as 85 per cent in some urban areas—and 91 per cent of all carbon monoxide. It creates approximately 900 pounds of pollution for every person every year. One million acres of land is paved each year; there is now a mile of road for each square mile of land. The concrete used in our interstate highway system would build six sidewalks to the moon. Automobile transportation is the largest single consumer of the resources used in our nation's total annual output of energy. By comparison, the bicycle is a model citizen. It does not kill or maim; it does not pollute; it does not deplete natural resources; it makes no noise; and it takes up a great deal less space.

In short, it seems to *me* that bicycling is just one example of a more satisfying, responsible, fulfilling, and joyful way to live *in* the corporate state. I am sure that you can think of many more.

I find that all the elements of life I have described are served by writing in my journal. The journal should be bound. (I formerly jotted things on sheets of yellow pads.) And it's not a "diary." It's a sketchbook, a workbook for life. It's poems, recipes, love notes, furniture designs, speech drafts, silly thoughts, serious reflections, and drawings, all mixed together, as life is—or should be. It's a tangible record of the balance in your life. It makes you see better, take life with both more seriousness and more whimsey. I like it.

Whether the truths I am dealing with are biological or metaphysical, my own experience supports the lessons of the world's great teachers. If man is to develop the rich individuality and full potential of which he is capable, he needs more than the hollow values and products of materialistic consumerism. He needs not only productive "work" but also love, beauty, creativity, contemplation, contact

(*Continued on page* 33)

"You're a louse, Harry. And that opinion is shared by my whole encounter group."

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Saturday Review

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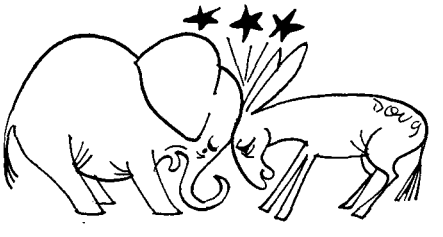
Electoral Values Old and New

As ratification of the Twenty-sixth Amendment to the Constitution, giving eighteen-year-olds the right to vote, proceeds apace (by the latest count twenty-six states have ratified), examination of electoral values old and new appears to be in order. No amendment becomes part of the Constitution until three-quarters of the states have approved the two-thirds assent of both Houses of Congress—at this hour in history meaning thirty-eight out of the fifty states. Since there seems to be little doubt that ratification will come, most likely by next Presidential election time, changing values seem certain to influence both the selection of the next White House occupant and his policies, particularly foreign.

The simplest form of voting is, of course, by show of hands, and in ancient times Greeks and Romans often selected their officers this way, though when vital legal decisions were involved the ballot was usually by black and white bits of stone or metal. From the beginning, secrecy of the ballot has been essential in anything approaching a democratic procedure, and Communist and Fascist governments of the twentieth century have been well aware of the power of privacy in the electoral system, usually discarding it in favor of an open voting method bound to intimidate dissenters.

Even with the secret ballot, apathy and carelessness on the part of the electorate have from time immemorial played into the hands of the Philistines. Non-voting, indeed the indifference of the average Italian to his own parliamentary government, led directly to Mussolini and fascism in the 1920s. Similarly, Hitler was quick to realize that an inert voter was his greatest electoral weapon since he knew he could depend upon his Nazis at the polls. The big-city boss still counts on voter apathy to insure victory for hand-picked candidates in primary elections, and Hitler's methodology was quick to take this principle into account. In 1928, when more than one-fourth of the eligible voters neglected to participate in the Reichstag election, Hitler's chances to become German Chancellor rose geometrically. In later years, of course, both Mussolini and Hitler tossed aside the democratic polling process in favor of open advocacy of Fascist leadership that could brook no alternatives.

The secret ballot was formally installed in Australia more than a century ago, and for that reason the democratic voting system is generally referred to throughout the Western world as based on "the Australian ballot." There are as many ways of upsetting the will of the people through chicanery in the polling places as there are amoral politicians, and all of them have been tried one time or another in the United States, particularly in urban areas where large numbers of semi-illiterates, particularly foreign-born, have been fair game for such foul play. Just the same, since the invention of the voting machine and its widespread use by now in every part of the country, fewer and fewer illegal acts and incorrect returns have plagued the American electorate, except where big-city machines still function unmolested and/or the paper ballot still is used and, therefore, susceptible to alteration.



Early on, when the Hamiltonian premise prevailed in this fledgling country and government was supposed to be the exclusive property of the rich, the well-born, and the educated, no one could vote unless he owned property (therefore paid taxes), and common man had little or no voice in the way he was governed. Gradually the property requirement melted away, leaving the franchise for most white males twenty-one and over. The Nineteenth Amendment, ratified by the states in 1920, finally gave women the right to vote, but no sensible person would claim that non-whites, male or female, now wear that right unadorned in every corner of the land. Color is still a barrier, if sometimes a subtle one, to the universal suffrage any democracy worth its salt must maintain.

If and when the Twenty-sixth Amendment becomes law, can we expect violent change in the American way of life simply because the young have been given the vote? Probably not, if history can be believed. Little or nothing new happened politically when women voted for the first time in the 1920s, though Franklin D. Roosevelt's strong physical appeal to the feminine vote undoubtedly helped him sweep in 1932 and 1936. It is more likely that the young new voter will vote more or less the way his family votes, with geography, background, religion, color, and income more decisive than age. Just the same, the intense interest the young have in halting war, any war, since they are the ones who must put their lives on the line, will shape many an electoral battle from 1972 onward. The electoral values will stay pretty much as they are, but issues and men will find themselves under far greater scrutiny, especially in the fields of foreign policy, civil rights, and general awareness of the have-nots, which are special concerns of this young, often irritating, but undeniably socially conscious new batch of voters.

—R. L. T.

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Letters to the Editor

Communal Life

I READ Herbert A. Otto's article "Communes: The Alternative Life-Style" [*SR*, Apr. 24] with a great deal of interest but looked in vain for mention of a type of commune of increasing popularity among Jewish students. This is the kibbutz, some of whose members plan eventually to settle in Israel, others of whose members are interested in communal living in the United States. One group, for example, is living as an urban commune in New York City, working in various jobs but putting all earnings into a communal fund. There are many others, and not all are affiliated with Zionist organizations, nor, indeed, are they all exclusively Jewish.

IDA COHEN SELAVAN,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

A COMMUNE such as Angelina's, as described by Herbert Otto, surely must be more wasteful of land than even the most luxurious suburban areas in which a family of four or five might occupy as much as a whole acre. Here a group of perhaps thirty people (judging by the photo of another commune) take up no less than 150 acres. Still, thirty people will hardly be able to subsist on these 150 acres of (now) "mixed timber" without the most intensive cultivation. With the best intentions in the world, this kind of cultivation will wreck the ecology of a piece of land, which presumably now is an almost untouched beauty spot.

That communes of this kind can exist is possible only because charitable people, replete with the abundance of a profit-motivated economy, let them have a serviceable truck or some rolls of tar paper for a few dollars or free. I'm sure that communes like Angelina's are not really self-supporting, but that the men go out to do day labor, and the better-looking girls bring in money by working as waitresses in nearby towns. Possibly, a few money orders also arrive from Moms, perhaps glad that their wayward and footloose offspring have at least found a permanent mailing address. And, of course, there are those communes that raise fancy-price "organic" products for the commercial market. I believe that no commune can survive without monetary transfusions from the capitalist society that the commune dwellers believe they have shed. Who, incidentally, has paid for the highways these people use to travel and to bring in supplies? Who but square, stodgy old capitalist taxpayers provide the hospitals that the commune dwellers will have to seek out sooner or later. Or do they think that their "median age" will forever be in the relatively sickness-free mid-twenties? Actually, sanitary conditions in these makeshift rural dwelling places are probably below the standards in settled communities; they are likely to be conducive to the outbreak of epidemics. If these people were more literate and aware of history, they would know that voluntary communes almost always fail; only constant policing and brainwashing—as in some of the communist nations—can keep them alive a few decades longer.

My prediction is that the communes in America will, within a few years, expire due to boredom and due to the bitter internecine squabbles sure to arise between basically asocial people. Those that survive can only do so by absorbing some of the material overflow from the tables of a conventional society.

OTTO F. REISS,
New York, N.Y.

IN REGARD to Herbert Otto's recent article, I would like to answer Angelina's question, "Where are the parents of these kids? Many of them come from well-to-do homes. Why am I so alone in this?"

We are in our homes raising families, caring for older people, many of us working at service-type occupations. We are using part of our incomes to support medical research, welfare programs, drug-abuse education, church programs, etc. Most of us would be willing to help our children get educations or skill training. Did she expect that we would also send money for pot?

Many of us agree with our children on political issues, particularly the Vietnam War. But we disagree that either society or the individual is benefited by running away. So maybe we don't appreciate the people who provide a place for our children to run to.

We are here. Where are our children? We need help.

MRS. MARJORIE FAUL,
West Covina, Calif.

Mays Praise

HOW COULD the same Peter Schrag have written such a joyous, uninhibited encomium, "The Age of Willie Mays" [*SR*, May 8], after having produced such a snide, cramped, grudging bit on the University of Alabama a few weeks before? The answer, obviously, is that he came to the wrong place for his earlier article. He should have visited Willie's home town, Birmingham, not Tuscaloosa, and he should have reported on the new, the vital, the enlightened University of Alabama, in Birmingham. No hurry—it will be a good story for some time to come.

PROFESSOR RICHARD G. KING,
University of Alabama,
Birmingham, Ala.

IF "Time is of the essence" re Willie Mays, then Peter Schrag's pen is a real hour hand letting us know the game is still on.

If baseball is in trouble, it just might be that Schrag's literary majesty as well as Willie's trusty bat can do the extricating.

With no sense of exaggeration, Schrag's article runs swiftly past Bob Considine's gem on Don Larsen's 1956 perfect World Series game, Bert McGrane's beauty on Notre Dame over Army in 1947, and Grantland Rice's Four Horsemen of 1924. Those three, in my book, yielding to Willie and Peter, are now second, third, and fourth.

FRANK CAMPBELL,
Portland, Ore.

Gibran Addendum

SHEILA TURNER'S article "Tales of a Levantine Guru" [*SR*, Mar. 13] is extremely interesting since the wings of Gibran brushed me lightly when I was a teenager. It was in 1927 and 1928 at Poetry House, which he founded with Barbara Young on Manhattan's East 9th Street.

It is surprising that Barbara Young, who died in 1962, was not mentioned in Miss Turner's article. Not only was Barbara Young Gibran's first biographer in *This Man from Lebanon*, but, as a published poet, she assisted him with the preparation of *The Prophet* for publication. Until his death, she worked with him on all his books published in English by Knopf during his lifetime and the posthumously published *The Garden of the Prophet*. . . . After his death, Barbara Young organized a Gibran International and was instrumental in interesting the town of Bsharri in Gibran memorials.

HENRY S. EVANS,
Morristown, N.J.

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

"42nd Street," 1971-Style

WITH RUBY KEELER back on Broadway in the successful revival of *No, No, Nanette*, nostalgia for her old films is at its height. A big movie company is even rumored to be planning to remake her classic *42nd Street*.

Unfortunately, Times Square has deteriorated in recent years—almost as much as the morals of movie heroes and heroines. Hence the famous songs of the Busby Berkeley era would need considerable updating to appeal to today's audiences.

For example, the title song might go:

42ND STREET

Dig the beat
Of hustlers' feet
On the avenue
Where movies are blue,
42nd Street.

Heads and queens
Still in their teens
Haunt the thoroughfare
That used to be square,
42nd Street.

Pimps and grifters,
Zonked-out drifters,
Boys who'll turn a trick,
Short girls, tall girls,
Freaks and call girls,
Pay and take your pick.

Once our pride,
It's sick inside,
It's a paradise of secondhand vice,
Sleazy, cheesy, draggy, faggy,
42nd Street.

In the new *42nd Street*, the heroine would, of course, be an aspiring streetwalker and the boy a struggling peep show operator. As they clinch at the final fade-out, he might therefore borrow from Janet Gaynor and sing, "If I had a pornographic picture of you-oo, I could turn a tidy dollar or two-oo. . . ."

—ARNOLD M. AUERBACH.

Higher Forms of the New Thriller

IT BEGAN very simply.

It always began very simply for me, in very simple sentences.

The telephone rang.

"Yes?" I said.

A high, excited voice spoke into my ear. It could have been speaking Chinese.

I sat in my office, gripping the telephone, listening to the dial tone, knowing from the dull ache in my stomach that it had begun, that the plot had started, and that it was going to get more complicated, and the sentences were going to get longer, and the paragraphs more elaborate, until this was more than just a story of a private detective answering a telephone call, but a tragedy of the modern world.

I stood up. The edge of my desk caught my legs above the knees. I pushed my chair back, leaning on the desk top, and straightened. A slip of paper fluttered to the floor.

It was pink, and there were markings on it. I couldn't read them. They could have been written in Chinese.

Slowly, inexplicably, I had a feeling that what was happening had a logic behind it, that if I could fit one piece of the jigsaw to the next, they would make a pattern. I rode down the elevator, wondering if I could.

The sunlight was like a blow on the head of a tired, middle-aged knight in rusty armor. The girls in their summer dresses were like a dream of succor to a battered saint on a hopeless crusade. The sign for the Chinese laundry was like a simile in a foreign language.

I opened the door. The tinkling of the bell was like the laughter of a soul condemned to think up literary comparisons in hell.

There was a noise behind me. I whirled, reaching for my jacket pocket. It was the sound of the door closing. I heard another noise.

I whirled back, striking my elbow against the edge of the counter. The door struck the back of my head. I caught my balance, my head ringing, my arm hanging quite useless at my side.

It had been the moment of senseless violence before the denouement. A small, wrinkled old man stood behind the counter. He looked as if he were smiling. He looked Chinese.

"It was you who telephoned," I said.

I felt a great weariness, as if I should have known from the beginning. I put the pink slip of paper on the counter.

"Is this what you want?"

I knew what he would do before he handed me the flat, rectangular package wrapped in brown paper. I knew what would be attached to it, a second pink slip, with the same markings as the first.

The final part of the puzzle had fallen into place. Last week I had left my shirts. This week I had forgotten to pick them up. I felt an indefinable sense of anticlimax.

It always ended like this, very simply, very ironically.

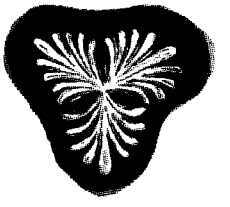
—GEOFFREY BUSH.

Nostalgia Shock

IT ISN'T that the days are going by too quickly; they're coming back too fast. The past, heretofore filled with pleasant, tranquil afternoons patiently awaiting recall, has suddenly gathered itself up and come charging back at us, threatening to engulf us in a wave of Broadway revivals, Hudson Terraplanes, real nylon stockings, and Wonder Woman comic books.

We are teetering on the edge of nostalgia shock, a situation in which national nostalgia norms fall to zero. The Twenties, a veritable mother lode of memories, are very nearly depleted. The Thirties, never a rich decade, are also overworked. As for the Forties, few people long for a war right now, and that puts us well into the Fifties, a scant fifteen years ago.

Fifteen years only begins the aging process for fine nostalgia. Many dis-



agreeable features remain, needing time to settle out, leaving only the silver lining. Consequently, we are now dealing with shoddy, inferior nostalgia and it simply won't stand the use. Because it wears out so fast, we'll soon be nostalgic for 1965, then 1969, and soon we'll be saying, "You think that was something? You should have been alive ten minutes ago!"

And then we'll discover that with no nostalgia left, we'll have only the present to think about. That should be shock enough for anybody.

As in national crises of the past, the character and strength of the individual American may well pull us through. We'll just have to make an effort not to think of the old days with longing. It'll be difficult, but we'll have to do it. And fittingly enough, our motto can be the words of that American folk hero, Satchel Paige: "Don't look back; something may be gaining on you."

Say, remember old Satchel Paige? When he pitched against the St. Louis Browns in '37? Well, it was the fourth inning . . .

—FRANK HEATH.

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After Ping-Pong What Next with Peking?

by O. EDMUND CLUBB

THE UNITED STATES AND CHINA (3rd edition), by John King Fairbank *(Harvard University Press, 500 pp., $9.95; paperback, $2.45);* **CHINESE POLITICAL THOUGHT IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, by Chester C. Tan** *(Doubleday, 390 pp., $7.95);* **ORIGINS OF THE CHINESE REVOLUTION, 1915-1949, by Lucien Bianco, translated from the French by Muriel Bell** *(Stanford University Press, 222 pp., $8.50);* **CHINA IN FERMENT: Perspectives on the Cultural Revolution, edited by Richard Baum, with Louise B. Bennett** *(Prentice-Hall, 245 pp., $6.95; paperback, $2.95);* **MAO'S GREAT REVOLUTION, by Robert S. Elegant** *(World, 478 pp., $12.50)*

China has been a source of wonder for the West since the days of Marco Polo. Imperial China, if further away, was perhaps better understood than has been the "new" post-1911 China: despite the succession of twenty-five dynasties in the course of some twenty-two centuries, old China seemed somehow more "stable." Despite the toppling of one rule after another, the old political and social order continued in large measure unchanged.

By the end of the nineteenth century, however, it had become entirely apparent that the time for change had come. An exploding population pressing upon limited land resources made it clear that the perennial agrarian problem was up for solution again. And in the international arena successive defeats of China at the hands of foreign powers, Occidental and Oriental, had demonstrated that the traditional concept of Middle Kingdom pre-eminence was unworkable. Thus the questions: What should be the future organization of Chinese society? And what should be China's relationship with the rest of the world community? How, in sum, should China "modernize"? In a Western manner—or Chinese?

Our contemporary experience has been of a China in the process of revolutionary change, in search of new ways for old. But America's understanding of that evolving China has often been limited, narrow, and distorted by political biases, which have been especially pronounced since the advent of the Communist régime to power. Moreover, a number of recent developments in China were quite foreign to the Occidental experience, increasing the difficulty of comprehension. There was in 1958 the Great Leap Forward, an effort to vault over a whole economic stage by one great exercise of the will of the Chinese nation. In 1960-63, China took up political cudgels against its ally, the Soviet Union, and in 1965 it followed the road dictated by a "revolutionary" foreign policy aimed at creating, under China's hegemony, an activist world revolutionary movement. Latest of the striking phenomena was the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution (GPCR), characterized by turmoil at home and an aggravation of the country's radical foreign policy. Then, in 1969, the GPCR ended; and now, in strange contradiction of past attitudes and pronouncements, Peking has manifested an amiable attitude toward the American people.

The problem of understanding such phenomena is complex, and the task arduous. The five works under review quest for answers. Four of the books are by scholars, one by a journalist. All, in their several ways, reward careful reading.

Professor John K. Fairbank is one of America's foremost Sinologues, and his book, *The United States and China,* first published in 1948, is a classic

O. EDMUND CLUBB, a retired Foreign Service officer, is the author of *Twentieth Century China.*

SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

19 **"The United States and China (3rd Edition),"** by John King Fairbank; **"Chinese Political Thought in the Twentieth Century,"** by Chester C. Tan; **"Origins of the Chinese Revolution, 1915-1949,"** by Lucien Bianco; **"China in Ferment: Perspectives on the Cultural Revolution,"** edited by Richard Baum, with Louise B. Bennett; **"Mao's Great Revolution,"** by Robert S. Elegant

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26 **"The Italian-Americans,"** by Luciano J. Iorizzo and Salvatore Mondello; **"The Making of Italy 1815-1870,"** by Edgar Holt; **"From Caesar to the Mafia: Sketches of Italian Life,"** by Luigi Barzini

28 **"Julian Bond: Black Rebel,"** by John Neary; **"Evers,"** by Charles Evers, edited by Grace Halsell

30 **"Out of Place in America: Essays for the End of an Age,"** by Peter Schrag

30 **"The Brother,"** by F. D. Reeve

31 **"The Hero's Great-Great-Great-Great-Grandson,"** by George Cuomo

32 **Criminal Record,** by Haskel Frankel

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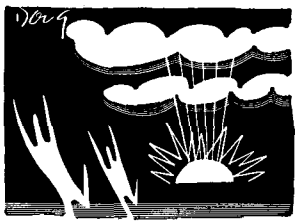
work setting forth a wide-ranging analysis of Chinese society and history. This third edition, which has been enriched by substantial changes and expansion, brings the history down through the GPCR. It discloses the depth of the forces making for change in the old order, the nature of the revolution that overthrew the dynastic system, and the conflicts that marked the search for a viable ideology and a new order. Professor Fairbank traces the history of the emergence, in the midst of warlords contending for power, of two forces equipped with new political philosophies, the Nationalists of Sun Yat-sen and the Chinese Communists led by Ch'en Tu-hsiu. At first the two collaborated in fighting the warlord régime at Peking, but then the Nationalists turned against the Communists, and they warred with each other—until the Japanese came along, causing the Chinese to close ranks once more against a common foe.

In Fairbank's judgment, had the Kuomintang (Nationalist Party) at this stage undertaken a more active program for agrarian reform, it could have competed with communism. But "the Marxian social ideal in China . . . had been from the first a Communist Party monopoly." And, under wartime conditions, the Nationalist rule went into decline. In the postwar struggle with the Communists the Nationalists were defeated—to the great surprise of Americans. To have Free China become Communist seemed to them a national disaster, Fairbank remarks.

A fuller knowledge of the forces at work in wartime China would have reduced the element of American surprise—and perhaps some of the feeling of disaster. Chester C. Tan, a professor of history at New York University, has published several books on various aspects of Chinese history. Unfortunately for our understanding, although his present work is useful with reference to the various schools of political thought in contemporary China, it offers little historical context in terms of which those philosophies might be judged.

Tan begins effectively with the 1911 Revolution and picks up momentum when he comes to the May Fourth Movement of 1919, when China turned to Western liberal thought in its search for a new political truth. Following a suggestive section on Chinese anarchism, which won favor in China before Marxism did, he treats the political thinking of Sun Yat-sen, chief architect of the revolutionary Kuomintang and its philosophy, and that of Chiang Kai-shek. Tan questionably asserts that the latter "faithfully" accepted Sun's Three People's Principles, and he



finds that Chiang's "democracy" was embodied in discipline and "the rule of law." The exercise of discovering Chiang's public philosophy must be judged largely barren: Tan gives the Chinese leader's official theory but recounts practically nothing of his practice. The book does not appreciably help the reader to understand why Chiang lost the Mandate of Heaven—excepting as he might note that Chiang consistently looked backward, not forward.

Tan surveys other Kuomintang figures, as well as leaders of the ill-fated Third Force, which, from a middle position, ineffectually proposed unification of the popular will through democratic rather than military processes. In his final two chapters he inquires into the thinking of leaders of the armed revolutionaries—the Communists. But, as in the case of Chiang Kai-shek, Tan's exposition of individual philosophies here, too, lacks full significance in the absence of political context and does not provide a sound basis for understanding the phenomena occurring in China.

Lucien Bianco, directeur d'Etudes at the Ecole Pratique des Hautes Etudes in Paris, takes a fundamentally different approach. In his admirable work, which was published in French in 1967 and will be issued in English in October, he explains the whys and wherefores of radicalization of Chinese political thought. Introducing his subject by a chapter aptly entitled "The End of a World," Bianco, like Fairbank, studies the impact of Western civilization on the Middle Kingdom, which had thought itself the whole world, and the revolutionary movements spurred by that impact. The May Fourth Movement of 1919, he states, was the true beginning of China's cultural revolution, of China's modernity, for it introduced "an extreme radicalization of political life."

Upon the attainment of power in 1928, the Kuomintang, born of revolution, was, in Bianco's estimate, left with only two objectives—the achievement of national unity and then the defense of its unified control. The counterrevolutionary terror that accompanied the Kuomintang's rise to power, he asserts, contributed to the spread of Marxist ideology. The entire legacy of the May Fourth Movement was grasped by the Chinese Communist Party (CCP). On the rocky road of adversity between 1927 (the year the Communists were purged from the revolutionary combine) and 1935 (when the Communist Long March of military disengagement was completed) the Chinese Communists turned to account the reservoir of peasant discontent. Where the CCP succeeded, the Kuomintang failed: "It is not enough to say that the Nanking government was unable to solve the country's major problem [that of rural reconstruction]. It did not even want to."

Acknowledging his debt to Chalmers Johnson's *Peasant Nationalism and Communist Power: The Emergence of Revolutionary China, 1937-1945,* Bianco probes for the ultimate secret of the Communist success. He finds that it was not the peasants' misery but the war against Japan that initially gave rise to their nationalism, which the Communists exploited by fulfilling the patriotic role of leadership in resistance to the enemy. The Communists thus entered the final conflict enjoying a distinct advantage over their domestic foe, and Communist Mao Tse-tung thus won his victory over Nationalist Chiang Kai-shek.

China in Ferment is a compendium of extracts from the 1967-70 writings of several observers (mostly scholars), with some appended editorial comment, supplemented by two relevant Chinese Communist documents. A stimulating variety of viewpoints is offered. To the self-imposed question "What was the Cultural Revolution really about?" the editor, Richard Baum, supplies five answers distilled from the contributions to the book: the GPCR was 1) "a classical Machiavellian struggle for political power among the organized supporters and opponents of Chairman Mao Tse-tung"; 2) in a uniquely cultural context, "a 'class struggle' between the respective adherents of the 'proletarian' and 'bourgeois' world outlooks"; 3) "a last-ditch attempt by the Maoists to revive and revitalize the CCP's puritanical ideological values in a post-revolutionary era characterized by the increasing secularization of Chinese society and by a consequent 'erosion of ideology' "; 4) "primarily a contest for hegemony between the rival strategies for economic development put forward in the late 1950s and early 1960s by Mao Tse-tung and Liu Shao-ch'i, respectively"; 5) "symptomatic of a psychological quest for immortality on the part of China's aging leader, Mao Tse-tung." The editor opines that all the answers are substantially valid, with differences falling in the areas of perspective and emphasis.

Gerald Tannenbaum, who is de-

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scribed as a "self-confirmed Maoist," believes that the GPCR had to happen, because "two ways of life are locked in mortal combat." Should self or society come first? The "modern revisionists of the Soviet Union" have chosen one way by giving first place to machines, mechanization, and material incentives; the way of Mao Tse-tung, while recognizing the importance of material factors and mechanization, gives precedence to the revolutionizing of the people's ideology. Tannenbaum asserts that "Chairman Mao's creation of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution to systematically solve the question of ideological construction opens an entirely new era in the recognition and conscious utilization of the precept that the broad masses are the makers of history. The theory and practice of extensive democracy, which Marx and Lenin envisioned, has now been put into effect." Events have already contradicted that thesis.

As one consequence of the calamitous Great Leap of 1958, Mao Tse-tung had to "retire" from the chairmanship of the Chinese People's Republic. Philip Bridgham offers the judgment that the GPCR germinated in the 1959 plenary of the CCP Central Committee, where Mao's radical domestic and foreign policies came under heavy attack. Mao won that political contest and set out definitively to refute the opposition. A personality cult to exalt Mao Tse-tung came into being. The doctrine of his infallibility was to be maintained: the Great Leap was *no* failure.

Charles Neuhauser points out that, alongside the pragmatism introduced in 1960 to repair the disasters that attended the Great Leap, a growing distrust of the "revolutionary spontaneity" so favored by Mao was discovered. "Rightest" policies and practices were reinforced in the bureaucracy, and a series of campaigns launched to counter those "revisionist" tendencies was not fully successful. Finally there came the GPCR. Professor Franz Michael views that phenomenon as a power struggle between the rival exponents of Mao's "radical, utopian communism" on the one side and a pragmatic, rational communism of flexible tactics on the other.

Professor Robert Jay Lifton accepts Mao as a contender for power indeed, but sees that matter in less political terms. He suggests that Mao is obsessed by the thought that his revolutionary works will not endure and, even more, by the dread that the revolution itself will die. Thus the attempt to form what Mao called a "new community." As Lifton describes it, "this new community, in a symbolic sense, is a *community of immortals*—of men, women, and children entering into a new relationship with the eternal revolutionary process. An event of this kind is meant to convey *a blending of the immortal cultural and racial substance of the Chinese as a people with the equally immortal Communist revolution.*"

In the judgment of most of the contributors to the Baum volume, the results of Mao's latest "great movement" have fallen far short of his expectation. Bridgham concludes that the 1967 effort of the Maoists to "seize power" brought growing disunity and in actuality a reduction of Mao's power to control events. Answering the question "What price revolution?," Richard Baum recalls Mao Tse-tung's much earlier statement that the aim of Party rectification campaigns was "like that of a doctor treating an illness, solely to save the patient and not to doctor him to death." Baum quotes the observation of Molière's venerable physician that "more men die of their remedies than of their illnesses," and observes: "Therein, perhaps, lies the most appropriate epitaph for the moribund Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution." Professor Tang Tsou points up the circumstance that the GPCR "not only destroyed the Party organization and badly disrupted the government bureaucracy, but has also inflicted serious damage on the relationship of authority which had been established in Communist China."

What, in spite of major destruction of the Party and partial destruction of the governmental structure, held China together and kept it going? Professor Ralph L. Powell, who has written widely on the Chinese military system, past and present, offers an answer. The People's Liberation Army was the only part of the governmental structure that was able to keep itself largely immune, and thus intact, in the storm of the GPCR— and consequently it became in effect a substitute government. Whereas Mao Tse-tung had in the past consistently maintained that "the Party commands the gun, and the gun must never be allowed to command the Party," the composition of the Party Central Committee as fixed at the ninth CCP Congress of April 1969, Professor Powell states, demonstrated "the greatly increased political power of the military." Military men are in a position to dominate both Party and state after Mao dies. "Hence, we may be confronted by a situation in which a reorganized Party still controls the gun, but only because the generals control the Party."

Professor Richard M. Pfeffer strikes the final note in the Baum volume with his observation that, in a sense, the GPCR seems to have been "a revolution against history." Citing the thesis of Professor Benjamin Schwartz, he says that Mao "has declared that the sacred moral values previously associated exclusively with the Party are most purely found in himself and his thought, and that these qualities 'may be shared by groups, institutions, and individuals which lie *outside* of the Party.'" As the conflicts of the GPCR worked out, final power came to rest with the People's Liberation Army. Nevertheless, "the Chinese movement," Pfeffer says, "forged a life of its own: it gained believers, developed with considerable spontaneity, . . . and sought to realize—too often by methods difficult for most Western minds to accept —a vision of a more humane existence." He sagely concludes that only time will tell what Mao has been able to achieve in facing the challenge of creating participatory institutions more responsive to popular interests, "and what those achievements may mean in the concrete for China and for the world."

Robert S. Elegant was chief of the Hong Kong bureau of the *Los Angeles Times* during the GPCR and thus occupied an excellent position to observe the Revolution at close range. His book, be it said, has sundry shortcomings. He quotes frequently but usually without citing sources, and it is easy to deduce that he has depended heavily on the polemical materials issued by the warring factions during the GPCR. Some of those materials were of questionable validity. The many flashbacks in the narration, and the serial insertion of biographical sketches of principal GPCR actors, make for uneven progression and some repetition. But, by assiduously performing the contemporary reporter's function, Elegant fills in many factual details of the obscure and tremendously complex story of the GPCR and provides a revealing and valuable blow-by-blow account of that earth-shaking event.

Elegant considers Mao a visionary, and he describes the débris of the 1958 Great Leap as "the seedbed of the anti-Maoist movement." Like Michael and Bridgham, Elegant thinks the Lushan 1959 plenary marked the true beginning of the GPCR. He stresses the importance of the role played by Ch'en Po-ta, the "ideological alter ego of Mao Tse-tung," who is possessed of "almost

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absolute ideological authority." Ch'en's chief fetish, says Elegant, was the Paris Commune of 1871. But, after growing factionalism within the GPCR had finally brought the intervention of the military to restore a semblance of national order, "In Peking in April 1969, the military asserted their superiority over Mao Tse-tung." So, Elegant writes, in the end the attainment of the Maoist vision of "the great federation, the People's Commune of All China," was rendered the less likely. Although Mao Tse-tung has indeed been enshrined in the Chinese pantheon, he can "struggle" no more. His nominal opponent, "capitalist roader" and "revisionist" Liu Shao-ch'i, has been damned in Maoist history, but Liu's pragmatic policies have been revived.

Thus Mao Tse-tung the millenarian, in turning to the Paris Commune for a pattern, has failed to find a solution to the complex problem of "modernizing" China. His Thought has been canonized in the new CCP constitution of 1969, but the question is whether it will receive more than ritual observance from the successor generation. And there remains open the issue of whether the Revolution, as Mao has conceived it, will live on. China is not yet either an "extensive democracy," a dictatorship of the proletariat, or a national People's Commune. The problems and the task of modernization will pass to the successors of both Mao Tse-tung and the rest of his revolutionary generation.

Here Americans might profitably address themselves to Fairbank's final chapter, "Perspectives on China and Ourselves," wherein he remarks that "our thinking, in conservative America, could not keep pace with China's revolution." It is still possible, he contends, for China's foreign relations to flow either in the Western channel of diplomatic and other exchanges, or in the ancient Chinese one where foreigners are received on sufferance and "only insofar as they subscribe to Chinese aims or suit Chinese needs." Fairbank concludes that "Americans can expect from the Chinese roughly the degree and kind of response that we provoke."

After more than two decades of hostility between the two countries, a fundamental reassessment of the policy that has us allied with the Nationalist faction against the Chinese who rule the mainland (Communist though they may be called) is patently long overdue. The recent "thaw" in Sino-Americans relations is clearly superficial and removes none of the basic issues that divide the two nations. But at least it provides an occasion for some hard new thinking on the subject.

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

From Puritanism to Intellection

IN JOHN W. ALDRIDGE'S "Fabrication of a Cultural Hero" [*SR*, Apr. 24] a passage describes the supposed reaction of early Americans going west to open up that vast territory after having experienced "some ancestral memory that still haunts us of that sterile, life-hating Puritan obsessiveness about sin and a vengeful God and the peril of emotion, and that this is what ideas, what thinking, came to symbolize for us." It may have been, though questionable, that in the very first migrations such a feeling of freedom from Scriptural restraint, of largeness of physical expansion, existed. But it was not long before a fundamentalism clamped down on the near west, the Midwest, as fierce as Puritanism and clinging far more persistently than it had in New England, where leisure and security allowed of the development of liberal thought to the point of Unitarianism and of "intellection" and sensibility to the establishment of an American literature, which included the Concord group, Melville, Hawthorne.

In the Midwest the Puritanism, the fundamentalism, broke into all sorts of sects, thanks to the fact that the immigration was not purely Anglo-Saxon, but variously Nordic European. The Midwest has been courageously struggling, and successfully, against this fundamentalism since the first decades of the twentieth century.

KELSEY FLOWER,
East Hampton, N.Y.

Illumination

THE LETTER from Shirley Budhos [BOOK FORUM, Apr. 10] about my review of *Fireflies* [*SR*, Mar. 20] chides me for not explaining the title, which she assumes derives from Tagore. She assumes wrong. The title refers to an episode which comes up several times in Naipaul's novel. To drive home a lesson about industry and frugality, Govind Khoja tells his nephew about a poor boy who grew up to be a rich doctor. This boy didn't even have electricity in his house when he was a student, and his family couldn't afford a kerosene lamp. So he caught fireflies in a jar and read by the light of their flickering tails. "But didn't the fireflies die in that airless jar?" asks the skeptical nephew. "Well," improvises the rattled storyteller, "if they died he just went out and caught some more."

LINDA HESS,
Berkeley, Calif.

French Canadians

IN HIS REVIEW of *White Niggers of America* [*SR*, May 8] L. L. L. Golden accuses Pierre Vallières of an "amazing lack of knowledge" about the history and politics of both Quebec and Canada. People who live in glass houses should not hurl epithets.

Mr. Golden argues, for example, that there has never been a Federal Cabinet without strong French-Canadian representation. This is simply not so, as any freshman in high school could tell you, citing the 1917 government that had no French Canadian of stature in it and the Diefenbaker governments from 1957 to 1963. Golden adds that it is virtually impossible to win elections without French Canada, and again he neglects the 1917 and 1957 cases. In 1957, too, it was deliberate Progressive Conservative policy to ignore Quebec and to appeal to English Canada, and this policy received widespread notice at the time and since from journalists and academics. And he cites a long list of portfolios and civil service jobs held by *Canadiens* as evidence that they are fully involved in the affairs of Canada. This is certainly true now, but Mr. Golden has neglected to inform your readers that this state of affairs is brand new, a result of the desperate attempt to right the wrongs of two centuries.

Moreover, Mr. Golden completely ignores the history of Canada when he fails to tell your readers that on virtually every issue that pitted French Canadian against English Canadian the majority won its way. The examples are legion: Riel's execution in 1885; the Boer War; the conscription crises of 1917, 1942, and 1944. Of course, Mr. Golden may have chosen to forget some of these events, particularly as he was a leading publicist for conscription in the Second World War, one of the Canadians whose lack of understanding for their compatriots has brought us to the pass we are at today.

J. L. GRANATSTEIN,
Downsview, Ont.

MR. GOLDEN briefly mentions that "Quebec has real problems of its own, largely economic and in many ways due to the fact that it is an island of French-speaking people on a continent of some 220 million English-speaking North Americans."

This is precisely M. Vallières's point. French-speaking people comprise 30 per cent of Canada (they do not vote for a Prime Minister of North America!) and 80 per cent of the Province of Quebec, but while the majority of English-speaking Quebecois are in the professional-managerial class, the French-Canadians remain poor, just like black Americans. Yet it is the fault of the French-Canadian that he is poor: if he wants to share in the nation's wealth, to enjoy the rights of a full citizen, he need only forsake his culture, his language, his heritage.

For this reason both French-Canadians and black Americans have chosen the route of separation. We ask them to work with us, but in working together it is they who are asked to change, not us.

DANIEL J. FINK,
Rochester, N.Y.

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ANDRE BRETON:
Magus of Surrealism

by Anna Balakian

Oxford, 289 pp., $10

Reviewed by Leon S. Roudiez

■ That the grand old man of Surrealism and one of his most authoritative interpreters in this country share the same initials is an example of objective chance that should have delighted André Breton, although there is no record of his ever having commented upon it. Anna Balakian originally met him in the early 1940s, when he was an exile in New York City and she was working on her first book, *Literary Origins of Surrealism*. She remained in touch with him until his death in 1966, while her examination of Surrealism continued. Last year a new, revised edition of her *Surrealism: The Road to the Absolute* was issued, enriched by many illustrations, the absence of which I regretted when the book initially appeared eleven years ago. Now she has reached the core of her subject. Her new volume has benefited from those many years of research and personal acquaintance; it is indeed a reliable guide to the life and works of the man she calls "Magus of Surrealism."

For the purely biographical aspect of her work Anna Balakian has been able to draw on her own conversations with Breton, members of his family, and friends; she has also relied on the information he himself gave to André Parinaud during a series of interviews over the French radio in 1952. André Breton, an only child, was a reticent person when details of his private life were involved; in spite of his position of leadership, he was also a solitary individual. One is thus spared much of the trash literary historians have such fondness for, and it is a pleasure to report that Anna Balakian, either through choice or dint of circumstance, has provided us with an intellectual biography rather than a petty one. She might have been tempted to succumb to anecdotal writing, as is shown by her quoting a letter from Breton's second wife giving the precise circumstances of his composition of "L'Air de l'eau," relating that he then explained the poem to her sentence by sentence. But now that explanation has been forgotten, and Dr. Balakian sensibly concludes, "Perhaps it is just as well." We are also told that Breton met his third wife at Larré's restaurant in New York; fortunately, details about menu and weather are lacking.

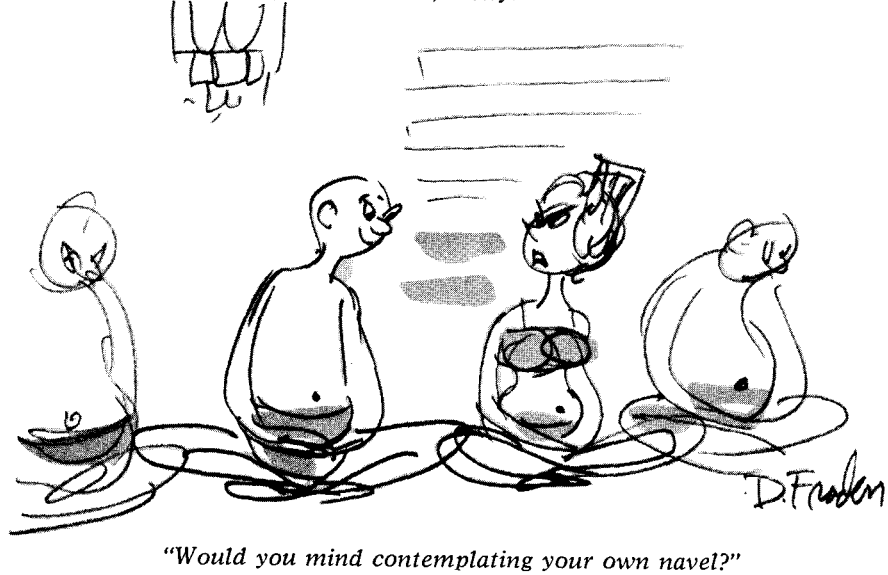
By concentrating mostly on the essentials, the author can better bring into focus Breton's intellectual role as well as his writings. He himself tended to rate his literary accomplishments beneath the personal influence over or relationships with other individuals. That should encourage one to view his works less as accomplished, perfected products and more as functioning organisms capable of effecting transformations upon the reader. Actually, I believe this is the way all literature should be examined, although it does not make the critic's task an easy one. That Anna Balakian recognizes the existence of a problem is clear from her remarks, made after analyzing Breton's "Ode à Charles Fourier": "The explication ... of the form and ideological content of the poem does not suggest the power of the piece as a poem, its power to give vision, . . . to kindle the senses." Indeed, telling what a text "is about" in the usual sense of the phrase says little of value concerning that text; what is needed is a sort of re-creation—but how many of us are capable of such an accomplishment?

The need for going beyond the conventional explanation-and-summary process is nowhere more acutely felt than in the chapter "Surrealism and Painting," especially if one happens to be familiar with the work of such painters as Picasso, Chirico, Dali, Tanguy, and others (as Dr. Balakian undoubtedly is). What Breton chose to write concerning them, the manner in which he did so, the rapport he established with the paintings, his regal tone, the feline convolutions of his style, and the fascination (in a nearly literal sense) in which he held many readers—none of this can be satisfactorily conveyed by means of rational paraphrase and interpretation.

In the course of her analyses, Anna Balakian touches upon presences in Breton's mind that are familiar to students of Surrealism; for instance, in addition to Apollinaire and Vaché, we encounter Hegel, Lautréamont, and Freud as well as Eliphas Lévi and Charles Fourier. Also, apparently following up the lead given by Philippe Soupault in the commemorative issue of the *Nouvelle Revue Française* after Breton's death, she has investigated links between Pierre Janet (the same psychiatrist who treated Raymond Roussel) and early Surrealist texts. Not only does she confirm Janet's book, *L'Automatisme psychologique*, as the immediate source for the concept of automatic writing; she also points to Breton's indebtedness to Janet for many key words or phrases of Surrealism. As a result, his influence looms more important at the birth of Surrealism than that of Freud, whose presence will be felt at the time of the First Manifesto (1924). Furthermore, since Breton's reading of Janet's books and the writing of the first Surrealist text (*Les Champs magnétiques*, 1919) preceded Tristan Tzara's arrival in Paris in 1920, Dr. Balakian is led to emphasize, as Breton himself had occasion to do, the independent birth of Surrealism in Paris. Some thirty years later, with arguments based on the same premise, the aging "Magus" was inclined to dismiss the importance of Dada as far as Surrealism was concerned. To do that he had to ignore Tzara's 1918 manifesto and his own early adulation of the Rumanian-born poet—but those facts are not forgotten in Dr. Balakian's scholarly account.

One cavil before closing: I hope Anna Balakian will forgive me for saying that her knowledge is superior to her style. Could not the editors of such a prestigious publishing house as Oxford University Press have lent a helping hand?

Leon S. Roudiez teaches contemporary French literature at Columbia University.



"Would you mind contemplating your own navel?"

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FICTION AND THE FIGURES OF LIFE

by William H. Gass

Knopf, 288 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Brom Weber

I cannot understand what is precious, distastefully hermetic, or anti-intellectual about thinking that the values of masterpieces are intrinsic, or that they constitute a system in themselves or that they are composed for their own sakes.

■ Thus did William H. Gass in 1958 defend Gertrude Stein against one of her detractors, B. L. Reid. The philosophical-literary articles and reviews collected in *Fiction and the Figures of Life*, mostly written in the 1960s, reiterate and tenaciously elaborate the principle that fiction not intended for popular consumption has a life separate from, yet as valuable as "real" life. Those puzzled by certain literary phenomena of the Sixties—John Barth's *Lost in the Funhouse* (1968) or the prose fictions of Robert Coover, Donald Barthelme, Samuel Beckett, Jorge Luis Borges, and Gass himself—will find the commentaries in *Fiction and the Figures of Life* useful.

Deep in the avant-garde as novelist (*Omensetter's Luck*, 1966) and short-story writer (*In the Heart of the Country*, 1968), Gass with proper consistency does not engage in traditional literary criticism. He is dissatisfied with "character," "plot," "realism," and similar conceptual terms that relate fiction to more than itself, and dislikes explication and paraphrase as analytic methods that superimpose "meaning" upon fiction. Long a teacher of philosophy in a Midwestern university, Gass tends to be concerned with traditional philosophic problems whose study—in up-to-date fashion—will advance our understanding of fiction: causality, essence, existence, and the like. Specifically, his critical discourse has been shaped by the school of linguistic analysis whose seminal figure was the late Anglo-German philosopher Ludwig Wittgenstein.

Wittgenstein paid a visit to Cornell University while Gass was a graduate student there. The latter's portrait of the philosopher in action offers a revealing demonstration of Gass' own methodology and style, as well as some of the central precepts he learned from and shares with Wittgenstein:

> Now he spoke, clearly yet haltingly, with intolerable slowness, with a kind of deep stammer involving not mere sounds or words but yards of discourse, long swatches of inference; and since these sentence lengths, though delivered forcefully, indeed with an intensity which was as extraordinary as it was quiet, were always cut short suddenly—in midphrase, maddeningly incomplete—and then begun again, what you heard was something like a great pianist at practice: not a piece of music, but the very acts which went into making that performance.
>
> Thus in this sudden, silly way began what was to be the most important intellectual experience of my life, yet it was an experience almost wholly without content, for it was very plainly not just what the old man said that was so moving, it was almost entirely the way in which he said it, the total naked absorption of the mind in its problem, the tried-out words suspended for inspection, the unceasingly pitiless evaluation they were given, the temporarily triumphant going forward, the doubt, despair, the cruel recognition of failure, the glorious giving of solutions by something from somewhere, the insistent rebeginning, as though no one, not even the speaker, had ever been there. Without cant, without jargon, and in terms of examples, this abstract mind went concretely forward. . . .

William H. Gass—"abstract, preening."

This is an excellent narrative-descriptive prose style, but inadequate to carry, as Gass in other places intends that it should, the burden of systematic intellectual exposition.

Gass holds that philosophy and fiction are alike in that both are fictional constructions, systems based on concepts expressed linguistically, worlds created by minds whose choice of language specifies the entities and conditions comprising those worlds. The reality of these fictional worlds does not depend upon correspondence with or reflection of other worlds, such as the socio-physical one customarily regarded as the "real" world. Consequently, such concepts as cause and effect—designed to explain the "real" world—are not necessarily relevant to a fictional world if its creator's language does not encompass causality. Similarly, this is true of moral, esthetic, or other concepts not manifested in the creator's choice of syntax and parts of speech. "The meaning is the use," as Wittgenstein put it.

Gass' adaptation of Wittgensteinian insight advances our understanding of the nature of contemporary literature that deviates from traditional literary norms. He encourages us not to judge the nontraditional by traditional criteria. Focusing upon the contemporary fictionist's desire to use language with greater individual freedom, for example, Gass notes that realization has been made possible by artful "strategies" of a kind that betray and mock reader expectations. Writers "resort to a mock epic style," "make drunk or mad the consciousness they are concerned with," "play at dreaming and propose conundrums," or "seek some freedom in parody and pastiche or in other, otherwise imprisoning historical forms such as the picaresque or allegorical tale."

Unfortunately, Gass doesn't generally speak as concretely as this about literature. His preponderantly abstract, preening, often mincingly gaited, idiosyncratic style lacks the substantive depth and richness of allusion and reference that distinguished the expository prose in which Susan Sontag, who shares many ideas with Gass, sets forth her theories and judgments. Parenthetically, he is a better fictionist, precisely because—unlike her—he writes novels and stories as she writes criticism. The result is that *Fiction and the Figures of Life* hardly initiates the "comprehensive esthetic" Gass calls for.

An equally serious reason why this book has less weight than Gass' fiction is that his philosophy is not particularly original, as those who have read Kant, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Hans Vaihinger, Sontag, Roland Barthes, Peter Berger, Thomas Kuhn, and Herbert Marcuse, to name but a few, must recognize. Gass' major contribution in *Fiction and the Figures of Life* is his validation of the old-fashioned art-for-art's-sake doctrine, a vital element of the modern tradition, as a legitimate phenomenon in our post-modernist intellectual world.

Brom Weber edited the recently published "Sense and Sensibility in Twentieth-Century Writing."

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Book Business

Alan Green

If you've been wondering how, in this uncertain economy, expensive gift books will fare, your concern is not shared—at least for this year and his list—by Bryan Holme, director of Studio Books for Viking. One reason, he said, is he has a unique book coming this fall: a lavishly illustrated volume on the creation of the earth.

"With photographs, no doubt," I feebled.

"Quite," said Bryan, "with photographs." And he trotted out a big dummy filled with color prints that seemed to have been taken when the world was born. These photographs—112 full pages of them—depict the letting of light, the making of the firmament, the dividing of the waters, the bringing forth of grass, the creation of living creatures, and "male and female created He them." The text is Genesis, I, plus detailed descriptions of the manner in which these unprecedented photographs were made. Bryan presented a mock-up of this Sistine Chapel ceiling of a book at last autumn's Frankfurt Book Fair, and it quickly became the hottest dummy he'd ever shown there. The English, French, German, Danish, Swedish, Italian, and Japanese rights were snapped up and, before the year is out, much of the world will be regarding the pictorial record of its own creation.

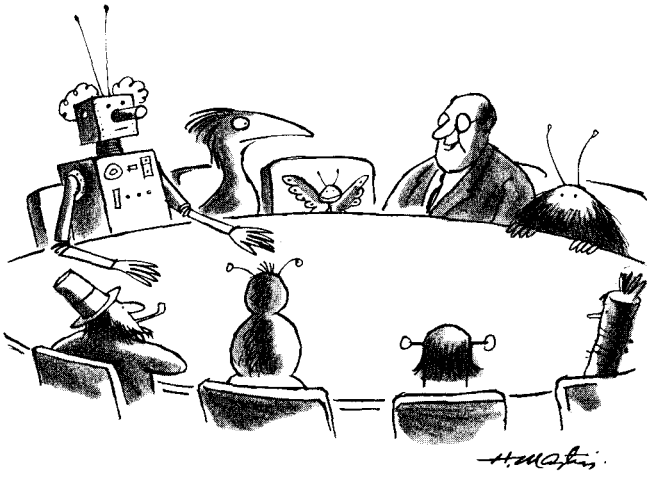
The photographer of this singular book is the celebrated Vienna-born Ernst Haas, whose photo essay on New York was given twenty-four pages in *Life* some years ago, and whose one-man shows have appeared in many distinguished galleries, including New York's Museum of Modern Art. Haas is only fifty, which makes him a lot younger than the earth—even on a Fundamentalist's time table. But dawns still break spectacularly, volcanoes still bubble sulphurously, African game still plunges over the veldt and into the trees, and mighty tides still rise. Haas spent many years traveling to distant places to photograph such breathtaking scenes—often as symbols of power and life for his pictorial essays or for one or another of his internationally famous industrial clients. It was his long-time assistant who said to him one day, "You know what you've been doing? You've been photographing the creation of the world!" This assistant should have known what he was talking about because his name (you're not going to believe this, but it's true) happens to be Michael Angelo.

Can anything be done about the upward-spiraling retail price of novels? The $2.50 novel of the 1940s became the $3.75 (same size) book of the Fifties, the $5.50 of the mid-Sixties and the $5.95 to $6.95 (and up) novel of today. Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., thinks something *can* be done, given the right conditions: a 60,000-70,000-word manuscript, a young first-novelist willing to take a slightly reduced royalty on a lower price for the sake of a large first printing and wide distribution, a simple paper-over-boards binding, no jacket, and damned little blurb. Result: a book that would otherwise be priced today at $5.95 comes to the reader for $3.50. This plan was recently sponsored at Knopf by Dan Okrent, and he's responsible for four such novels—two just published, the other pair targeted for fall. Each has a 7,500 print order or about double that which the publisher probably would have given them at $5.95.

In the 1930s, there were experiments along similar lines by Doubleday, S&S, and Knopf, itself. Back then, the brave attempts failed. But maybe there's a difference today. As Okrent puts it, there's a new market of young, liberated readers—on and off the campus—looking for novels outside the beaten literary track, providing they can get them at the same price as an LP record. Maybe he's right. The first two novels have had an advance sale triple that which Knopf would have expected for a $5.95 first novel. They've been especially well received by campus bookshops. How well they'll move into the hands of readers should be known shortly. I'll keep you informed. Meanwhile, this is a youth movement from beginning to hoped-for successful end. The four authors getting this treatment have an average age of twenty-four. Which may make them a shade senior to their editor. Dan Okrent was Michigan '69.

When the *Times Literary Supplement* said of *The Oxford English Dictionary*, "There is no dictionary in the world to compare with it," there was, so far as I know, no dissenting opinion. Nor did anyone challenge the fact that, at $300 retail, it was out of the reach of many who would have cherished it. Moreover, its thirteen massive volumes could not be easily accommodated in small homes and smaller apartments.

I was delighted, as many of you will be, to hear that, on October 7 of this year, the entire dictionary with its fifty million words, nearly 415,000 definitions, and more than 1,800,000 illustrative quotations will become available in just two volumes at the possible-to-save-up-for price of $75. Each of the two volumes of *The Compact Oxford English Dictionary* will be the same size (9¾" x 13½") as those in the original set and, though containing between them a total of 4,134 pages, each of the new volumes—thanks to thin but opaque paper—will be only about 2¾" thick. Oxford has accomplished this by photographically reducing the pages of the original set and reproducing four (two above and two below) on each of the new volumes' pages. The type becomes small but still readable by the average eye. Fon Boardman of Oxford showed me sample pages, and I read them without difficulty. Nevertheless, the two new volumes (boxed) will be accompanied by a magnifying glass on folding adjustable legs, which can be placed on the page for easier and longer reading. Even so, don't trade in your American dictionary—you will still want to know how we colonials spell "tyre" and where we put the accent on "laboratory."



"The topic for today is: What is reality?"

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THE ITALIAN-AMERICANS

by Luciano J. Iorizzo and Salvatore Mondello

Twayne, 273 pp., $6.50

THE MAKING OF ITALY 1815-1870

by Edgar Holt

Atheneum, 320 pp., $7.95

FROM CAESAR TO THE MAFIA: Sketches of Italian Life

by Luigi Barzini

Library Press, 335 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Walter Guzzardi, Jr.

■ For those of us whose names end in vowels, the current renewal of interest in an Italo-American movement appears more amusing than alarming. After all, it has been eighty or ninety years since the great wave of Italian immigration, with all its unsettling impact. The time of acrimony, and of all the hostilities that attend the assimilation of an alien ethnic group, is long past. Outside of an occasional minor inconvenience—"How do you spell your name? One Z or two?"—we of the vowels are rarely reminded of our origins, any more than the Andersons or the O'Briens are. Even the phrase "Italo-American" has an arch and archaic ring about it. I rather doubt that members of the younger generation—my sons, for example, both of whom are now in college—have often heard the phrase, either as a description or as an epithet.

Yet we adults who bear the vowels, second- and third-generation Americans mostly, who have long ceased to think about our distant origins, are now once again confronted by them, and not at all in a comic spirit. An Italian-American Civil Rights League, no less, has forced itself upon our attention. Its founder, Joseph Colombo, emerged from doubtful obscurity last summer following the arrest of his son, Joe Junior, on charges of melting coins for resale as silver ingots. Though young Colombo was acquitted, the cause apparently is important to enough people, especially Joe Senior, to keep the League alive.

Last summer the organization managed to stage a massive Unity Day Rally against a fitting background—Columbus Circle in Manhattan. Among its victories the League can claim the following: an announcement by Attorney General John Mitchell that "Mafia" and "Cosa Nostra" are no longer permissible as official terms, and the banning of both words from use in *The Godfather,* a film based on Mario Puzo's best-selling novel—which, of course, dealt with the doings of the Mafia and the Cosa Nostra.

Doubtless the League regards all that as one continuous triumph. The days of Joe Valachi are dead and gone. But an objective view calls for a different judgment. The somewhat besmirched reputation of several of the organization's leaders has cast a shadow over Italo-American history, instead of proving its glories. The League's activities have also elicited a good deal of ridicule from the popular press, with *Time* magazine heading its story on the subject, "Public Relations," and *Newsweek* slugging its piece, "HOW ONE FAMILY STAMPED OUT THE M - - - -."

Given all the attention inspired by this caper, which has been amply illustrated with photographs of League members looking very much like what they deny they are, the time could hardly be better for the appearance of a clutch of new books. *The Italian-Americans,* by Luciano Iorizzo and Salvatore Mondello, is one of a series "dedicated to the contribution made by specific ethnic groups to the development of America." It is a stolid and rather turgid history of the Italian immigration to America, beginning predictably enough with Renaissance explorers, and ending, just as predictably, with bursts of praise for Italo-American heroes, including Sacco, Vanzetti, and A.P. Giannini. The book is useful, but tendentious: its purpose is largely to exonerate Italo-Americans of the familiar and, until recently at least, somnolent charges of gangsterism, anti-labor attitudes, fascist tendencies, and so on. The volume refutes charges that most Italo-Americans belong to that body organized for crime, the M - - - -, by citing, not with perfect logic, "the exploits of Vince Lombardi, whose coaching success stemmed from such virtues as hard work and honesty," and by praise for Perry Como, who radiates "the kindness of a good husband and father." Its effusions extend to a hymn to Frank Sinatra.

The Making of Italy 1815-1870, by Edgar Holt, is also a historical account, but of much superior quality. It centers around the Risorgimento, of which the author, a British historian of some distinction, has made a special study. Mr. Holt covers fairly familiar ground, but he does so with fresh insights and with a graceful style. While he assigns the traditional roles to Mazzini, Cavour, and Garibaldi, he tells his story with force and interest. The Mafia, by the way, receives no particularly detailed attention.

The man who wrote the introduction

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

LOOK TO THE LADY!

To or about which of these girls and women were the quoted lines addressed? To help you out, M. Fibish of Avon, New Jersey, has also listed the poets, so you may as well guess who created each character. Don't turn too soon to page 33.

1. Belinda( )	A. She seemed a splendid angel, newly drest, Save wings, for heaven.
2. Bess ( )	B. Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face, Thy Naiad airs have brought me home . . .
3. Countess Cathleen ( )	C. She excels each mortal thing Upon the dull earth dwelling.
4. Helen ( )	D. O pale, pale now, those rosy lips, I aft hae kissed sae fondly!
5. Julia ( )	E. Then cease, bright Nymph! to moan thy ravished hair,/Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
6. Lucasta ( )	F. She is the darling of my heart And she lives in our alley.
7. Madeline ( )	G. Yet she goes with footstep wary, Full of earth's old timid grace.
8. Mary ( )	H. . . . , the landlord's daughter/Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair . . .
9. Sally ( )	I. Then, then, me thinks, how sweetly flows The liquefaction of her clothes!
10. Silvia ( )	J. . . . from the nunnery/Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind/To war and arms I fly.

a. Burns; b. Carey; c. Herrick; d. Keats; e. Lovelace; f. Noyes; g. Poe; h. Pope; i. Shakespeare; j. Yeats

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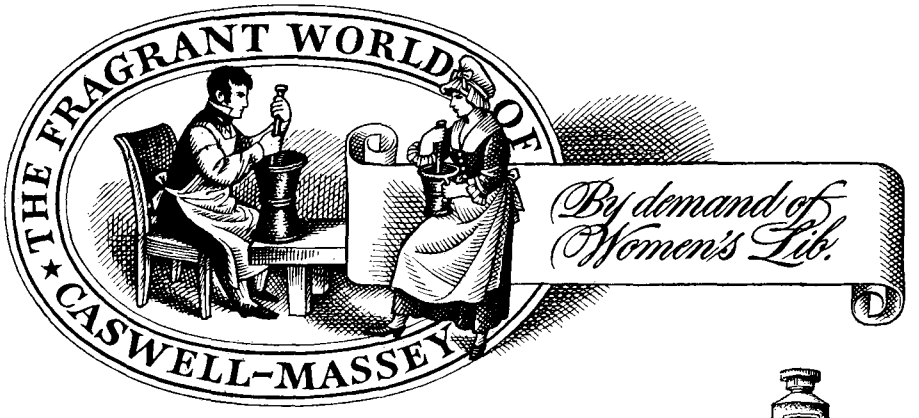
to Holt's book, Luigi Barzini, has also come out with a new book of his own. A journalist, politician, and man of letters, Barzini was lionized in this country a few years ago for his engaging—if to some, provoking—description of his *paesanos* in *The Italians. From Caesar to the Mafia* is essentially a collection of essays, as usual splendidly written. Whether discussing the role in society of the Italian mistress, his own intensely personal thoughts during a minor heart attack, or the true character of the Italian Parliament, Barzini is always informative, witty, and absorbing. The only objection to his book is the form: like most collections of essays, some of which were previously published, the book lacks a continuous theme. But in all other respects it is unexceptionable.

Perhaps most illuminating, and surely most current, is Barzini's brief but penetrating discussion of the Mafia. With considerable care, he explains what it really is: a viable system that governs the life of Sicily and parts of southern Italy within the framework of the lifeless institutions imposed on those regions from the north. Patiently, Barzini makes the distinction between the Mafia devoted to the "subtle art of promoting one's interests without killing anybody, [which] should be written with a lower-case m," and the Mafia "with a capital M, the fluid organization, the secret, far-reaching élite which governs everything legal and illegal, visible and invisible." He describes the position of "respected people" in both organizations, and tells how "the honored society" keeps its grip on these people. And Barzini makes clear that only deep, extensive, and long-lasting historical change could ever end the Mafia's rule—if, indeed, it ever is to end. He distinguishes, in short, between a criminal syndicate and a social system—both, unfortunately, known by the same name.

This, of course, is the realistic way to look at the Mafia. It differs a good deal from the view that the Italian-American League unwittingly seems to foster—the view that, as Columbia sociologist Daniel Bell once put it, the Mafia is "like a rival to an Amos and Andy Kingfish society." Bell also complained that "in the American temple there is a feeling that somewhere somebody is pulling all the complicated strings, to which this jumbled world dances." Maybe our propensities toward myth require that we have a Mafia handy.

Walter Guzzardi, Jr., a former resident of Rome, is a longtime student of Italian history.



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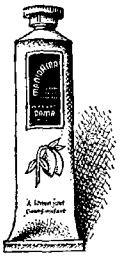

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JULIAN BOND: Black Rebel

by John Neary

Morrow, 256 pp., $5.95

EVERS

by Charles Evers
edited by Grace Halsell

World, 196 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Martin Kilson

■ Political style derives from a variety of factors, one of which is the social origins of the politician. In the past decade Negro politicians have been recruited increasingly from outside the black bourgeoisie; growing numbers now come from the working class, marginal working class, and even more impoverished people. This change has had a particularly striking impact upon Negro political styles. For the first time it is not uncommon for black leaders to use violent rhetoric and vulgar language, and to strive for short-run political gains.

Yet the political styles associated with the Negro élite still persist, fortunately, and the two volumes under review throw some light on this situation, though neither can be called a good book. John Neary displays little narrative talent or understanding of what constitutes a biography; moreover, he is too close to Julian Bond to portray him objectively. Charles Evers also seeks to sell his subject—himself—but his book is arresting because of his extraordinary ego and the skill with which his story has been edited by Grace Halsell (the text seems to have been spoken rather than written). Both accounts touch significantly upon the issue of Negro political styles.

Charles Evers and Julian Bond differ markedly in social origin and life-style. Bond, reared on a Northern college campus, is a Southerner by adoption. The son of a brilliant scholar, he represents the third generation of his family to be college-educated. Charles Evers, on the other hand, is the son of a worker and had no training beyond high school. But Evers stems from a special section of the black lower classes: those families that cultivate ambition in their sons and daughters. Prior to entering politics Evers was a self-made businessman, first in Chicago, where he had settled in the mid-1950s, and later in Fayette, Mississippi. Unusually free of inhibitions, he records without embarrassment a rather shady entrepreneurial career in Chicago as, among other dubious activities, a "banker" in the numbers racket, seller of bootlegged whiskey, and hustler of women.

Both Evers and Bond were propelled into politics by black militancy. Less as a tactician than as a writer and journalist, Julian Bond began his political career during the years when the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee was influential in the civil rights movement. He edited SNCC's newspaper and wrote numerous articles, speeches, and pamphlets. Bond also participated in the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party's unsuccesful attempt to unseat the regular Mississippi Democratic delegation at the convention in 1964. Here he discovered that he had leadership ability. The next year he won election to the Georgia Senate from a largely Negro Atlanta district. But, to his bitter disgust, Julian Bond found that his white peers in the Georgia legislature were more reactionary than he had imagined: they refused to allow him his seat because of anti-Vietnam War statements he had made during his campaign. Ironically, this added a new dimension to Bond's career, for he was drawn into the national political arena as a leader of the peace movement, where his urbane manner and pragmatic outlook were valuable assets.

It is, indeed, the pragmatic approach to politics that Charles Evers and Julian Bond have in common. Bond has demonstrated this on numerous occasions, most notably at the Democratic Party Convention in Chicago in 1968, where he became the first Negro American to be placed in nomination for Vice President by a major party. He continues to reject the phony black-separatist posturing and the cheap exploitation of violent anti-white rhetoric now common to many Negro leaders, some of whom should know better. This does not mean, of course, that Julian Bond is not forceful in castigating the racist patterns of American life and institutions. He is, but he recognizes correctly that most black-separatist talk is empty, since Negroes cannot generate the resources to maintain viable separate institutions; that violence is a two-edged weapon more likely to cut against the grain of black advancement, and that anti-white rhetoric, however productive of catharsis for blacks who use it, is no substitute for serious political analysis of the problems facing Negroes. It is, in fact, a saving feature of John Neary's biography that he has a keen grasp of Bond's style.

No less a political pragmatist than Bond, Evers hammers home this attitude in his autobiography. Although

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Foreword by David Riesman

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the assassination in 1963 of his beloved brother, Medgar, propelled Charles Evers into politics, that horrible experience has not led him to traffic in violence. A man of extraordinary political acumen, Evers has had both the courage and the common sense to forgo catharsis in favor of concrete political gains. It was precisely this that enabled him to exercise, through his close personal relationship with President Lyndon Johnson, no small influence over the decision of the Congress to enact the Voting Rights Act of 1965. Incidentally, Charles Evers, like many others of the new generation of Southern Negro politicians, has—and rightly—a profound admiration for President Johnson:

> I'm not going to let Johnson's domestic programs be overshadowed by his stand on Vietnam. I admired him because he was a Southerner, and somehow he knew how to handle these Southern rascals. I'm proud that he cared enough and was big enough to carry out John Kennedy's program. I don't think you can say that about very many other Presidents. President Johnson carried it out almost to the letter. Black folks should be the last to knock Johnson. That goes for Stokely Carmichael and H. Rap Brown. It was Lyndon Johnson who put the Civil Rights bill through, who made it possible for us to eat in the hotels and motels and to get a drink of water out of any fountain. . . . had it not been for the President blacks wouldn't be able to go to a Southern hospital and be treated in a nonsegregated room, in a nonsegregated ward, with all the attention and respect that any other patient gets. President Johnson named a Negro to his cabinet, Robert Weaver, as Secretary of HUD . . . and Thurgood Marshall to the Supreme Court. President Johnson walked on the floor of his inaugural ball and took a black woman—the wife of his special counsel—and asked her to dance with him. That's saying something. I don't care what anybody says, you couldn't have gotten another President to dance with a black woman.

Today tens of thousands of Mississippi blacks are eligible to vote, and Charles Evers, a primary force behind the registration of Mississippi Negroes in the past six years, has capitalized on this by running for office. He won the mayoralty of Fayette and is currently campaigning for the governorship. This contest, like his race for Congress in 1968, is meant mainly to give thrust to the political mobilization of Mississippi Negroes, for Evers stands little chance of becoming governor. His campaign is a measure of his grassroots orientation, and this feature of the man is a recurrent theme throughout the autobiography.

Evers emerges as one of the best of the new generation of Negro politicians, Northern and Southern. Particularly notable is his ability to refute nonsense with truth, as in his defense of President Johnson and his response to the naïve attacks black militants have leveled at the NAACP in the past decade:

> Roy Wilkins was asked when the NAACP was going to get militant and he said it's always been militant. It's a matter of priorities. When we started, if we'd screamed "Black Power" we'd have been lynched. So we set our priorities: getting the vote and doing away with lynching. This has made it possible for us to speak out as we do today. The NAACP is responsible for the anti-lynching law and the Supreme Court decision to desegregate the schools. Some folks criticize the NAACP. Let me tell you something: The NAACP has been the most forceful, the most achieving organization in the whole history of our race. Had it not been for the NAACP that Medgar started in Mississippi, we would not be here doing what we're doing now.

Granted that black-separatist rhetoric has facilitated a limited mobilization of heretofore politically inert (and, in the South, politically oppressed) Negro lower classes, there is little doubt that few long-run gains for the black masses can be realized through this approach. Politics, for better or worse, is the art of the possible, and basic to success in it is a sophisticated use of the pragmatic style at which Charles Evers and Julian Bond excel.

Martin Kilson is professor of government at Harvard University and co-author of "Key Issues in the Afro-American Experience."

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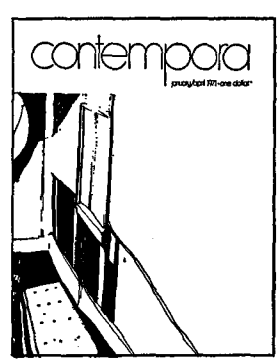

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OUT OF PLACE IN AMERICA: Essays for the End of an Age

by Peter Schrag

Random House, 247 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by R. G. Schepman

■ Peter Schrag, of course, is no stranger to *SR* readers, and some of the essays in this volume will no doubt have a familiar ring. Most were written as magazine pieces and originally appeared in *SR, Harper's,* and *Commentary.*

Though writing at a time (1967-70) when the many hysterias of the Republic were mounting to seemingly apocalyptic proportions, Schrag has permitted himself little editorial hindsight in the relative calm of Nixon's Politics of Ambiguity. This is not so much a credit to his reportorial integrity as it is to his ability as a cultural analyst. For the most part, Schrag steered a straight course through the great storms of hot air that raged in those years, and got right to the substance. And the substance, despite our liberal protestations, has remained more or less constant since the first man-ape hefted a bludgeon and set upon his neighbor for the greater glory of some vagrant "truth." Since then, man's conceptual world has been in a perpetual state of flux, with new worlds being created, destroyed, and reborn almost as regularly as the seasons. Whether or not one chooses to call this "progress" is mostly a matter of personal taste and perspective.

Industrialization and technology have obviously accelerated the process. While the American mass media have done much to create a homogenized mass culture, they have, by the same token, helped to create a plethora of opposing subcultures. As Schrag and many others (including Spiro Agnew) have pointed out, it is hard to imagine the fadlike proliferation of the contemporary radical milieu without the assistance of TV and newspapers. The media amplify the rhetoric and activities of the dissidents, and at the same time reaffirm and aggravate the confusion and reactionism of the bourgeoisie. (Agnew, by the way, doesn't hesitate to capitalize on the latter while lambasting the former.)

America is becoming a society of many different and, at times, competing conceptual worlds and life-styles. This new pluralism, Schrag contends, has made everyone feel at one time or another "that they [were] refugees of time and identity, if not of place."

What appears to be the cultural fragmentation of America—this generalized feeling of out-of-placeness—is the theme that binds together the fifteen essays comprising this book. It's all here: from the psychological death in America's classrooms to the ecological death of Lake Erie; from the football cult of the good ol' boys at the University of Tennessee to the high-style suffering of Harlem; from the vestigial Main Streeters of Mason City to the half-forgotten drudges of Mechanic Street and Stinking Creek to those few days in Chicago when all the bilge and bile and the sweet visions of America crashed head-on.

The thing called pluralism has traditionally been considered a prime requisite of a "civilized" society. A cosmopolitan and individualistic culture is historically a creative culture. One immediately thinks of such richly protean eras as Periclean Greece and eighteenth-century France. Comparing them to the present-day U.S., one cannot help but flinch. Indeed, what is the real depth and meaning of American pluralism?

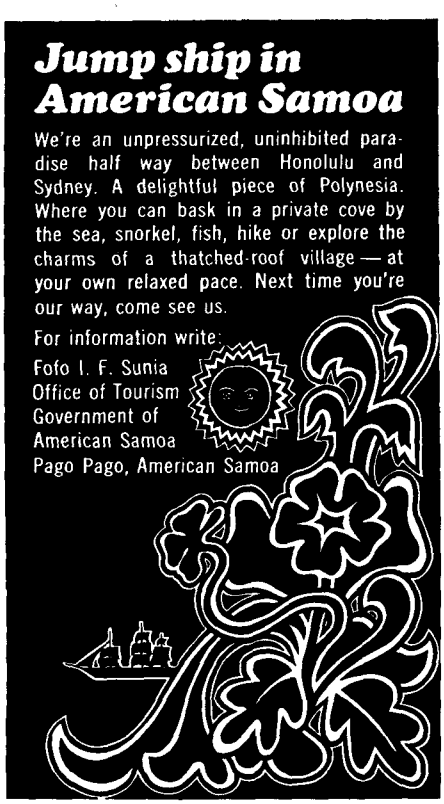
Schrag seems rather ambivalent about this. For instance, black nationalism, which could be a poignant and humanizing influence on any Western society: "In one breath they have declared the prevailing American myth a sham; in the next they have adopted it, colored it black, and labeled it good. Scratch African nationalism just a little bit, and it comes out American: puritanical, messianic, and bourgeois." And more: "If the Jews relied on their old-world culture to propel them into the mainstream of America, why not the Negroes? The American Negro, in other words, is supposed to turn himself into an African so that he can become a Jew and thereby transform himself into a WASP."

Yes, and just how affected and artificial are the children of hip, languishing on the usufructs and the begrudged tolerance of the very society they profess to despise?

Thus a real danger, and one that should be explored more than it has been, is *phony* pluralism—an illusion of pluralism that is in fact manipulated and subtly coerced by the economic and political powers that be. Here, the mass media, especially consumer advertising, offer endless possibilities to the cynical and the ambitious.

But, all in all, the book is a provocative and level-headed foray into the few aspects of Americana that have yet to be worked to death by the hordes of zanies—right and left—who so belabor and befuddle this troubled land.

R. G. Schepman is a St. Louis-based writer and critic.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THE BROTHER

by F. D. Reeve

Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 307 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by John R. Clark

■ F. D. Reeve's third novel suffers from indeterminacy. Recounted by Davy, the third son of Louise and William Spencer of Middlebury, Vermont (?), it records, in sections, the decline and death of brother Rob and, ultimately, the protracted dissolution of oldest brother Will into a helpless, self-pitying alcoholic who finally blasts out his brains. Throughout, Davy is "growing up" absurd, donning his brothers' hand-me-downs of bewilderment and frustration.

Each chapter constitutes a medallion: Davy witnessing Will's sexcapade with Janice in the family kitchen; Davy happily sailing on Uncle George's yacht; Brother Rob hot-rodding to his death. But the sectors, portraying mutual pain, bafflement, and "rebellion" against the parents' mores, increasingly devolve into a monolithic saga of Will's misery—his broken marriage, his yearnings to become the great American novelist, his alcoholism. And Davy, who at first seemed a sensitive lens in a *Bildungsroman,* later merely photographs wildly. The novel sags, finally, because it fails in its endeavor to picture many issues simultaneously

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(Davy, Rob, Will, Middle America, maturation).

The Brother is not a satiric novel that laughs and plays and even tortures one with *descensus* and zany immolation. Instead, Reeve wants us to perceive the agony and tragedy of these defoliated lives. Befuddled Will almost appears a poor man's Gatsby, and bemused little Davy seems a second-generation Holden Caulfield. But the differences are considerable: Will is seldom pathetic *or* imposing, and Davy is never sensitive enough.

As a consequence of this lack of focus on character and development, too much emphasis accrues to the "causes" of The Brothers' extreme unction and dour impasse. From the outset it is implied that the fault lies with Middle America. Mr. and Mrs. Spencer are guilty of all the banal sins of Middle Class. Their home is too suburban and neat; their lives too puritan and precise. They play too much bridge, drink too many highballs, spend too much time cultivating their garden. Worst of all, they endorse that most tottering shibboleth, "law and order."

The reader won't understand how this meager cause is sufficient. As Evelyn Waugh's Older Generation once confusedly complained of the Bright Young People, "I don't see how all that explains why my stepson should drink like a fish and go about with a negress." Simply because Mother shops and Father prepares a legal brief, because Mother trims nasturtiums and Father fixes a cocktail, why should the sons burst from the house cursing, drinking, and shooting themselves down?

At times, however, Reeve is effectively satiric. His chapter "The Politics of Death" potently explodes the grotesque formalities of funerals and mourning. But in what way are these grave and prim formulae "political"? And why must Davy rail at the corpse?

One urgently feels, in the course of such a novel, the need for multiple perspective and for the presence of an irony that pierces the façade, not only of neat and nifty Parent, but of warped and bleary Child. This saving irony is missing here: Mom and Dad are East and West, whom The Brothers refuse to meet.

John R. Clark teaches eighteenth-century and modern literature at New York University.

THE HERO'S GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GRANDSON

by George Cuomo

Atheneum, 278 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by David W. McCullough

■ The hero was Daniel Falconer, one of Daniel Boone's side-kicks, and his great-great-great-great-great-grandson is Byron Falconer, who made it big in the cash-register business and has been rewarded by his appreciative company with a new title: Regional Manager for Western Canada ("Over a million square miles . . . not counting the Yukon and Northwest territories"). There is something of a catch, though, in that the company has never been active in Canada, and it is up to Byron to set up a workable organization.

With thoughts of himself as the modern-day counterpart of the Falconer family hero opening up a new territory in a virgin land, Byron establishes an office, hires a staff, and awaits orders from New York to begin operations. Word never comes.

It is a promising beginning for a novel, ripe with historical allusions and peppered with the author's sly, understated humor. Byron becomes bored, then downright paranoid. He begins to suspect that the two beautiful girls on his staff are responsible for his lack of communication with the home office, and he fires them. He even fires the janitor and becomes a recluse in his own office.

This Melvillian gloom, however, is shattered by a boom-or-bust wheeler-dealer who gets Byron involved in a land deal that, it is strongly hinted, will make him a millionaire.

It is all, of course, a giant con game, but who is conning whom? And is it, in fact, a con game when the confidence man himself seems to believe in what he is up to? And then there is Stohr, the man from the home office who sent Byron to Canada and who finally arrives on the scene, flying his own plane. He, too, turns out to be not quite what he seems.

For his fourth novel, then, George Cuomo has written something of a parable on the glitter of gold. Yet parables by their very nature are rather thin fare, probably better suited to short stories than novels.

One suspects that the current depressed state of the short-story market is leading some authors into turning what might have been successful short stories into less than successful novels.

David W. McCullough is an editor and free-lance critic.

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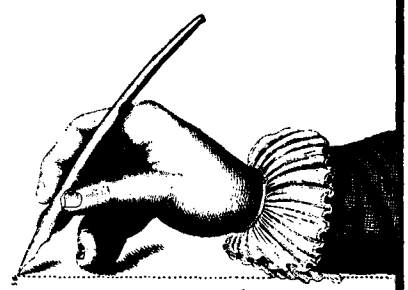

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Criminal Record

Fact

Lansky. *By Hank Messick. Putnam.* $6.95. How much more of Meyer Lansky's history remains undiscovered and untold cannot be guessed, but Hank Messick has certainly uncovered and reconstructed enough of it to keep his reader fascinated and appalled. Lansky, alive and well and on an *extended* visit to Israel, is the top man of the National Crime Syndicate, an organization of size and power comparable only to the more talked-about Mafia. His rise and survival, an incredible story that encompasses the major criminal names from the Twenties on, refute for all time such pap as "crime doesn't pay" (Lansky's personal fortune is estimated at $300-million). That the author has survived to see his book published is rather surprising, too.

Fiction

The Shining Mischief. *By Barbara Levy. Putnam.* $5.95. The Champagne region of France is the setting for this romantic whodunit, which begins with the arrival of an American businessman serving as an unknowing courier for a half-million dollars in smuggled currency, and spreads out to ensnare the entire wine-growing Berthier family. Though decidedly a lady's thriller, the dope in it on viticulture may well attract a masculine readership.

The Wrong People. *By Robin Maugham. McGraw-Hill.* $6.95. The power and suspense behind this author's best novel, *The Servant*, lay in corruption more sensed than understood. The corruptive force in *The Wrong People* is specific, embodied in Ewing Baird, a wealthy homosexual living in Tangier. In Arnold Turner, uptight British schoolmaster on vacation, Baird finds the accomplice for the scheme he has in mind—that is, if he can get a hold on Turner. Enter a street boy named Riffi. . . . The novel is well and subtly written, drenched in the atmosphere of Tangier, but it is too special, too exotic for most palates. Non-homosexual readers will be bored by much of the queer *sturm und drang*; voyeurs will be disappointed by the author's good taste; and, I suspect, the members of the Gay Liberation Movement will be furious at the portrait of the adult homosexual as a corrupter of youth.

Hail, Hail, The Gang's All Here! *By Ed McBain. Doubleday.* $5.95. Using the day shift and night shift as natural divisions in a two-part entertainment, Ed McBain offers all of the characters who make up his 87th Precinct series at work at once in what are essentially crime short stories interwoven. It's fun on a rather simple level.

Lemons Never Lie. *By Richard Stark. World.* $5.95. If you've read any of the three previous novels about Alan Grofield you know that he is an actor who turns thief when Thespis can't support him. Short of cash to open his summer theater, he answers a summons to Las Vegas to see about a pending heist being planned by one Andrew Myers. Grofield doesn't go in on the job, considering Myers a boob and an amateur. What he doesn't count on is that Myers is one of the most dangerous men he has ever met. The story that follows has more convolutions than a corkscrew, and the finale to all the excitement is completely satisfying.

I Gave at the Office. *By Donald E. Westlake. Simon & Schuster.* $5.95. The office Jay Fisher gave at is an unnamed television network. What he gave was just about his all to a TV documentary on gun smuggling to overthrow a Caribbean dictatorship. The wacky characters and the delightful digressions that characterize a Westlake novel are here, but somehow it doesn't come off as funny as one had hoped. Perhaps, it's the result of being spoiled by *The Hot Rock*, my favorite of recent Westlake capers.

Murder in the Walls. *By Richard Martin Stern. Scribners.* $4.95. A prostitute is found dead in a historic house, which at the moment is serving as another kind of house. Almost simultaneously a male corpse is discovered at an archeological dig. The murder mystery is a good one, well told. Add to this a vivid background (the U.S. Southwest), the author's knowledge of local archeology and regional history, plus an excellent love story involving the police lieutenant—part Apache—and a lady archeologist—black and beautiful—and you have a treat in store all the way.

A Fine and Private Place. *By Ellery Queen. World.* $5.95. It begins with a few scenes worthy of an old hiss-the-villain melodrama, but after that this tale of murder-suicide-murder will provide so much entertainment that you won't want to stop and think, let alone sneer. Only a top team like Messrs. Dannay and Lee could pull off such reader bamboozlement and get away with it so successfully. It is painful to note that death has split the team, but if this novel is their exit (surely there must be one more at the printer's) it is a grand one. —HASKEL FRANKEL.

"Thanks for the advice anyway, but my real purpose is to notify you the new freeway's coming through this mountain!"

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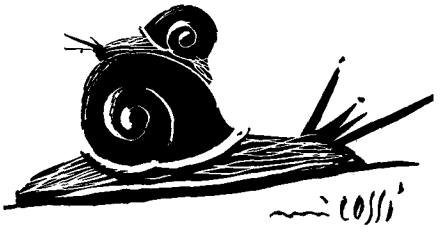
Test Pattern

Continued from page 15

with nature, and participation in the support of his own life. When people live their lives in ways that take them too far from these basic truths, they begin to show up in the rising statistics indicating social disintegration: crimes of violence, alcoholism, drug addiction, suicide, mental illness, and so forth. And the evidence seems to suggest that as we return to a richer and more natural life, our problems seem to subside. Whether or not that is enough for you, it is enough for me.

Central to all that I suggest is the necessity that you work it out for yourself. You need to discover who *you* are; what feels right and best for you. You not only need to walk to the sound of a different drummer, you need to be that different drummer. You need to write your own music. You need to look inside yourself and see what is there. I think some time in the woods is useful for this purpose. But camping may not make sense for you, for a variety of understandable reasons. That's fine. The purpose of self-discovery is not to stop copying Howard Johnson and to start copying Nick Johnson—or anybody else. The point is to find your own soul and kick it, poke it with a stick, see if it's still alive, and then watch which way it moves.

I think television could—and should—help us understand the alternatives to the conspicuous consumption, chemical, corporate life-style. Not because I'm "right," but because there *are* alternatives; people are entitled to know about them and experience them if they choose. Today's televised theology seems to be contributing very little to life, or liberty, or the pursuit of happiness—concepts Thomas Jefferson once thought *were* the business of government.



LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 Eh (*Rape of the Lock*), 2Hf (*Highwayman*), 3Gj (*Countess Cathleen in Paradise*), 4Bg (*To Helen*), 5Ic (*Upon Julia's Clothes*), 6Je (*To Lucasta . . .*), 7Ad (*Eve of St. Agnes*), 8Da (*Highland Mary*), 9Fb (*Sally in Our Alley*), 10 Ci (*Two Gentlemen of Verona*).

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The Fine Arts

Katharine Kuh

IBM's history wall—"Each decade recorded in depth both literally and figuratively."

Eames and the Mythic Monster

AT 57TH STREET and Madison Avenue in New York, one of the largest, most extraordinary collages, or perhaps we should say compilations, can be seen through the glass windows of the IBM Display Center. Inside, in a specially designed showroom that opened to the public last February, an exhibition called "A Computer Perspective" features a forty-eight-foot-long, three-dimensional "history wall" densely packed with hundreds of artifacts, records, mementos, photographs, and other objects related to the development of the computer. The wall is rich in color and tonal variations, in materials, shapes, and perspectives, for here the word "perspective" is relevant. The wall operates in real depth and at the same time in chronological depth, offering such a profusion of data as to become a multi-level graphic compendium. From an educational point of view, this gigantic accumulation of information is somewhat indigestible. At least it was for me and no doubt for other technological neophytes. Too much and too fast, it baffles the unwary.

Covering a sequence of nineteenth- and twentieth-century ideas, events, and artifacts that anticipated and introduced the computer era, the wall is also important as a new way of visually projecting history. Each decade is recorded in depth both literally and figuratively, this condensation made possible by layer upon layer of documentary evidence. For students the technique probably works, but for less informed laymen the optical superabundance is almost too seductive. Hundreds of juxtaposed objects joined together in a sophisticated Mondrian-like design seem more closely related to an esthetic experience than to a didactic one.

Although the exhibition, designed by the office of Charles Eames, includes other displays, the wall, to my mind, is the highlight of the show. Shortly after "A Computer Perspective" opened, I talked with Mr. Eames about the exhibition, and about his attitudes toward art, science, technology and their interrelationships, if any. His definition of "design" was terse: "A plan for arranging elements in such a way as to best accomplish a particular purpose." Obviously, for him function directs form. When I asked him what audience he hoped to reach with the IBM exhibit —whether an initiated one or a larger section of the American public—he said, "We expect this show to be meaningful at almost any level. A school child can look at the wall and see that the history of computers comes from getting on with the processes of life. Specialists will find inside jokes and rare memorabilia that only they will recognize. In between, of course, there is the great lay public."

The exhibition, conceived in time but not merely in chronological time, demands far more than a glancing nod from this middle group. By digging and delving, the average viewer may slowly come to equate the scientific growth of the computer with its social and psychological implications. Yet, the overwhelming flood of information in the exhibition scarcely reassures one, nor does it lead to instant understanding. Despite evidences of a highly rational development, the computer nonetheless seems irrational. For me, it defies the idea of humanism that has been the focus of Western thought since the Greeks. Even the design of the wall, impeccable and balanced, even the personal nature of engaging bits of nostalgic data, are unable to convince me of the mechanism's fellowship with man. Instead, it remains a brilliant icon of today's "master mind," a remote, authoritarian symbol to be accepted, yet feared.

Eames questions the present-day self-conscious union of art and science. "I think the search for rewarding experience comes directly from the business of getting on with daily life. When we planned the IBM wall, we weren't immediately worrying about communicating with the public. We were simply trying to understand the computer ourselves. I feel that if we can genuinely satisfy ourselves, we have a fair chance of reaching other people. Never for one moment did we think of the exhibition as a marriage of art and science; we always viewed it as a part of life." When I asked Eames what specific training best prepares students for his profession, he answered, "A general education. I've never found a good mind that allowed techniques to stand in its way. By education I do not mean schooling—I mean the development of a sensitivity to the forces that give structure to life."

Eames explained that "uncountable hours" are devoted to research in any of his design projects. "We start gradually," he said, "like most love affairs. We only begin to ignite when every living moment is dedicated to the search. We contact all people who might possibly provide even a drop of information"—a fact underlined by the credits for the IBM show listing more than seventy-five persons and innumerable organizations. "As a rule, several of us work together on a project," he added. For years Eames's wife, Ray, has been an invaluable associate, making it difficult to know at times who sparked what. Their joint efforts have resulted in an incomparable contribution to American design.

Eames described some of the unexpected bonuses that accrued from research on the computer show. The

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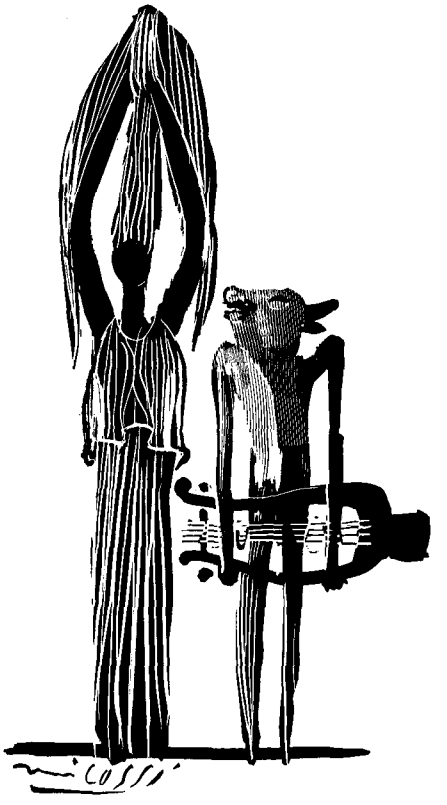
remains of Vannevar Bush's original profile tracer, which predated his differential analyzer, were discovered mildewing in the attic of his sister's Connecticut house. Rehabilitated for the exhibition, the tracer is now earmarked for the Smithsonian Institution. Other finds include the first gyroscopic airplane stabilizer, the first echelon spectroscope used by the renowned physicist A. A. Michelson, and original punched cards from the earliest mechanized American and Russian censuses.

Eames considers each project he works on a special experience and so too the people involved. "Take, for example, the short film I made for the IBM exhibit. It was designed," he explained, "to show without benefit of words how computers cannot exist without people." Although many of us are convinced this new invention is actually displacing us, Eames's movie tries to dispel the idea by demonstrating the close relationship between machine and man. He would have us believe they need each other, and he would also have us believe, no doubt correctly, that the computer is unable to function without its human counterpart. The film projects the daily acts of people who are involved with various aspects of computerized work.

To understand Eames's installation is to accept the modern concept of simultaneity, for, almost like Cubism, his wall shows all aspects of an idea at once. We are confronted with the break-up and reassembling of history rather than the break-up of form. Each approach is difficult to decipher; each is based on the dynamics of time. Today, there is never enough space or time to satisfy our needs. Eames has challenged both of these limitations by recording nearly one hundred years of history in a relatively small area—not by omitting details but by superimposing them in depth. Like modern life, his wall is an encyclopedic interweaving of complex events.

When I asked Eames what professional title he prefers—artist or designer—he said, "I think of myself officially as an architect; I look at the problems around us as problems of structure." He has, however, at other times called himself "a tradesman." "The tools we use are often connected with the arts, but we use them to solve very specific problems. . . . I think of architects as tradesmen—and it doesn't seem an unflattering idea," he added.

But artist he is, no matter what he calls himself. Eames has always allowed his design to grow directly, even organically, from the needs of his project and from the nature of the materials involved. He never arbitrarily superimposes his will on the final



result, avoiding as he does all tricks of the trade. His work, as he himself says, is related to life and, in the case of the IBM show, to an unimaginably sensitive mechanism that is indeed affecting all our lives. Because the computer is both a brilliant technological achievement and a far-reaching sociological one, Eames of necessity has handled it in all its multiplicity. At moments one questions whether it is possible to explain this almost mythic monster that only a few years ago belonged to the realm of science fiction.

WIT TWISTER #219

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Life _ _ _ _ _ ticklish problems when one flees!
Behind one is a _ _ _ _ _, one's aware.
Best cross to Mexico on hands and knees
And pray they'll change one's pounds to _ _ _ _ _ there!

—MEDORA CARPENTER, Hollywood, Calif.

(*Answer on page* 60)

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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

Steamin' up the River—I: Redbud Time in Blues Town

APRIL 21—The South brings out the dreamer in me. Not all the dreams are good, but somehow there are always flowers. On American Airlines flight #341 from New York to Memphis I can already smell the dogwood, and when I step into the soft, hazy Tennessee night, even before leaving the tarmac, the fragrance of a budding season comes forth to meet me. "You're crazy —all I can smell is fuel," says a traveling friend.

Anyway, it is spring. And I am assured the dogwood, azalea, and redbud are all in bloom, flood stage has passed in this 152-year-old river town, and the steamboat *Delta Queen* is due in port tomorrow on her first run of the year up the Mississippi from New Orleans.

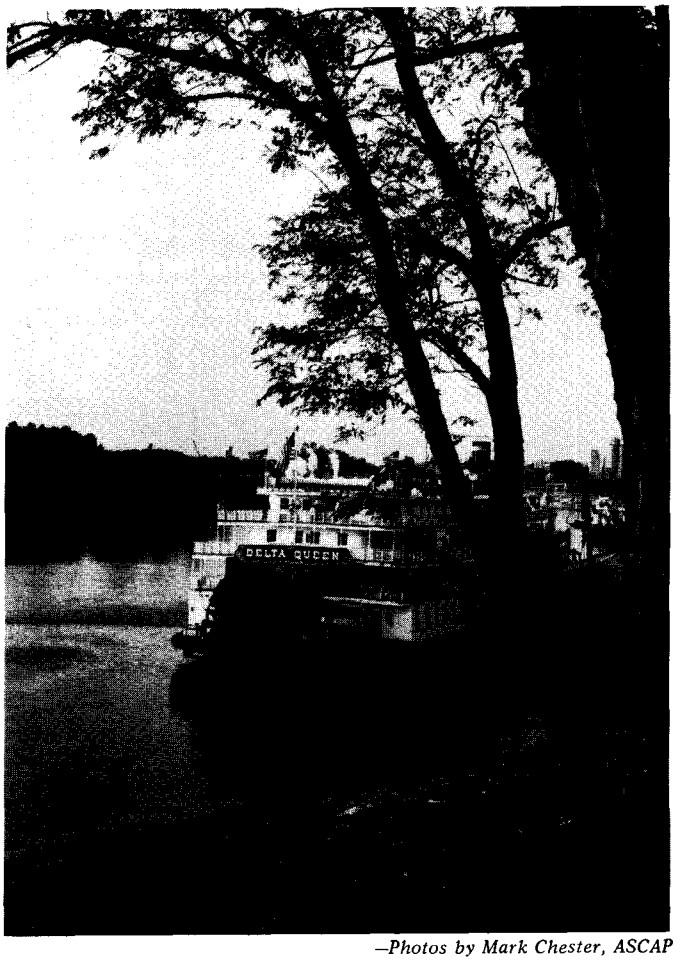
I check into the Holiday Inn Rivermont, its fourteen-story hugeness spotlighted above the Mississippi. In Memphis you have to say *which* Holiday Inn because there are thirteen local branches and the company's executive headquarters are just out of town. The Rivermont is not only the class of Memphis hostelry, it is also the flagship hotel for all 1,307 Holiday Inns around the world. Its deluxe suites are stocked with antiqued books, china vases painted in Japan, and sybaritic bathrooms full of floor-to-ceiling mirrors and sunken tubs. There is even a Japanese garden beside the lobby, somehow marred by a little wooden sign quoting that ancient American proverb about finding a little house by the side of the road.

It is too fine a night to retire early, so I join friends at T.G.I. Friday's (the initials standing for Thank God It's), a copy of, but an improvement on, the blue-brick, red-lettered singles saloon of the same name on New York's East Side. The blues have long faded into the Memphis night, and after-dark entertainment now leans to attractions like Friday's. Along the bar the singles alley seems less mobbed, less desperate than the prototype in New York. Service bears a Southern imprint too. When a woman at our table asks for an aspirin, the waiter returns hastily with the whole bottle and wants to know what else he can do.

High above the river I fall asleep to the haunting sounds of towboats chugging by and a train whistling on the opposite shore. It is sweet music compared with the usual accompaniment of rattling subways and rumbling trucks.

APRIL 22—This is not the Tennessee of corn likker and mountain feuds. Memphis sprawls on the western tip of the state just across the river from Arkansas and a few miles up from Mississippi. It is only a short drive into Delta country, the rich alluvial flood plain that spawned Faulkner and probably the blues. Memphis once existed on cotton and river trade, and now the gap is taken up by burgeoning industrial plants, which have created some 250,000 jobs in the last fifteen years. On the way up is the music recording business, which ranks third or fourth in the country with New York, Los Angeles, and Nashville.

Beale Street, where W. C. Handy



—Photos by Mark Chester, ASCAP

Beale Street (left) has become a pawnshop alley; the "Delta Queen" ties up where cotton bales were once unloaded.

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gave birth to the blues around the turn of the century, runs uphill from the riverfront past rows of abandoned cotton warehouses with their faded signs (Neil Bros. Cotton, Sledge & Norfleet Co.) barely visible on high brick walls. The warm spring morning has stirred a bit of life along Beale Street. Blacks are sitting and talking on benches in W. C. Handy Park, a small wedge of greenery dominated by a statue of the father himself with cornet in hand. Handy brought the plaintive melodies up from the towns and cotton fields where Negroes had sung with equal poignancy of good times and bad, and he first put down the words and music while leaning against a cigar counter in Pee Wee's Saloon on Beale Street. In 1909, when E. H. (Boss) Crump swept into the mayor's office on a reform ticket, Handy wrote the campaign song, "Mr. Crump don't 'low no easy riders here." Later the words were altered slightly and the new version became "The Memphis Blues."

In its heyday Beale Street brought together the grandest forms of Memphis low life—strutting dandies, long-gowned prostitutes, high-stakes gamblers, voodoo practitioners—and "Every night was a Saturday night." As recently as last year the street was thronged with night people—a shabbier crowd to be sure—but now an urban renewal project has torn up several blocks and a plan has been hatched to convert the last decaying stretch into a so-called blue-light district that will blend restaurants, nightclubs, and businesses in a plastic 1970s model of the old scene.

Even the loan offices and pawnshops, those last stragglers of a dying district, are starting to close up. A few diners and poolhalls are still open. In front of the Daisy Theater I meet an old light-skinned Negro named Robert Henry, who knew W. C. Handy and the better days of Beale Street. Henry has been described for me as "a guy who used to be one of the toughest sons of bitches around," but here is a kindly gentleman in a yellow shirt and straw hat.

"Yes, I've been here sixty-two years and there's no more Beale Street; it's just a name. There were always women and craps games. Women were cheap—fifty cents or a dollar. Now they want ten and if they aren't satisfied, they rob you."

Henry excuses himself and gets in a car driven by a young black. "I got an appointment," he says before they drive off. "They say colored people don't have appointments, but I got one."

Down the block a group of young blacks stands on the edge of the urban

Spring rains
caress
the ancient cedar forests
of Kyoto,
and childhood
dreams away the hours
in the fragrant red
dimness of an ancient
drying shed.
Trees and children
must leave this
treasured, sheltered
place;
the cedar to live on
in art
temples
houses;
the children to whatever
the future will bring;
but together
they will live in
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cherished for their
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Ko Suzuki, President
Oyodo-ku, Osaka, Japan

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renewal pit, swigging from wine bottles and passing the time. One of them sees me taking notes, walks up, and introduces himself as Columbus Shorty. "I was a pimp when I came here from Columbus in 1960," he says. He looks no older than twenty-five. "Now I'm down to wine. You see the Blue Stallion?" He points to one of the last nightclubs on Beale Street. "I know at least sixteen people been killed in there. You can look in the police records. Beale Street used to be the hangout. Man, they used to do it all down here. Mississippi Street got it now."

Columbus Shorty recalls the day Martin Luther King was shot a few blocks away at the Lorraine Motel-Hotel. "We were sitting in that poolroom and it came on the TV. We thought it was bull. One cat broke a pool stick over the table—he got shot that day. I ran down the street and you could hear the boom-boom. They put on a curfew, but I didn't stop pimping. I dressed up one of my girls all in white like an angel so if the police stopped her she could say she was one of King's disciples."

Memphis seems to have lived down the King assassination, but of course it hasn't forgotten. Tourists black and white still stream by the two-story motel with green and yellow trim on the edge of downtown, and many stop to see the balcony, now glassed in, where King fell on April 4, 1968. A plaque beside the door to Room 306 carries this quotation from Genesis: "They said to one another behold here cometh the dreamer. Let us slay him and we shall see what becomes of his dreams." Inside the room, which is open to visitors, is a curious little museum with photos of King at various stages in his odyssey and a collection of books that belonged to Lorraine Bailey, the late wife of the motel owner, who died of a stroke the day King was buried.

April in Overton Park—"rambling acreage, seldom tracked woodlands."

Back out on the balcony, I look across a narrow parking lot past a tiny motel pool with a sign SWIM AT YOUR OWN RISK and beyond to a row of old brick buildings across the street. Otis Bailey, who helps his brother Walter run the motel, points to a small window, now covered with cardboard or wood, from which the shot was fired. A businessman with me feels his eyes going wet. "I didn't know how I'd react," he says. "This is the first time I've come by." He says what a lot of local people echo during my stay: that the death of King has opened a new era of cooperation in Memphis between blacks and whites in business, education, and the whole scope of life. "We have a long ways to go," he says. "We are still surrounded by redneck country. But the change has been amazing."

Perhaps the best side of Memphis, at least on a brilliant spring day, is its extensive parkland. In 1899 the designers of New York's Central Park came down, explored Memphis by bicycle, and recommended that the city develop two large parks. One result was Riverside Park hard by the Mississippi, the other was the 350-acre Overton Park in the heart of town. There is nothing formal or sculpted about Overton Park, its rambling acreage running from golf course to ball fields, across a pond, and into dense, seldom tracked woodlands. Lately a threat has come from the U.S. highway system, which, until the Supreme Court clamped down, was ready to cut the park in two with a six-lane expressway running right past the zoo. The victory for conservation may be temporary, but at least a review has been ordered.

APRIL 23—Overnight, a storm howls through Memphis, blowing up to tornado dimensions and dumping branches and tree trunks into a roiled Mississippi. I am safe in the padded Rivermont, but I worry about the *Delta Queen*, docked since the morning before at the Public Landing. Just before noon, however, I go down to board the *Queen* and find her fresh white finish unscathed and her bright red paddlewheel already churning in place and itching to resume the long run up the Mississippi and Ohio to Cincinnati. At noon we pull out beneath a bleak but rainless sky, round a mid-channel island, and start wheeling upstream while the calliope up top toots a farewell and lines of people wave from the shore.

This is to be no ordinary cruise. It is a triumphal return for the *Delta Queen*, which in an eleventh-hour move by Congress last December was spared retirement and granted a three-year extension in spite of a wooden superstructure that violates Safety-at-Sea standards. My fellow passengers are mostly members of the National Trust for Historic Preservation, a Washington group that helped save the *Queen* as part of an ongoing program to halt demolition of American historic treasures. On board this charter cruise are Philadelphia Biddles, Cincinnati Tafts and Fleischmanns, and Wilmington du Ponts. They seem to know their birds and boats.

Just before dusk the setting sun breaks through and people flock to the decks. Several hours later the night is perfectly clear and up in the pilothouse the captain can, if he wishes, steer by the stars. Now and then he flips on the big flood lamp and picks up the edge of a sand bar or a small boat far upstream. Otherwise the water is dark and the levees and flood plains stretch away on either side like the open sea. It is hard to believe I am a few hundred yards from Arkansas and Tennessee.

(This is the first of three articles on a cruise up the Mississippi and Ohio aboard the steamboat Delta Queen.)

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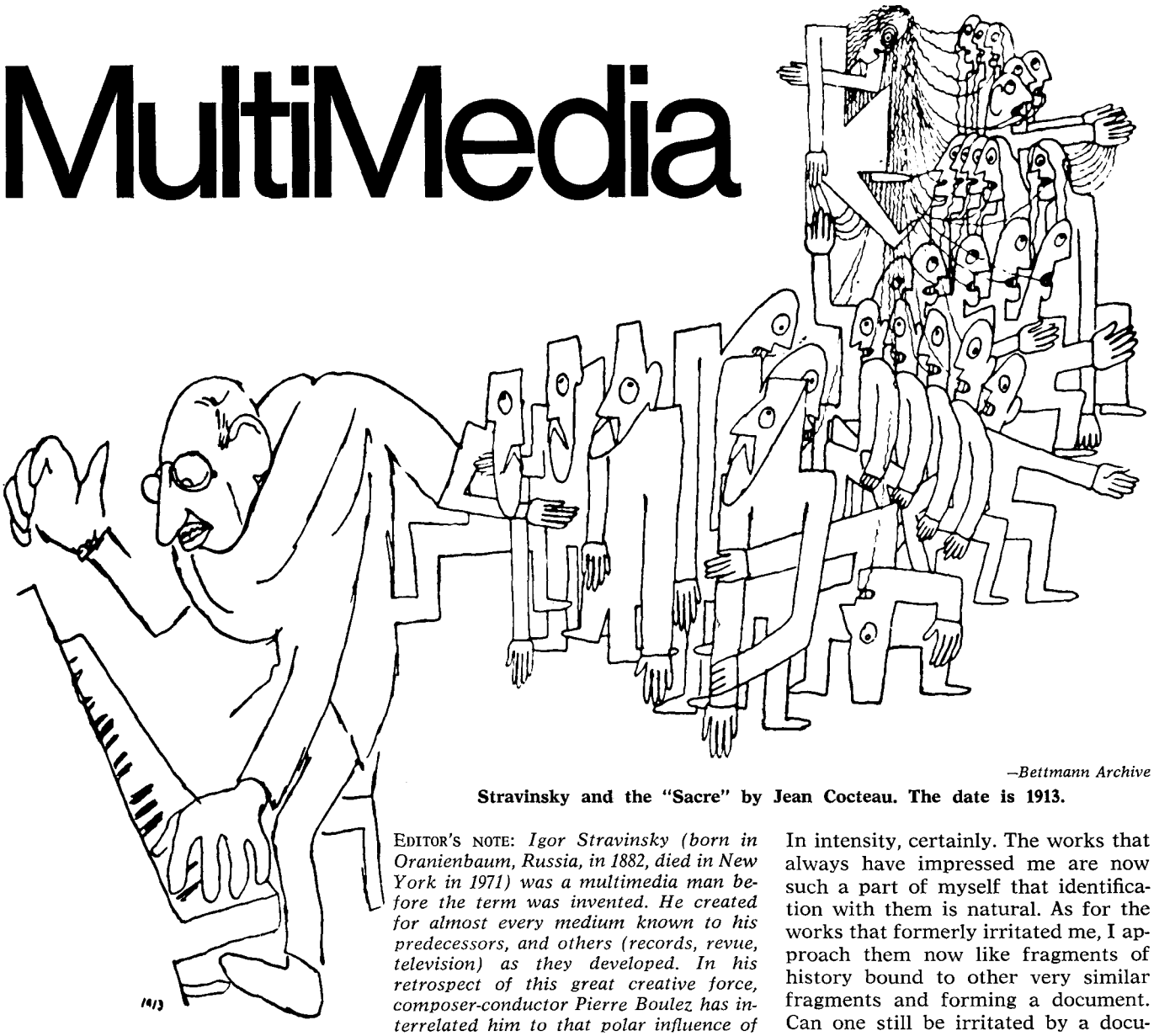
MultiMedia



—*Bettmann Archive*

Stravinsky and the "Sacre" by Jean Cocteau. The date is 1913.

STRAVINSKY AND THE CENTURY:

STYLE OR IDEA?

by PIERRE BOULEZ

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Igor Stravinsky (born in Oranienbaum, Russia, in 1882, died in New York in 1971) was a multimedia man before the term was invented. He created for almost every medium known to his predecessors, and others (records, revue, television) as they developed. In his retrospect of this great creative force, composer-conductor Pierre Boulez has interrelated him to that polar influence of twentieth-century music Arnold Schoenberg, himself the author of a notable book entitled* Style and Idea.

More than twenty-five years of familiarity with the works of Stravinsky—and yet in spite of that, perhaps because of that, my point of view has practically not changed. If the polemics have disappeared, it is probably because distance in time has confirmed affinities and canceled out discrepancies; also probably because what is seen in this perspective is the countenance of a generation, rather than that of a single person.

Has my point of view not changed? In intensity, certainly. The works that always have impressed me are now such a part of myself that identification with them is natural. As for the works that formerly irritated me, I approach them now like fragments of history bound to other very similar fragments and forming a document. Can one still be irritated by a document?

Twenty-five years earlier, the polemics were at their height and musical life was absolutely divided into two camps. Independents were rare; the times didn't allow many. The survival of language required people to choose between what Adorno has called progress and restoration. Nothing appeared to be more urgent, and the situation, in theory, seemed terribly clear.

However, I had certain doubts about this somewhat simple division between the good and the bad, and I thought that the Cathari, the pure, the chosen —those on the side of revolution— were not entirely innocent of the crime

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of historicism that was being laid exclusively at the door of the pariahs on the side of restoration. Little by little, I reached the conclusion that a whole generation—the one Stravinsky belonged to—had adopted the same procedure with only minor variations. I cannot call it regression, as it used to be termed. The phenomenon is more complex, and it deserves to be examined more closely. It concerns the notion of *style*.

Were Stravinsky and his generation the victims of style? Or did they give to this concept a new, hitherto unknown vigor?

I remember that enigmatic statement of Baudelaire concerning Manet: "You are the first in the decadence of your art." Its injustice, its rigorousness, the perspectives it opens have often been commented on. The various forms of decadence were not born yesterday! Are they to be sought in our conception of what style is? In other words, should style engender idea, or vice versa?

In literature, music, and the plastic arts there is a striking parallel between the "overcallers" and the "simplifiers." The former may have turned out to be more wily and the second more naïve, but it is nonetheless true that both reactions were dictated by an irrepressible survival instinct. Rather than being calculated, these reactions were made necessary by the situation. It was not then a question of consciously analyzing what constitutes the value, or even the prestige, of style. Ideas—destruction, sublimation—abounded; they demanded their right to live, and what they worried about least was a showy form of presentation. The force and violence of these renovative ideas is even disturbing. The collectivity of creators seemed, within a few years, to want frenetically to exhaust all the possibilities of invention. How far away indeed we are from "Style," and what a reaction this is against the immediately preceding period, which had cultivated this concern with voluptuousness and morbidity.

Stravinsky devoted all his efforts to participating in this frenzy. *Le Sacre du printemps* provides explosive proof of that fact. Indulging in simplification myself, I would place him among the "simplifiers," whereas the "overcaller" would be Schoenberg, and the typical work of that category would be *Erwartung*. In truth, Stravinsky also had some "overcall" characteristics, although he belonged to a tradition completely different from German chromaticism, located closer to Debussy and Scriabin—however strange that juxtaposition of names may appear. Works such as the Japanese lyric poems, *Zvezdoliki*, and certain episodes of *L'Oiseau de feu* or *Le Rossignol* show a road that Stravinsky (deliberately?) did not follow. However, his work—primordially—oscillated then between violence and irony, which are the two faces of simplification. Both violence and irony reduce the musical object in the same categorical way. A work such as *Les Noces* presents, at the end of a decisive period in Stravinsky's production, an extremely rare synthesis between violence and irony. (The only example that anticipates this solution seems to me to be Mussorgsky.) Irony led Stravinsky to use parody openly and, just like Picasso at about the same time, to introduce "found objects" into a stylistic complex where they function by distortion. The bizarreness of the quotation, its naïveté, the difference of level between the various languages, the heterogeneity of the elements, were to be integral parts of the conception. He did not try to reduce the differences and absorb these elements in a stylistic synthesis, as an "overcaller," Berg, was to do later in *Wozzeck*. On the contrary, Stravinsky accentuated the discrepancies and played with the language; he wrote *between* quotation marks, and that indicated what was to become an almost hostile attitude toward stylistic unity, and announced an imminent attempt to appropriate elements that already existed not in the popular domain but in the so-called cultural field—in what history offers us in abundance: the finished products of culture, which constitute the reservoir par excellence of Style with a capital S.

Regardless of the fundamental divergences between the two groups of creators—"simplifiers" and "overcallers"—who renewed the possibilities of invention between 1910 and 1920, their lack of concern with a general discipline was remarkable. That does not by any means imply that there was any absence of reflection. All the upheavals of that period had quite precise motivations. The "overcallers," Berg and Schoenberg in particular (Kandinsky, Klee, and Joyce in other domains), were even extraordinarily explicit on the subject of their own procedure. If Stravinsky or Picasso were more impulsive and had less need to know or to analyze their resources in order to use them effectively, they were just as acute in what they did and what they produced; they could be as determined as they were only because their goals were viewed with the most radical lucidity.

After this "savage" explosion, and once the first objectives were attained —sometimes with surprising rapidity —there came a pause, a sort of respite devoted naturally to introspection and self-examination, but perhaps even more to an examination of the work and its validity. Since creation had come about in a particularly individual way, what apparently was desired was to consider it in a more inclusive, universal way, to generalize kinds of invention that had depended on particular details. Everyone at that time seemed to feel nostalgia for a form of conception in which the imaginative effort would not be specifically related to any particular work; everyone aspired to find general components that would make it possible for him to *invent* within a more secure, more "comfortable" framework. Not that the taste for risks had disappeared; but it was thought that there would be greater validity in discovering general solutions than in limiting oneself each time to special cases. In short, people were frightened by chaos and the sterility to which it might lead, and they were more and more anxious to find a Rule. This need is especially clear in the case of the two most adventurous minds, Schoenberg and Kandinsky; but it is also clear with Stravinsky. The Rule was not to serve as protection against adventure but to reinforce the spirit of invention, to make its task easier, to aid its investigation of the future. Obeying a Law would help in the forging of a style—even of a collective style; dreams of order after a quick and sometimes chaotic revolution.

However, along with the search for this Rule, this Law, there was an infiltration of many misunderstandings, especially on the subject of style. Isn't it presumptuous to believe that style defines Idea? Isn't it dangerous to will oneself deliberately to be a part of history—that is, to have a finalistic conception of evolution? The danger appeared more than once; and it is certain, as we look back today, that the composers and painters of that period undeniably did attain a style that belongs to the history of their art just when they were not trying to be historical, and that they often went astray when they tried to produce stylistic models. Is it not true that nostalgia for a future closely modeled after an idealized vision of the past deflected their attempts, however honest, toward a conception of style that was absolutely deficient because it was mistaken? Finally, to what extent are style and invention compatible with the historical experience that everyone has accumulated in the course of his existence?

The increasingly persistent intrusion of the past is a relatively new phenomenon and tends to become a serious handicap for the inventor, who allows himself to live exclusively in a

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universe of references, who feels at ease and secure in the midst of the products—or, to use a nobler word, the monuments—of his culture. The phenomenon is not absolutely new, especially in the literary domain, where documents are preserved without too much damage—and in the domains of architecture and sculpture, for the same reason. Painting and music have had access to documents only at one remove; this is especially true of music, with its treatises on theory, its dead instruments whose exact use no one knows. In this sense, because of its very nature, music for a long time managed to do without references, other than esthetic ones. This is no longer the case, because musical memory is now free to encompass several centuries of references and direct documents.

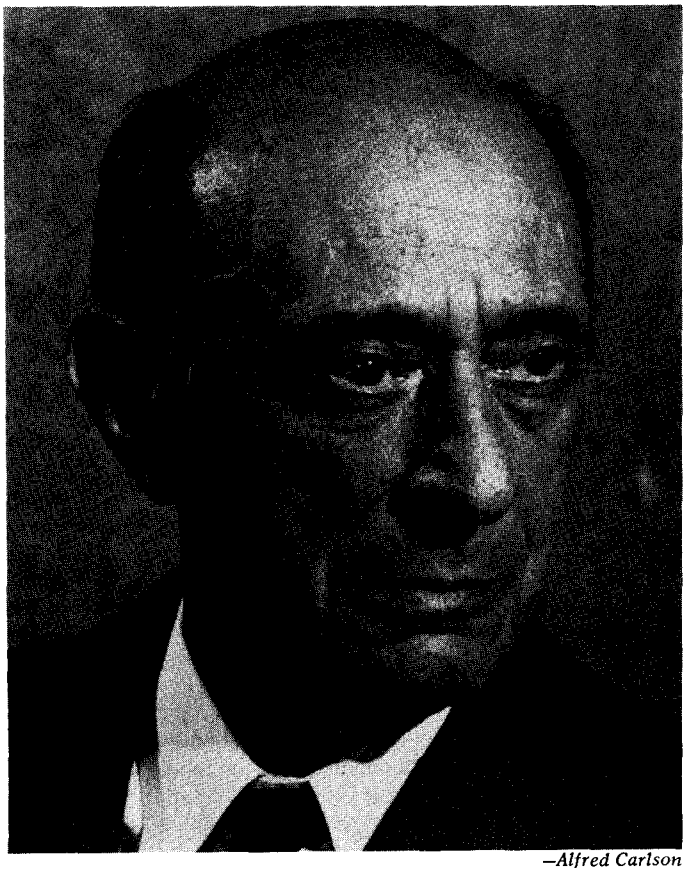
What can be said of the twentieth century, at least that part of it which concerns us here? Before examining Stravinsky's point of view, I would first like to consider the case of Schoenberg; perhaps it will help us gain a deeper understanding of the stylistic idealization that constitutes a capital moment in the evolution of music during this still recent period.

Schoenberg is a man of tradition, however paradoxical that may seem. He felt himself to be adventurous, but he never felt himself to be a rebel; his writings prove this fact, and his music proves it even more. He did not want to create music in contradiction to the musical tradition that had preceded him, but music that would be its prolongation—even if he radicalized the conclusions deducted from his predecessors' scores. Even in his period of "overcall," there is nothing that does not have its roots in his immediate background. Everything is new, and everything is recognizable. There can be no problem about history, since he adhered to it totally, absolutely. In this process, however, certain fundamental hierarchies of musical language dissolved, giving way to a temporary function, or order. Thus there arose the danger—clearly perceived by Schoenberg after a certain time—of the chaotic situation that such an unconditional adhesion to not just the present but even the future of evolution risks bringing about. He refused to let immanent order slip out of his control, and his attitude was soon to undergo a profound change. In order not to wear himself out finding an individual, temporary solution for each conflict presented by the problem of language, he worked at finding a basic rule that would force anarchic chromaticism to become disciplined, to find its order and its function.

Within a secure framework—at least one that he regarded as secure—Schoenberg went in search of the utopia of tradition, completely unaware of the fundamental contradiction between a form that he took up as one would an empty shell and the living elements of his language that refused and rejected this predetermination. That is why progressively, in order to adhere to these forms borrowed from the past, the musical ideas of Schoenberg adapted themselves. His adhesion to tradition was no longer direct, as it had been formerly; it referred to the past as to a Golden Age of invention that had presumably given us a code, a system of conventions that was absolutely good. Respect can certainly be discerned in this attitude, but even more there is a lack of confidence in his own period, in its possibilities of invention, in its new potentialities. Schoenberg's invention, therefore, evolved within this universe of references. That fact accounts for the discrepancy between conventional phrases and original expressions, between ways of thought that belong to history and habits of speech connected with the present. The discomfort, not to say the falseness, of this situation can be felt. But what is most fascinating is this almost total transformation of the musical conception, which brought about a reversal of the stylistic notion. It is no longer Idea that engenders Style, but Style that has engendered Idea.

I would like to clarify this last point.

(*Continued on page* 58)



—Alfred Carlson

Schoenberg—"went in search of the utopia of tradition."

—Bettmann Archive

Stravinsky—"accentuated the discrepancies and played with the language."

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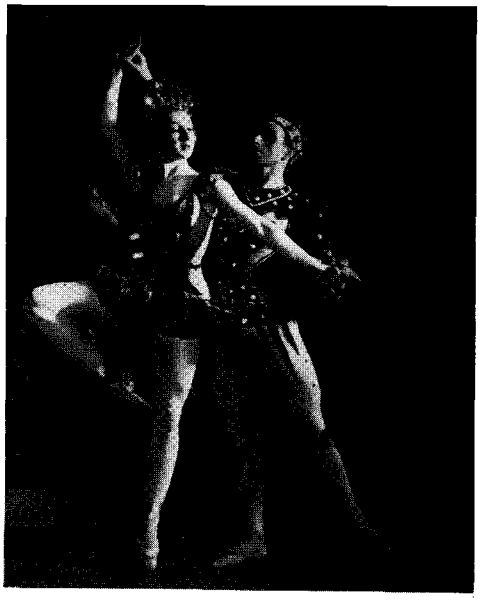
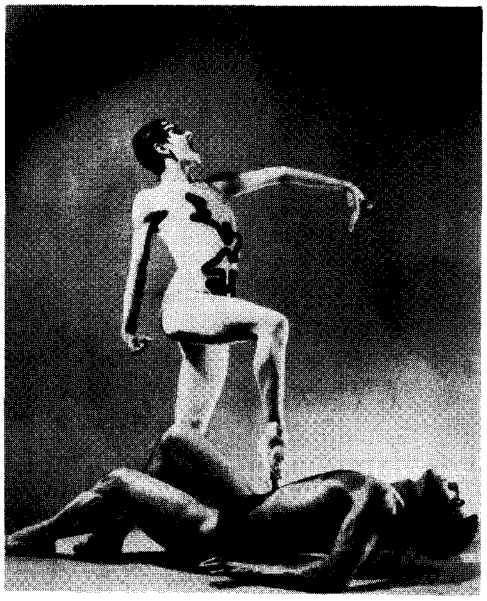
BALLET

THE DANCER'S COMPOSER

by WALTER TERRY

Alexandra Danilova, certainly the most beloved and illustrious Russian ballerina (other than Anna Pavlova) in America's theatrical history, recalls her first impression of Stravinsky: "As a little girl in St. Petersburg I heard *Petrushka*, and to me it was like an orchestra tuning up or like a phonograph record that goes wrong. It was cacophony. I do remember, though, that although the opening carnival scene bothered me, the music for Petrushka himself sounded very beautiful in the solo scene that followed."





(Left) Alexandra Danilova and Frederic Franklin in "Danses Concertantes"; (right) Melissa Hayden, with Francisco Monción, in "The Cage," an enormously successful ballet to Stravinsky music not originally intended for dance.

Oddly enough, Danilova, a product of the Russian Imperial Ballet, danced her first ballerina role with the Soviet State Ballet in *Firebird*. "And do you know in Russia the choreography was not Fokine's," she says. "It was by Lopokov, brother of Lydia Lopokova, the ballerina whom the West already knew. Later, I danced the Fokine version, the first to do it in America, with the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo."

Danilova's first *Firebird* was 1923, but by the time she joined Diaghilev (she, Balanchine, and Tamara Geva defected in 1926), "Stravinsky was familiar. He was strictly mathematical, and I used to count the measures and steps as Balanchine instructed me . . . it takes a long time to hum it! So at first I counted Stravinsky, and by the time I could sing *Petrushka* and *Firebird* he came up with *Danses Concertantes*! But then all our geniuses are twenty-five years ahead of the times.

"I think we dancers have helped the public understand Stravinsky. It is not just that the dances interpret, or try to, his music, but we dancers have combined his music with the rhythm of our bodies and the public has a double experience, to hear and to look." Mme. Danilova, who is now coaching at Balanchine's School of American Ballet, points out that rehearsing to a piano arrangement of a Stravinsky ballet score was close to "impossible," since everything was conceived in orchestral terms. And she adds that in her own long career she learned new Stravinsky works about every ten years and "he was always ahead of us," but "his music gets into your body no matter when. Today, I do not teach my young students dance variations to Stravinsky, but I do give them syncopations, changes in beat, pauses, and surprises. Perhaps I prepare them for Stravinsky." (Danilova's favorite Stravinsky ballets, both choreographed by Balanchine, are *Baiser de la fée*, inspired by music of Tchaikovsky, and *Danses Concertantes*.)

* * *

"Choura [Danilova] was much more musical than I was. I found Stravinsky difficult. I had heard Stravinsky in Russia but never danced his music before I escaped in 1920." But Felia Doubrovska, long before she became *première danseuse* of the Metropolitan Opera, in a new world, had become a dancing Stravinsky expert. "Yes, he was a little difficult. But when I listened to *Sacre du printemps*, something inside me moved. *Les Noces* [in which Doubrovska created the leading role] was very difficult. I remember well that we learned a little song in order to do the movements—we actually sang it. I did *Firebird*, and Karsavina coached me in exactly what Fokine had originally created. I danced the second lead in *Rossignol*—it was for me to try to kill Markova. *Apollo*? That is easy, and beautiful, Stravinsky. Nijinsky tried to help us with the revival of *Firebird*, but he was of no help —a little idiot . . . he just smiled.

"Counting Stravinsky? Yes, but only at the beginning, then after a few performances I could feel his music in my body. But I tell you sincerely that I don't understand some of Stravinsky's later music. I even said to Balanchine, 'I'm glad I don't dance anymore.'" (Doubrovska's chief Stravinsky ballets were *Les Noces, Apollo, Firebird, Pulcinella*.)

* * *

To the tiny fourteen-year-old English girl, who had been called "the miniature Pavlova," Stravinsky said, "Don't count me. You can't. Learn me by ear." Alicia Markova now reports, "I did what I was told. He was very kind to me in my first Stravinsky ballet, *Rossignol*. He called me his *'Ptichka,'* which means 'little bird.' This was 1925 at the Gaîté-Lyrique in Paris—it was the third version of *Rossignol*, this one by Balanchine. You must remember that this was the most difficult music I had ever heard—before that it was Delibes's 'Pizzicato Polka'! But since the great man had told me to do it all by ear, I found it easy.

"I remember the older dancers, unused to new musical ways, had difficulties. I was in the corps of *Les Noces*, and Grigorieff, our régisseur, learned the counts, wrote them down, and pinned them on each dancer! Stravinsky was the start of my musical education, and I consider the two greatest influences in my life to be Diaghilev and Stravinsky."

Dame Alicia Markova recalls not only "this great, patient, and understanding man faced with a child dancer" but also the great man collaborating twenty years later with a by-then great ballerina. The occasion was the Broadway production of Billy Rose's *The Seven Lively Arts*, in which Markova and her long-time partner, Anton Dolin, were among the stars. Rose wanted to commission a ballet for them in the show and asked Markova, "Who's the greatest composer in the world?" Markova knew, but she

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hesitated—it was all too impossible. Finally, she murmured, "Stravinsky." "Get him," Rose replied. Thus it was that Stravinsky did his first Broadway show with his *Scènes de ballet*.

Says Dame Alicia, "He composed it in Hollywood, where he was living and where Pat [Dolin] and I were performing with Ballet Theatre. We'd have a wonderful meal together, and then he'd take us to the piano and show us what he had composed. Then we'd go back to the patio and discuss the music—and perhaps eat a little more. He and I were very tiny and we ate all the time!

"He is rhythmically fantastic—that is the great stimulus to the dancer—but I could not pick a favorite score because each of his scores is so rewarding in its own special way." *Scènes de ballet* was subsequently rechoreographed by Frederick Ashton and became a repertory highlight for Britain's Royal Ballet.

* * *

The first time I met Stravinsky was in 1961 in Santa Fe, New Mexico, where the Santa Fe Opera was producing his *Perséphone*. At a rehearsal in the outdoor theater, he sat huddled, wrapped in a blanket, watching intently the new production starring Vera Zorina, a dear friend of his and an artist he admired profoundly, and with new choreography by the young Thomas Andrew. I asked the maestro about the first *Perséphone*, which had its premiere in Paris in 1934 and which starred Ida Rubinstein, who had commissioned it. Much earlier, Rubinstein had been the first Zobéide in *Scheherazade* and had mimed the title role in *Cléopâtre*.

When Mme. Rubinstein performed *Perséphone*, she was forty-nine years old. I asked Stravinsky what she had been like. He poked his nose out of the blanket and said, "She was pretty old, she was a little fat, but she had money."

As for the 1961 *Perséphone* at Santa Fe, he waxed enthusiastic: "This was the *Perséphone* I always dreamed of and never saw until now." Zorina, who had started out as a ballet dancer and advanced to principal roles and plaudits in both Europe and America, had become an enormously successful actress and subsequently a symphonic narrator. In the 1961 *Perséphone*, Zorina both spoke and moved, acted and danced. Stravinsky was enchanted. Today Zorina says, "I worked with him not only as a dancer but as an actress, and there was a quality about his music that was remarkable for both—may I put it this way: He seemed to *breathe* his own work. As an actress I breathe. This was the breath of music." And anyone who has seen Zorina's *Perséphone* knows that, with Stravinsky as her guide, she makes magic as her body and her voice breathe *"la brise vagabonde."*

* * *

Maria Tallchief, barely into her teens, made her stage debut in Los Angeles in a program equally divided between Tallchief the dancer and Tallchief the concert pianist. Much later she was to become one of the great Firebirds of all time in a new version of the ballet (with a revised score by Stravinsky himself) by Balanchine. When married to Balanchine, she got to know Stravinsky well, as did other ballerinas married to the master choreographer (Zorina and Tanaquil LeClercq and, of course, Danilova).

"Stravinsky was George's [Balanchine] idol, his inspiration. Stravinsky's music is natural to dance. I think George choreographed my Firebird role in three hours, it came so effortlessly—*Orpheus*, too. George's inspiration from Stravinsky filtered through to us as dancers. Stravinsky conducted my first *Firebird* and said he was pleased with it, although he actually did not talk directly to us about our dancing very often.

"But I do remember a rehearsal of *Orpheus*. I was Eurydice and I had a marvelous death scene. Any performer wants to drag out a death scene as long as possible. Stravinsky turned to George and said, 'How long is it going to take Maria to die? She must do it in five counts.' Well, I did. I had to! And after the command was given, at all performances of *Orpheus* the conductor never looked at my death scene. I got my five counts and he went right into Nicky's [Nicholas Magallanes, the Orpheus] music!"

Tallchief, now retired and living with her family in Chicago, counts her Stravinsky roles among her most rewarding and a friendship with him as memorable. "He had a wonderful sense of humor. And do you know, I admired his timing, a great sense of timing, not only for the stage but anywhere he was, talking, laughing, telling stories, just being there."

* * *

Tanaquil LeClercq, whose brilliant career as a dancer (she is now a whiz at teaching and coaching and just living) was cut short by polio, knew Stravinsky well in her years as Mrs. Balanchine. "We saw him often," she says, "but he and George rarely talked about dancing. They talked about food. Or he'd tell a story about a wild passport complication or some other anecdote. He was at home in many languages, and I was bowled over by him. He was most charming and fascinating, and I used to want to go over and pinch him, affectionately, of course.

"I always loved *Apollo*, and *Baiser de la Fée* was great—so romantic and nice. But do you know what I loved? It was the role of the Bacchante in *Orpheus*—a little gem—taut and brilliant.

"I adored the beat of his music. How marvelous and how surprising! So different from so many other composers who would go up an octave, down an octave, modulate for variety . . . movie music, goopy and soupy. With Stravinsky it was always a surprise. George counted it for us at first; then suddenly it was in you. It may sound odd, but I loved dancing not only to Stravinsky sounds but to Stravinsky silences

(*Continued on page* 59)

—Tony Perry

(Left) Vera Zorina in "Perséphone" (1961)—"the 'Perséphone' I always dreamed of"; (right) Tanaquil LeClercq.

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STRAVINSKY AT WORK

by FRANCIS STEEGMULLER

In 1967 there was published a volume called *Bravo Stravinsky*, consisting of photographs by Arnold Newman and text by Robert Craft* combined to depict in pictures and words an artist at work. At work the year before, in 1966, when he was eighty-four and happened to be composing, in California, the *Requiem Canticles*, commissioned by Princeton University, and a score for Edward Lear's great epithalamion *The Owl and the Pussycat* as a surprise for his beautiful wife, Vera, who loved the poem. To the sorrow of us all, those proved to be the artist's last works. The year 1966 was the last in which he was really well.

—Culver

Stravinsky "a few hundred yards from the grotesqueries of Sunset Strip." Left to right: Boris Morros, Claire Trevor, Robert Florey, Mrs. Samuel Dushkin, Stravinsky, violinist Samuel Dushkin, Akim Tamiroff, and Dr. Serge Betrennsen (1937).

How many active years there had been! Had Messrs. Newman and Craft been photographing and writing more than half a century before 1966, they might have chronicled the same artist composing, in St. Petersburg, on commission from Serge Diaghilev, his first great score—one for a ballet, based on the Russian fable of the Firebird, which took Paris by storm in 1910. From then on, photographer and biographer need never have been unemployed. *Petrushka* came next. Then, the composition in Russia and Switzerland of *The Rite of Spring*, its turbulent premiere in Paris, and its subsequent triumph would have kept them well occupied during what was left of La Belle Époque. (Indeed, it might be said that *The Rite* precipitated the fall of La Belle Époque.) And through two world wars and interludes of so-called peace, composing at pianos on two continents and directing in auditoriums on six, creating the songs and tollings of *Les Noces* ("The Wedding"), the grandeurs of *Oedipus Rex*, the adventures of *The Rake*, and all the rest, the same artist was continuously at work.

When Stravinsky was in his eighties, there was something uncanny in his superb ineligibility for the labels habitually pasted on eminent men of his span of years and of similarly glorious careers. It would have been a shrill mistake, like the scrape of chalk on a blackboard, to speak of Stravinsky as a "veteran," or as a "grand old man." Immense as the legend had become, it continued to be constantly replenished from its bubbling source. Stravinsky knew this to be a peculiarity of himself, and his references to the subject were apt to be humorous. "Yes, then I had hairs, now I have no hairs," he said, with a grin, to an interviewer who pointed to the drawing Picasso had made of him in 1917; and indeed the mere absence of "hairs" may be taken as properly symbolic of the irrelevance of aging in the case of Stravinsky. When a reporter who hadn't grasped this asked him, "Do you find that inspiration is less fluent in old age?" he said, "I suppose for you I am in old age. For me, I just happen to be in my eighties." And he said, grinning again, about one of his physical ailments: "I ask my doctor, 'How long does it last?' 'Not long,' he said, 'but all your life.' "

"All your life"! A common phrase—but not when Stravinsky used it.

For those who deal in words, there is a particular joy in the coming-to-life of a common phrase like that—the discovery of new meaning in words dulled by use in combination, their revitalizing into a thing of meaning and pleasure. Stravinsky was a prodigious provider of this kind of joy. Just as in his music he put life into many an unpromising sound, so his example recharged all the old clichés about time: "the fullness of time," "the richness of time," "time stands still," "time marches on," and the rest. And similarly with "all your life"; "*so much* life" was its Stravinskian sense.

So much life and so much time were concentrated in this delightful and formidable Stravinsky. Sitting in the Hollywood house where he lived in 1966, you were, as Robert Craft pointed out, only a few hundred yards from the grotesqueries of Sunset Strip; but the banal sensationalism down the road was colorless compared with the excitement that assailed you if you were of the historically impressionable type and found yourself reflecting—as a start—that your host had been Rimsky-Korsakov's pupil. That he had been Diaghilev's "discovery" ("Take a good look at him. He's a man about to be famous!"), admired by Debussy and Satie. And yet in the 1960s, as Craft put it, younger people were just learning to be his contemporaries. Today, many of his works are still to become familiar to the general public—his *Mavra*, for example, or his Symphony in C. In other words, his music still holds mysteries and reserves, is still "ahead of its time," in fact, beyond time. Cocteau was his librettist in 1925 and Auden in 1948, Picasso his portraitist in 1917 and Giacometti in 1957.

In the charming white-and-green living room of the house in Hollywood, or around the dinner table, reminiscence was far from being the chief climate, though it came forth richly if requested. "Nijinsky was a weak man—as weak as his muscles were strong"; "Yes, of course Nijinsky made love just to the nymph's scarf. What more would Diaghilev have allowed?"; "Cocteau's first libretto for *Oedipus Rex* was full of ideas. The second was still full of ideas. I told him, 'I want not ideas. I want words!' " But soon you found that your host was drawing *you*

*And a foreword by Francis Steegmuller, of which this article is a variation. (Courtesy of the World Publishing Company.)

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out, asking you this, asking you that, listening. You remembered how firm his grip of welcome had been. And you remarked the warm, enchanted smile he had when something interested him. Such a diversity of things did interest him, to an extent that is rarely true even of the greatest men: Pushkin and Shakespeare, the presumed euphoria of the ladybug sighted in a nearby bowl of white stock, the nostalgic properties of flower scents, the vanished phenomenon of Hollywood's intellectual colony, almost all things Russian, and every aspect of artistic labor. "When I read Pushkin," he said, "I ask myself not 'What is it?' as 'How is it done?' Myself, I am a maker."

When he developed his own penetrating, often astringent, trains of thought, he would smile as if being entertained, gleeful as a child at the surprises that were unfolding from his own reasoning. He would lean forward in his seat, resting his chin on hands clasped over the crook of his black cane, his eyes beaming as he made his points, as he exercised his intellect. He looked right in your eye, delighting in your interest in him, in his interest in you, in the pleasures of human communion. Here was someone who had kept his wits—not to mention his wit—about him, in the truest sense and to the great good fortune of us all.

The wit survived the onset of the last long illness, but it flashed out less and less often, and toward the end tended to be sparked chiefly in moments of exasperation. "Try to compose, Mr. Stravinsky," a nurse once urged him. "I compose, or I do not compose," came the sharp answer. "I do not try to compose." As the illness progressed, his interest in the spoken word lessened, and of his various languages it was his native Russian that he spoke most willingly; except for those closest to him, Russian friends enjoyed the best of the last conversations. His world became almost exclusively a musical one. During afternoons last autumn, the present writer saw him in his wheelchair at his damped piano, a frail, bent figure, playing Bach; evenings he listened to records, often of his own work.

Then, on April 6, 1971, came the end. A fortnight after the *Requiem Canticles* were played and sung at the funeral service in Venice, they were conducted by Pierre Boulez at four memorial concerts in Philharmonic Hall. Mr. Boulez asked the audience not to applaud. There was silence as the music ended and the players dispersed. Gradually the stage emptied; when its emptiness became total, I think that many of us, amid the silence, thought the same thing.

THE MAN AND THE MACHINE

The extraordinary impact of Igor Stravinsky over a sixty-year period (1910-1970, roughly) must be measured in terms of not only the arts he rejuvenated (ballet as well as music), the minds he magnetized (collaborators in the graphic arts as well as the colleagues who responded to his example), and the listeners he educated, but also the machines upon which he exercised a unique, in some instances decisive, influence. Even before the development of the microphone brought the symphony orchestra out of the dark ages of acoustic recording into the anteroom of credibility, Sir Thomas Beecham recorded a portion of *L'Oiseau de feu* on an English Columbia disc (both sides!). It must have been the year before the advent of electrical recording (1926) that Victor issued its pioneering *Petrushka.*

For those to whom *Sacre, Les Noces, L'Histoire du soldat* in multiple versions are now routine, the excitement that attended the appearance of the first such matter in the late Twenties and early Thirties cannot possibly be comprehended. They were the difference between the B.C. and the A.D. of recording epochs, when the electrical process gave the disc, however short its playing time, a musical potential for the first time. Along this tortuous but tremendously exciting way, the appearance (in 1930) of *Le Sacre du printemps* played by a French orchestra under the composer's direction was akin to the first electric bulb after gas lighting.

The ripples of influence generated by the deposit of such heavy matter in the still waters of commercial recording went far beyond the Stravinsky public. Its receptivity made a reasonable risk of producing works of other contemporaries, whether Schoenberg or Poulenc, Holst or Milhaud. It was not only the Stravinsky *puissance* but the Stravinsky prestige, the Stravinsky fecundity, in those days of constantly desirable additions to his repertory, that broke down even the most resistant commercial barriers.

Though progress in disc development was arrested in the early Forties—war, etc.—the Stravinsky influence on another machine fomented a different kind of ferment. His involvement with Walt Disney's resources in the famous *Fantasia* film production (recorded in 1939) included not only Stokowski as conductor and the late Deems Taylor as narrator, but also *Le Sacre du printemps.* Garrote the whole enterprise as you will, for gaucheries, bowdlerism, and anti-intellectualism of other sorts, the fact remains that the sound technics therein marshaled (in the multi-channel area) were, as a recent LP release reissue demonstrated, hi-fi before the term was known beyond a handful of enthusiasts. *Le Sacre* was a central factor in the promulgation of it.

The reasonable reader will not have overlooked a reference to the first version of it as self-directed by Stravinsky. He was not, as of 1926, when he first directed the New York Philharmonic in Carnegie Hall, much of a conductor. He was a better one in 1936, and, so far as his own works were concerned, a thoroughly authoritative and illuminating one by 1946. Doubtless this development was due not only to his own evolving experience but also to the opportunity for self-criticism provided to Stravinsky—a methodical man—by listening to his own discs.

Fortunately, this progress was on a collision course with the development of the long-playing record. It is a tribute to the farsighted Goddard Lieberson, one of its prime promoters, that Stravinsky was encouraged by Columbia to engage in a recording program that, over the years and decades, brought about a living documentation of virtually his entire literature. In the fullness of time and through the participation of Robert Craft, Stravinsky's disciple-mentor, Columbia sponsored the epochal "complete" Webern and initiated the coverage, *in extenso,* of Schoenberg, which has now reached volume seven.

It is not an overstatement to credit the magnetism of Stravinsky-by-Stravinsky for the example that has prompted English Decca (London) to underwrite Benjamin Britten's systematic self-direction of his own works, whether *Peter Grimes,* the *War Requiem,* or *Les Illuminations*; or Deutsche Grammophon's documentation of the Henze catalogue as it has evolved; or Columbia's own reciprocal effort on behalf of Aaron Copland. RCA Victor's enterprise in the later 1930s that brought about a treasury of Rachmaninoff works in which the composer participated was a belated recognition of past responsibility on behalf of current profit. It was a considerable, perhaps *the* most considerable, expression of Stravinsky's public pre-eminence that he made those who controlled the machines responsible not only to the past and the present, but also to the future.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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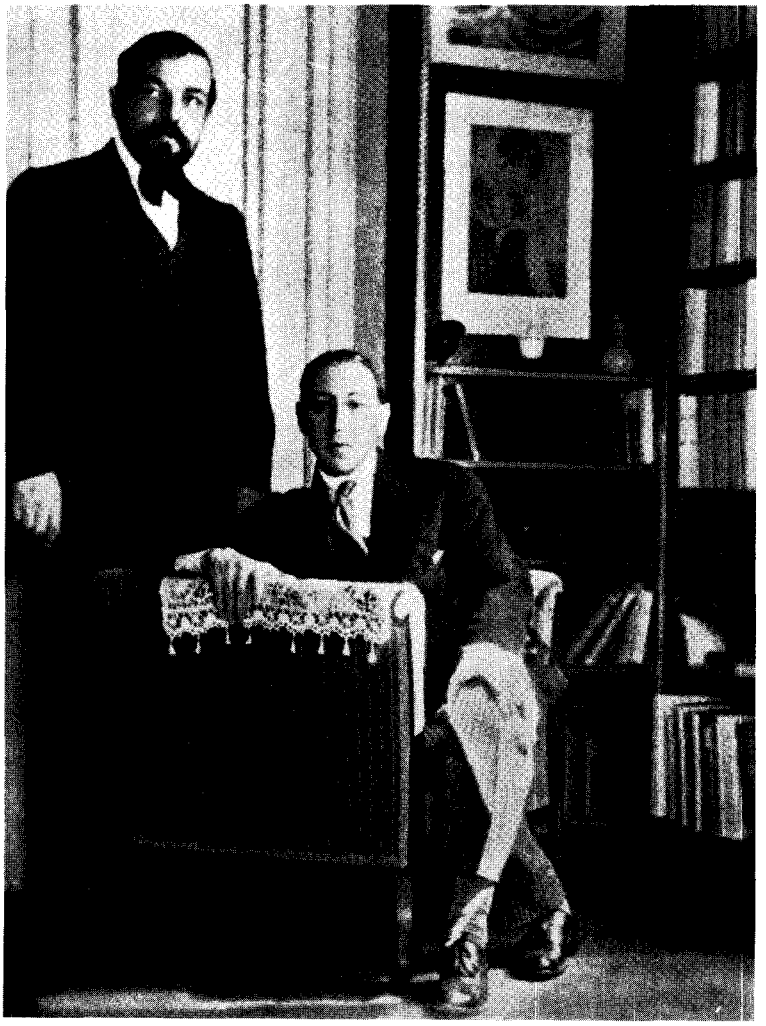
THE MIRROR OF THE WORD



—Bettmann Archive.

Claude Debussy and Igor Stravinsky (1912)—"the most marvelous orchestral craftsman of our time."

UNLIKE most musicians, who are usually quite indifferent to everything that is not within their sphere, Stravinsky was deeply interested in painting, architecture, and sculpture. . . . he was a very willing and charming "pupil." He thirsted for enlightenment and longed to widen his knowledge. . . . But what was most valuable in him was the absence of the slightest dogmatism.

ALEXANDRE BENOIS, 1910

YOU know how much I admire *Petrushka,* but *The Rite* disturbs me. It seems to me that Stravinsky is trying to make music with non-musical means, just as the Germans apparently pretend to be able to make beefsteaks out of sawdust.

[STRAVINSKY is] a spoiled child who sometimes cocks a snook at music. He's also a young barbarian who wears flashy ties and treads on women's toes as he kisses their hands. As an old man, he'll be insupportable—that's to say, he won't support any other music; but for the moment he's unprecedented.

AT the moment one wonders into whose arms the music of our day is going to fall. The young Russian school holds out its arms; but in my view they've become as little Russian as possible. Stravinsky himself leans dangerously in the direction of Schoenberg. Nevertheless, he remains the most marvelous orchestral craftsman of our time.

CLAUDE DEBUSSY, 1914-1916

Il nous a libérés ("He freed us").

ERIK SATIE, 1915

OUR Igor, always money, money, money, and for what? This *Renard* is some old scraps he found in his dresser drawer.

SERGE DIAGHILEV, 1916

I'M not competent to discuss *Le Sacre du printemps,* as I have heard it only on the piano. But assuming . . . that Stravinsky is mechanism become music . . . I don't want it. . . . I'm bored with imitations of noises . . . and their monotonous cacophony. Of course, it sounds like cacophony because I'm not used to it, and it probably sounds all alike for the same reason that Chinamen all look alike to me: I'm not well acquainted.

DEEMS TAYLOR, 1920

THE [Concertino] music is a drab, rasping, tired shuffle and breakdown. It is like a locomotive which has fallen off the track, making its wheels revolve in air. Rhythms prolong themselves out of sheer inertia; pound on, wearily.

PAUL ROSENFELD, 1921

SUCH music as *Le Sacre du printemps* is physical. . . . Whether the calmer heights of spiritual glory are accessible to the new methods of composition remains to be seen. They are not likely to be scaled by Stravinsky, who is a stark realist, a cave man of music.

W. J. HENDERSON, 1924

THERE is that in this music which repulses as well as attracts. It is an orgy, and an explosion of force, but very brutal and perhaps perverse. It is easy to believe it the expression of one who is fundamentally a barbarian and a primitive, tinctured with, and educated in, the utmost sophistications and satieties of a worn-out civilization.

OLIN DOWNES, 1924

ALTHOUGH I love Bach and find nothing wrong in composing according to his principles, I don't think one should write stylized imitations of him. For this reason I find the Concerto less valuable than *The Wedding* or *The Rite of Spring,* since, generally speaking, everything which is imitative, like *Pulcinella* or my own *Classical Symphony,* has less value. Unfortunately, Stravinsky thinks otherwise. He does not feel that this is aping, and now he has written a piano sonata in the very same style. He even believes that this is creating a new epoch.

SERGEI PROKOFIEV, 1924

FROM the historical point of view, Stravinsky's music represents a sharp reaction against the subtle and vaporous sonorities of Debussy's impressionism. . . .

NADIA BOULANGER, 1926

BUT who's this beating the drum?
It's little Modernsky!
He's had his hair cut in an old-fashioned queue,
And it looks quite nice,
Like real false hair—
Like a wig—
Just like (at least little Modernsky thinks so),
Just like Father Bach!

ARNOLD SCHOENBERG, 1926

. . . I thought it [*Firebird*] was morbid and monotonous; the idea of a phrase, usually a small one, was good enough, and interesting in itself, but he kept it going over and over, and it got tiresome. It reminded me of something I had heard of Ravel, whose music is of a kind I cannot stand: weak, morbid, and monotonous; pleasing enough, if you want to be pleased. . . .

CHARLES IVES, 1931

THE intellectual fertility of more seminal musical minds has not been his; nor the faculty of organization—that ability to

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think and plan and develop and control and sustain—which is possessed not only by such giants as Bach and Beethoven and Wagner and Brahms, but by such lesser men as Strauss and Sibelius and Bartók and Schoenberg, Elgar and d'Indy, Loeffler and Bloch and Bax (the list is long and honorable). What Goethe said of Byron is true of Stravinsky: *"Sobald er reflektiert, ist er ein Kind."* He has never grown up. He is still a naïve, instinctive, willful, and immensely gifted adolescent. . . .

LAWRENCE GILMAN, 1932

STRAVINSKY is an important and near-comprehensive artistic ideologist of the imperialist bourgeoisie. With startling receptivity he has captured all the trends, all the changes in the psychology of his class; and together with his class, in these last years, he is moving swiftly toward his doom.

ARNOLD ALSHVANG, 1933

THE ballet is deep in his blood. . . . Stravinsky completely understands the vocabulary of classic dancing. . . . His is the profound stage instinct of an "amateur" of the dance, the 'amateur' whose attitude is so professional that it seems merely an accident that he is himself not a dancer.

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN, 1937

HE is the father of the rebarbarization in music. He has transformed music into a collection of qualified noises, but fascinatingly colored, irresistible. He has reduced melody to the primitive, inarticulate refrain of a Zulu and has converted the orchestra into a gigantic rattle, the toy and mouthpiece of the new savage.

LAZARE SAMINSKY, 1940

PRECISION marks Stravinsky's approach to every technical and esthetic problem connected with musical composition. . . . He has re-created, revalued, and refreshed all branches of the art—harmony, melody, rhythm, form, color, orchestration. . . .

WALTER PISTON, 1947

HIS music has a surpassing vitality. Its continuity is that of a great creative mind. Each new work is truly new, being at the same time the logical result of those that precede it and of all music existing in the past. Alert to all influences, Stravinsky receives and dominates them, only to reaffirm more and more his own personality. He is a living proof that authentic genius does not, indeed cannot, evade external influence but always absorbs and masters it.

CARLOS CHAVEZ, 1947

STRAVINSKY'S prime achievement, and his alone, is to have realized that in music the present is extended. By organizing his harmonic relations . . . he has returned to the very sources of our art, giving to himself a new impetus of infinite possibilities and, at the same time, to us a sharper, richer, and more vital consciousness of the sound-space where musical forms are deployed—the world indeed in which musicians have their being. . . .

ERNEST ANSERMET, 1947

IF we can gauge the vitality of a composer's work by the extent of his influence, then Stravinsky's record is an enviable one. For more than thirty years his music has exercised a continuing hold which is without parallel since Wagner's day. In the twentieth century, only Debussy cast a comparable spell, and that was of a limited nature and of a single style. . . .

AARON COPLAND, 1947

THE architect of time.

GEORGE BALANCHINE, 1947

HIS music reflects his nervous and acid hates. . . . Stravinsky revealed to one his uncanny sense of the individuality or, better, the personality of each instrument of the orchestra. . . . Stravinsky is, I believe, unquestionably the greatest living investigator of instruments as *individuals*, perhaps even the greatest since the middle of the eighteenth century.

NICOLAS NABOKOV, 1949

STRAVINSKY'S work has been marked from the beginning by a very particular quality of tension, a tension in all the elements—in melodic progress, harmony, counterpoint, orchestration, and rhythmic structure. . . . This tension is what makes Stravinsky modern. . . . In listening to Stravinsky, as in listening to Bach (also a popular master nowadays), one is almost more aware of the composing mechanism than of the expressive intent behind it. One does not first seize instantly the expressive intent and only later become aware of the composing mechanism behind it. One comes to the sense, if at all, through a long corridor of sound.

VIRGIL THOMSON, 1952

THE atmosphere of France, in which Stravinsky had been living for so many years, as well as his admiration for Tchaikovsky, had perhaps induced him to substitute for his vividly colored, Oriental, Russian art, almost Asiatic in feeling with its complicated harmonies and barbaric rhythms that had the violence of a hurricane, a type of music that was spare, stripped of inessentials, economical in the means it employed, and imbued with a sense of proportion that by no means excluded grace or grandeur, but conveyed a feeling that was pure, quintessential, devoid of artifice.

DARIUS MILHAUD, 1953

GENIUS to grasp an *Idea* and enshrine it in unforgettable music.

SIR ARTHUR BLISS, 1954

I HAVE always felt close to Stravinsky. His way of thinking is close to mine. His very severe, very cold-hot way of expressing himself fascinates me.

INGMAR BERGMAN, 1961

THE most representative artist of our own twentieth century has been, not a poet or a painter, but a musician—Igor Stravinsky.

HERBERT READ, 1962

FORM and mindfulness always remain most sensitively fused, but the lack of feeling reflects the sterilities of the scientific age that is upon us. What is unsatisfactory in these molded and polished works is the want of something that is best described as introspection. . . .

PAUL HENRY LANG, 1962

I NOTE regretfully that so great a musician as Stravinsky, who has composed much good music, has been writing in vanguardist style during the last few years but has, alas, failed to produce anything significant.

DMITRI SHOSTAKOVICH, 1964

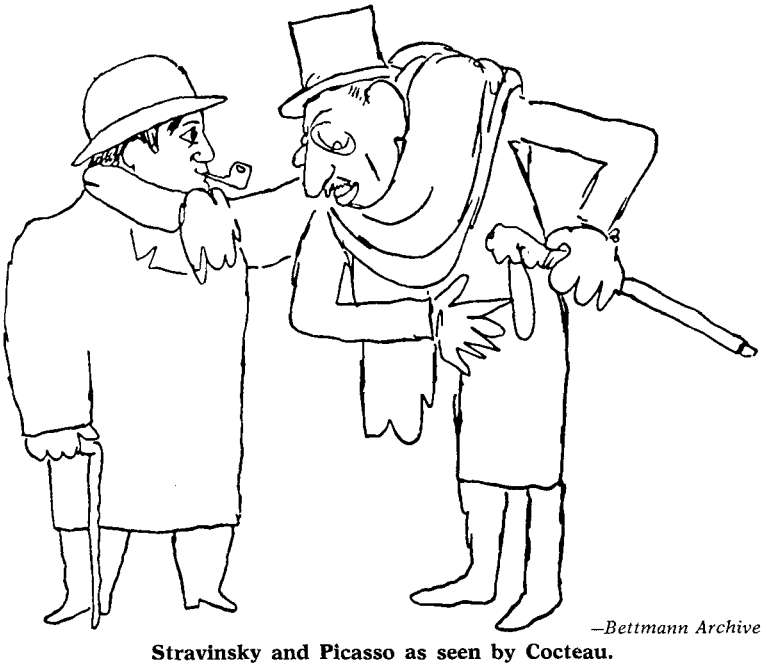
TIME is golden, and nearly all Stravinsky's music is gilt-edged.

ERIC WALTER WHITE, 1966

THE composer of imperishable works, the renovator of technique, the emancipator of rhythm, the inventor of new forms, the founder of a new esthetic, the undisputed genius of the twentieth century, and one of the most subtle and enlightened minds of all time. . . .

ALBERTO GINASTERA, 1967

—COMPILED BY ROBERT JACOBSON.



—*Bettmann Archive*

Stravinsky and Picasso as seen by Cocteau.

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Recordings in Review

Strauss from Amsterdam

STRAUSS: *Ein Heldenleben. Bernard Haitink conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, with Herman Krebbers, solo violin.* Philips stereo, 6500 048, $5.98.

ON AN OCCASION when the late Fritz Busch was quizzed on the particular kind of *Rosenkavalier* he had just conducted at the Metropolitan, he replied, with a smile, "Don't forget there is a Dresden Strauss, as well as a Viennese Strauss" (the implication being that lightness and delicacy were as greatly prized in Saxony as sentiment in Austria). Where *Ein Heldenleben* is concerned, there is without question also an Amsterdam Strauss, for are not the first words on the title page of the score *"Willem Mengelberg und dem Concertgebouw-Orchester in Amsterdam gewidmet"*?

That dedication, and the version of the Thirties by Mengelberg and the great ensemble that had so aroused Strauss's admiration, were for so long a totem that it is only now, nearly a decade after the death of Eduard van Beinum, that the world has been permitted to hear the work in another Concertgebouw recording. That statement may be subject to challenge; but a thorough search of available documents shows no such version either monophonic or stereo. (The Mengelberg, which once circulated on a Capitol-Telefunken LP, has now vanished.)

For Haitink, this is perhaps the most definitive symbol imaginable of severing the silver cord and coming of age as his own man on the podium of the Concertgebouw. The Haitink *Heldenleben* is, undoubtedly, leaner in outline, less orotund in tone than Mengelberg's —such styles change, even in Amsterdam, over nearly half a century—but it is still characterized by full-throated flourishes from the Amsterdam orchestra's horn choir that few others could equal, by a special sense of pride and identity with the renowned masterpiece, which is so much a part of its own traditions. There is a high order of excellence in all the instrumental solo playing, the tip of the pyramid being provided, as it should be, by the virtuoso effort of Herman Krebbers.

Those who, years ago, challenged the presumption of Strauss—aged thirty-five—extolling himself by quoting from his own music in the section entitled "The Hero's Works of Peace" could hardly repeat that criticism today. Indeed, along with its retrospect (1899) of things past, *Heldenleben* is full of premonitions of things to come in *Salome, Elektra,* and especially *Rosenkavalier*. Philips has brought away from the Concertgebouw a sound worthy of the special occasion, one which suggests that—according to an immemorial pattern—sound registration once again has taken a step ahead of the best reproductive units available.

It would, incidentally, astound such conductors as Mengelberg, Toscanini, Beecham, Ormandy, Reiner, and Stock —to mention but a few—to read, in the jacket annotation, "Why is it that the work, in spite of its simple idealistic basis, has never become truly popular?" Where, one wonders, has Uwe Kraemer (the writer) been? Certainly not in New York, during the Twenties and Thirties, where it was so "truly popular" that it was considered overplayed.

An Italianate Beethoven Mass

BEETHOVEN: *Mass in C (Op. 86). Carlo Maria Giulini conducting the New Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus; with Elly Ameling, soprano; Janet Baker, mezzo-soprano; Theo Altmeyer, tenor; and Marius Rintzler, bass.* Angel stereo, S-36775, $5.98.

Bernard Haitink—"coming of age as his own man."

TO JUDGE from the consecutive opus numbers of the "Christ on the Mount of Olives" (85) reviewed on page 50 and this work (86), they should have been composed at practically the same time. Actually there is a half decade between the oratorio (1802-03) and the Mass, a period during which Beethoven underwent profound changes artistically as well as philosophically. For whatever reasons, the Mass is every bit the masterpiece the oratorio is not.

More particularly, it is a masterpiece of a certain kind, in a certain mood and order of expression, which Giulini understands very well and serves beautifully. It is a reminder that one of the very best versions ever of the Mozart Requiem was conducted by Victor de Sabata, as the Beethoven *Missa solemnis* by Toscanini remains unexcelled. They are all, to a larger extent than commonly recognized, works of a Mediterranean, if not an Italian, character, to some degree because all have Latin texts, and no less because the traditions and images of the Mass are of Roman Catholic origin.

Unlike some Germanic, or Central European, versions of the Mass, Giulini's is reverential rather than hortatorical, beseeching rather than aggressive, and always concerned with beauty of tone as much as, if not more than, quantity of sound. The solo vocalists have, clearly, been sought out to achieve the best possible blend, with the most aggressively Germanic kind of tone production evaded. I know nothing about Messrs. Altmeyer and Rintzler, but Giulini has conditioned them carefully to co-exist with the sound values of Ameling and Baker, with highly successful results.

Taken all together, these are more like those of the Beecham version long held in high regard, though not currently available. Probably some will give Giulini adverse marks for not stressing more the impact and drama to be found in certain aspects of the Mass, but what he has done is so perfectly in phase, so to speak, that it can only be admired for the finely formulated thing it is. The sound qualities produced under the supervision of Suvi Raj Grubb are first-class.

Two Sides of Pavarotti

ROSSINI: *"Non mi lasciare . . . O muto asil" (*Guglielmo Tell).* DONIZETTI: *"Com' è gentil" (#Don Pasquale).* BOITO: *"Ogni mortal mister . . . Giunto sul passo" (#Mefistofele).* PONCHIELLI: *"Cielo e mar!" (#La Gioconda).* PUCCINI: *"Che gelida*

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manina" (#La Bohème). CILEA: *Lamento di Federico (*L'Arlesiana).* PIETRI: *"Io conosco un giardino" (#Maristella). Luciano Pavarotti, tenor, with * orchestra conducted by Nicola Rescigno; with # the New Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Leone Magiera.* BELLINI: *"A te, o cara" (**I Puritani).* VERDI: *"Ah! sì, ben mio," "Di quella pira" (*** Il Trovatore). **Pavarotti, with Arleen Auger, Reid Bunger, and Herbert Lackner, with orchestra conducted by Rescigno. ***Pavarotti, with Gildid Flossman and Peter Baillie, with orchestra conducted by Rescigno.* London stereo, OS 26192, $5.98.

THE TWO SIDES of Luciano Pavarotti are almost evenly divided between the two faces of this disc, his second collection of arias and, on the whole, a more challenging assignment than its predecessor. Side Two is devoted to standard, or nearly standard, material, beginning with the twin selections from Act III of *Il Trovatore* and followed by "Cielo e mar," "Che gelida manina," and Federico's lament from *L'Arlesiana* (with a trifle by Pietri as an encore). These he sings with uniformly thrilling quality and style. In "Cielo e mar!" and "Che gelida manina," which—to my ear, embody the voice at its best and truest—he edges close to the Gigli-Bjoerling-Tucker territory, where few recent tenors have trod.

But on the reverse face—designated No. 1, no doubt to engage the cognoscenti with something more piquant—Pavarotti is seeking green fields and pastures new. Here the challenges come not from his contemporary colleagues, but from the legendary masters of the tenor's art. In "O muto asil" he aims for, but does not achieve, a result comparable to the famous version of Martinelli, nor in the "Serenata" from *Don Pasquale* is he qualified for comparisons with Schipa. Why, some impatient readers might ask, invoke the past? Is not the good or evil of a singer's art sufficient unto the day in which it flourishes? That, certainly, is true of the singer who guides himself by everyday standards. When he goes above or beyond them, he must be measured by the canons that prevail in the material he chooses to interpret. For those to whom top notes are stuff to make the pulse race, Pavarotti's top Cs in "Di quella pira" will doubtless rate as pearls beyond price, even if Verdi did not write them. (For the pitch-conscious, it may be noted that here, as elsewhere, the sound is sharper than a 440 A would provide. That is to say, the same turntable that gives perfectly normal pitch on other records yields a sound between C and C-sharp for Pavarotti.)

Let there be no doubt of the magnitude of Pavarotti's talent. His is the freest, freshest tenor sound to emerge in a decade, at least; and he could make a high mark for himself. A little better judgment, not to mention taste, would make for more uniform results. The associated singers are all capable for the subordinate roles in which they are cast, and the conductors function as required in the Pavarotti scheme of things.

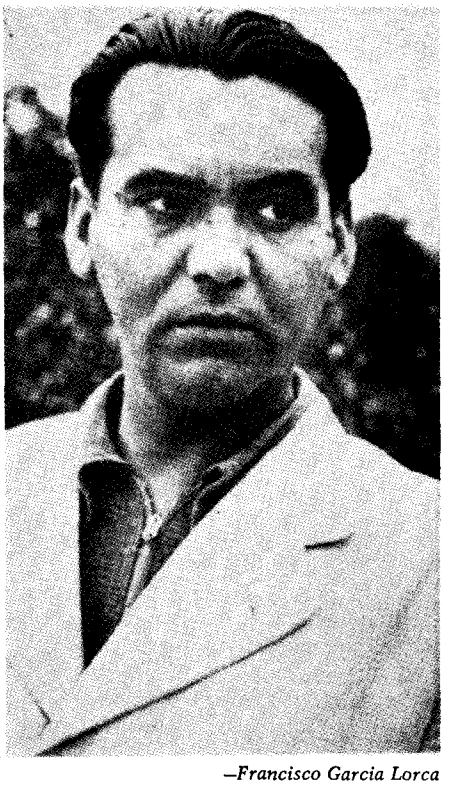
The Spain of Los Angeles

FALLA: **"Psyché"; "Soneto a Córdoba." Victoria de los Angeles, soprano; with Annie Challan, harp; and *Jean-Claude Gérard, flute; and Trio à Cordes Français.* GARCIA LORCA: *Spanish Folk Songs. Los Angeles; with Miguel Zanetti, piano.* VALLS: *Sephardic Songs. Los Angeles, with Gérard, flute, and Oscar Ghiglia, guitar.* Angel stereo, S-36716, $5.98.

LIKE Glenn Gould, though for different reasons and in not quite the same way, Victoria de los Angeles has kept in touch with a worldwide coterie of admirers through recordings. Indeed, when she returns to America next fall after an absence of three years, she may find her public considerably augmented by the kind of artistry she has been spreading by means of such discs as this. Merely the addition to the Falla literature would have made it valuable, but the charm of the Sephardic and García Lorca matter, as well as the manner of their performance, has made it unique.

Among these, the content that has stayed longest with this listener, in the aftermath of a first hearing, is the dozen, plus, of folk songs gathered by García Lorca. These are, as Gerado Diego tells us in his notes, of neither the "cante jondo" nor "cante flamenco" background where piano accompaniments would have been inappropriate. They are, however, folk songs of rich and insinuating quality, whose simple but tasteful settings are the means of informing the ignorant (such as myself) that García Lorca was a musician of uncommon discrimination as well as an exceptional poet.

There isn't a dull one in the lot, but the last seven are an uninterrupted joy. The first of them is the famous "El café de Chinitas," danced by Argentinita, Escudero, and others (including José Greco); the last, "La tarara sí, la tarara no," which is, recognizably, the outline that Albéniz transformed into the opening matter of his *El Corpus en Sevilla* (which Arbós orchestrated with such effect). In between are four or five others of similar



—Francisco Garcia Lorca

García Lorca—"a musician of uncommon discrimination as well as an exceptional poet."

quality, including a beautiful Sevillian lullaby, and "Los pelegrinitos" (which comes back to mind in the voice of another superb Spanish artist, Conchita Supervia, perhaps?).

The Sephardic Songs are drawn—for the information of those unacquainted with the term—from the Sefarad, or Spanish Jews, whose expulsion from Spain coincided (curiously) with the year of Columbus's discovery of the islands off the coast of this continent. They have been given melodious magic through the tasteful arrangements of Manuel Valls and the inimitable artistry of Los Angeles. Victoria Gomea Cima though she may have been born, this singer has "a voice of angels" for the heartfelt, regardless of sect. Gérard's flute and the vibrant guitar of Ghiglia have a considerable part in the total result, as, indeed, do all the collaborators, beginning with Zanetti, a fine pianist.

Coming June 26th Issue

New Man at the Met:
Stockholm's Göran Gentele
by William Weaver

•

Summer Festivals USA

•

Music — **George Jellinek**
Drama — **Henry Hewes**

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Miscellaneous LPs

Data	Report
Beethoven: *Christus am Ölberg* (Op. 85). Volker Wangenheim conducting the Orchestra of Beethovenhalle, Bonn, the Bonn Theater Chorus and Philharmonic Chorus; and Nicolai Gedda, tenor; Cristina Deutekom, soprano; and Hans Sotin, bass. Angel stereo, S-36696, $5.98.	Of the major works associated with the year 1803, in which Beethoven completed the *Eroica* and made his first sketches for the C-minor Symphony, "Christ on the Mount of Olives" is the least frequently performed and most seldom recorded. For this the reasons are evident enough: It is a work in a pastiche of styles (Mozartean and Haydnesque, mostly, and Beethovenian only remotely), showing the great man striving for a noble utterance despite an all-too-palpable lack of deep feeling about the subject. The potential purchasers are, therefore, likely to fall into two categories: those with an uncontrollable appetite for anything bearing the magic name of Beethoven, and collectors of the artistry of Gedda. The former will find this a performance of many solid attributes under the direction of Wangenheim, though none of them is sufficient to overcome the inertia in the score itself; the latter will discover a Gedda who might qualify, in a pinch, as a Florestan in *Fidelio*. Each of the other singers has reason to be proud of the effort herein expended.
Henze: *Versuch über Schweine*. The composer conducting the Philip Jones Brass Ensemble; with Roy Hart, voice. Concerto (1966). Gary Karr, double bass; with the composer conducting the English Chamber Orchestra. DGG stereo, 139 456, $6.98.	Each new recording of works by Hans Werner Henze, like a letter from home (Germany) bearing tidings, whether good or ill, magnetizes attention. This one has rather more rewards than some recent prior ones. The uncommon means employed in both instances could have some share of responsibility. In "Essay on Pigs" (text by Gaston Salvatore) it is the range and flexibility of the Hart voice, which is never quite speaking and is certainly not singing. The monotonously unrelieved instrumental outbursts do not contribute to a closer comprehension of the text. In the Concerto, it is Gary Karr's bass that possesses the attention-attracting factor. The opening is promising, but the entrance of the Karr double bass and its requirement to do eccentric things amid even more eccentric sound patterns diminish interest. Karr is in brilliant form, and the composer's direction is always apropos.
Joachim: Concerto ("In the Hungarian Style"). Charles Treger, violin; with the Louisville Orchestra conducted by Jorge Mester. Louisville Orchestra First Edition stereo, LS 705, $5.98.	As a composer, Joseph Joachim is better known for collaborations with others (cadenzas and arrangements) than for works of his own. This pioneering venture provides an opportunity for self-judgment of Joachim's qualifications in a performance that is both musically sound and very well reproduced. For my taste, the Concerto never quite escapes the category of near-misses—those works that have substantial merits of workmanship and, especially, instrumental suitability, but not the vitality for survival. Perhaps the twenty-three-minute first movement is a heavier burden than its content can bear, but even the ten-minute "Finale à la Zingara" wears out listening interest before it is finished. This month's award for Notational Nonsense goes without question to the anonymous author responsible for the statement herein: "Apparently the virtuoso knew his Beethoven as well as his Brahms." Joachim was merely the violinist whose tireless partisanship (begun at the age of thirteen in 1844) gave the Beethoven Concerto its enduring place in the repertory.
Mozart: Concertos Nos. 1 (K. 37) and 27 (K. 595). Geza Anda, pianist-conductor, and the Camerata Academica of the Salzburg Mozarteum. DGG stereo, 139 447, $6.98.	In this crafty coupling of the first and last of the Mozart piano concertos, DGG has packaged more than a remarkable gamut of artistic achievement. It has put a tonal parenthesis around a whole category of creation that, in not much more than twenty years, converted a random relationship of instrumental means into a disciplined architectural design from which would emerge, in due course, works as different as those of Chopin, Tchaikovsky, Mendelssohn, and Prokofiev. Anda's competence in this literature is by now well established, and he will eventually—if he has not already done so—attain the distinction of being the first musician to record all the concertos at the keyboard, under his own direction. The performances are supported by excellent engineering techniques.
Stravinsky: *Petrushka*. The New Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Erich Leinsdorf. London "Phase 4" stereo, SPC 21058, $5.98.	So far as quality is concerned, this disc fulfills its promise as a "Phase 4" stereo spectacular somewhat better than it does its performance of the score per se. The objectives of bigger sonorities and better sounds are too often achieved in terms of bass-drum thumps and sharply defined brass solos, but it is, on the whole, an uncommonly acute reproduction of what is being played. Thus the complaint focuses on the nature of the performance rather than on the way it is reproduced. In this time of such highly qualified interpreters of Stravinsky as Bernstein, Boulez, Ozawa, and Mehta, as well as the recording by the composer himself, the intermediate approach of Leinsdorf lacks the strong point of view necessary to define a character of its own. The New Philharmonia does very well what it is asked to do, but it could have been asked to do, and could have done, more. —I. K.

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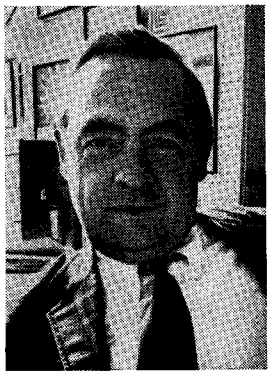

Bill Walker makes his living in sound. He writes and produces music for television and radio advertisers. Chevrolet. Kraft. Oldsmobile and Continental Airlines. He pioneered in the uses of the Moog Synthesizer. And has written songs for Peggy Lee, Dean Martin, Gordon MacCrea and others. Over the years, Bill produced more than 5,000 sound tracks for radio and television.

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Jazz LPs

Data	Report	
Dave Brubeck: *Summit Sessions.* Brubeck, piano; with Louis Armstrong; Tony Bennett; Darius Brubeck; Paul Desmond; Jimmy Rushing; Carmen McRae; Thelonious Monk; Charles Mingus; Gerry Mulligan; Palghat Raghu; Addiss and Crofut; Peter, Paul and Mary; Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic. Columbia stereo, C-30522. $4.98.	This astonishing parade testifies to the genial Brubeck's diverse ambitions—and their realizations. Some of the contrasts are hilarious, as when one is suddenly transferred from the blues world of Jimmy Rushing ("Blues in the Dark") to that of Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic ("Allegro Blues"), or from Peter, Paul and Mary singing Bach	to Charles Mingus and his formidable bass on "Non-Sectarian Blues." Carmen McRae's wry, dry delivery on "Trav'lin' Blues" makes this perhaps the most successful track. The annotator, not to be outdone in imagination, has invented the "memorable boogie-woogie team of Rushing, Albert Ammons, and Meade Lux Lewis. . . ." Ever hear of that one?
Milt Buckner: *More Chords.* Buckner, piano; Jimmy Woode, bass; Kenny Clare, drums. M.P.S. stereo, 15.237. *Locked Hands.* Same personnel, but Buckner plays organ on second side, M.P.S. stereo, 15.199, $6.00. (Postpaid, Saba, 724 Seventh Street, Allentown, Penna. 18102.)	Unlike their predecessor, *Play Chords* (B.P.S. 15.110), these do not benefit from the presence of the peerless Jo Jones. Busy and unsympathetic, Clare's drumming is an unmitigated disaster, yet Buckner and Woode somehow rise above it, and there are many rewarding	performances, notably those of "If I Could Be with You," "Blues for Anita," and "I Want a Little Girl." Buckner's strong left hand and rhythmic assurance are such that he really needs no accompaniment at all, even when he deserts his usual massive chordal style.
Institutional Church of God in Christ: *Grace.* Choir directed by J. C. White; Alfred White, John Hason, soloists. Cotillion stereo, SD-055, $4.98.	The influence of gospel music on jazz is almost as obvious as that of the blues, but it is seldom emphasized by writers to the same extent. This is the best of seven gospel albums—some new, some reissued—in a recent Cotillion release. It is the best if one is looking for zeal, uninhibited expression, and the kind of fervor that used to cause jazz soloists to "take off" and "get hot." This isn't a choir that is afraid to bare its corporate soul, and it has a beat that a lot of to-	day's pseudo-jazz groups could never match. The excellent girl soloist and the vocal riffs behind her on the opening "A Little More Grace" are a case in point. The other sets, which sound *relatively* mannered and self-conscious, are by Marion Williams (SD-053), Alex Bradford (SD-057), Brook Benton (SD-058), The Harmony Four (SD-056), The Colmanaires (SD-059), and Gloria Griffin (SD-054).
Lee Morgan: *Live at the Lighthouse.* Morgan, trumpet; Bennie Maupin, tenor saxophone, flute, and bass clarinet; Harold Mabern, piano; Jymie Merritt, electric bass; Mickey Roker, drums. Blue Note stereo, BST-89906, $5.98 (two discs).	In price and routining, this conforms to what seems to be a new trend: two records for the price of one, with just a single, long performance on each side. There is inevitably a good deal of repetition here, and in several cases the soloists seem to be talking for the sake of talking rather than telling a story. The most consistent and rewarding player is	Roker. Those fastidious readers who object to the identification of the electric bass by its manufacturer's name may yet be interested to know that Merritt uses a kind not often encountered on jazz, blues, and poppyrock records. It sounds a little more like an honorable double bass and less like a giant rubber band.
Idris Muhammad: *Black Rhythm Revolution!* Muhammad, drums; Virgil Jones, trumpet; Clarence Thomas, soprano and tenor saxophones; Harold Mabern, electric piano; Melvin Sparks, guitar; Jimmy Lewis, electric bass; Buddy Caldwell, conga. Prestige stereo, S-10005, $4.98.	Just over thirty, Muhammad (the former Leo Morris) has made a big name for himself since he left his home town, New Orleans. According to Bob Porter's singularly helpful and informative notes, he has been in the New York cast of *Hair* for three years. He has also found time to make a lot of records, and is the preferred drummer of musicians like Grant Green and Lou Donaldson. He swings, gets good, clean tone from his drums,	and usually concentrates on providing firm support; but here, as leader, he takes a little space to reveal himself as an inventive and listenable soloist. The customary imitation of mayhem and massacre by machine gun and massed artillery is entirely avoided. The arrangements by saxophonist Thomas, also from New Orleans, and the playing of guitarist Sparks (particularly on "Super Bad") deserve mention and attention.
Eddie South: *South Side Jazz.* South, violin; Eddie Johnson, tenor saxophone; Claude Jones, piano and organ; Johnny Pate, bass; Oliver Coleman, drums; and five other small groups. Chess mono, CHV-415, $4.98.	This is from a new *Vintage Jazz Series* that consists of previously unissued or obscure recordings made for Chess and associated labels between 1947 and 1956. It provides an interesting sidelight on the activities of musicians not always well known outside Chicago. South, a violinist of international reputation whose best records were made in Paris, is an exception. He is heard here to good advantage on "Fiddle Ditty," but four other tracks present him in confining	routines. Apart from Red Saunders' very capable band on "Riverboat," the remaining performances are interesting rather than impressive. A second album from the same period, *Chicago's Boss Tenors* (CHV-414), features Gene Ammons, Johnny Griffin, Claude McLin, and yet another commanding tenor saxophonist from Texas, Tom Archia. Both McLin and Archia are satisfying players who deserve to be heard and remembered.
Muggsy Spanier: *Muggsy Spanier.* Spanier, trumpet; George Brunies, trombone; Albert Nicholas, clarinet; Luckey Roberts, Joe Sullivan, or Charlie Queener, piano; Danny Barker, guitar; Pops Foster, bass; Cy St. Clair, tuba (on one track); Baby Dodds, drums. Jazzology mono, J.33, $4.98.	This consists of eight performances, as on a ten-inch Circle LP of 1951, plus four previously unissued. If Bix Beiderbecke is excepted as unique, Spanier must rank with Bunny Berigan as the most convincing—and probably the greatest—of all white trumpet players in jazz. Where Berigan's inspiration seems to have been	primarily derived from Louis Armstrong, Spanier's telling use of the plunger mute suggests that he profited from hearing King Oliver as well as Armstrong. There are delightful examples of his artistry here, and he is very well supported, especially by Nicholas, Foster, and Dodds.
Joe Turner: *Smashing Thirds.* Turner, piano and vocal; Hans Rettenbacher, bass; Stu Martin, drums. M.P.S. stereo, 15.254, $6.00.	Unrelated to the blues singer of the same name, Turner belongs to the Harlem school of piano that was long dominated by James P. Johnson, Willie "The Lion" Smith, and Fats Waller. He has lived in Europe since World War II, and he remains an accomplished and very enjoyable pianist. There is a formidable	demonstration of the "stride" technique on "Song of the Vagabonds," and among three pieces by Fats Waller is the refreshing and uncommon "Effervescence." Two Turner originals, "Harry Numa" and "Cloud 15," are also attractively played. The accompanists are discreet. —STANLEY DANCE.

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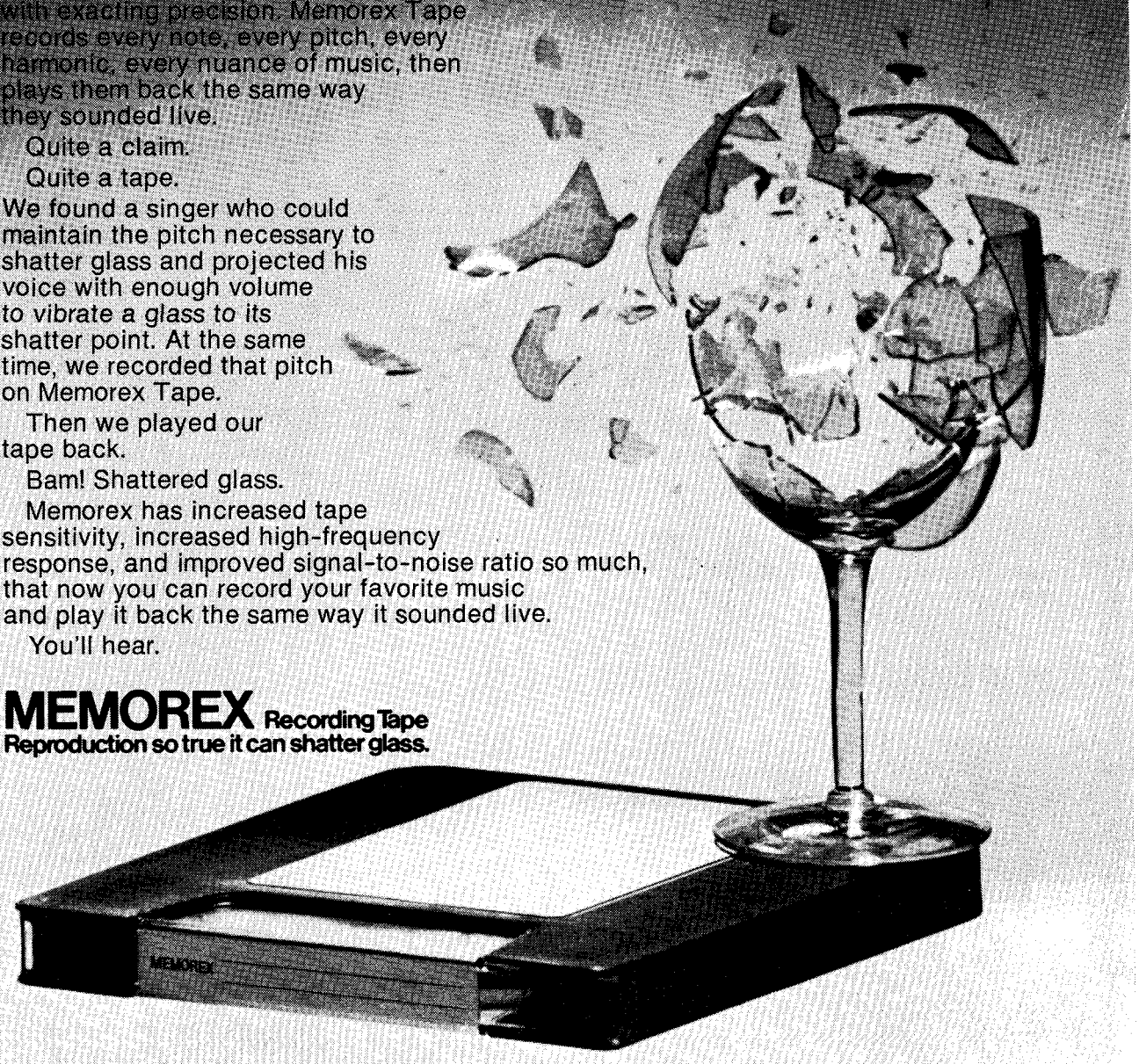

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FILM

IN CINE VERITAS

by ARTHUR KNIGHT

For those who like to think about their movies, the past year has seen a marked, and heartening, increase in the number of *cinéma vérité*-style films being released by the major companies. The voices of the underground are surfacing and beginning to blend with the shouts of the market place. And while it is unlikely that they will ever quite drown out the hucksters, the very fact that they sing a different sort of tune makes them thrice welcome. Whereas the conventional movie tells us about our world, *cinéma vérité* shows it to us in all its fascinating complexity.

Derby is a first-rate example. Financed (modestly) by a San Francisco roller-derby promoter, Jerry Seltzer, to popularize his peculiar sport, the film quickly got out of hand. Derbies are distinctly not glamorous; they are brutal, competitive, and brutalizing, appealing primarily to the blood lust of their patrons. It is to Seltzer's credit that even when he found the film moving in this direction, he didn't shut it down. In fact, he became so intrigued by the medium that he not only put up more money to complete *Derby* but is currently financing two more pictures —one on ballet, the other on carnivals —by the makers of *Derby*, Robert Kaylor and William Richert.

Fans of the roller-derbies might well be disappointed by this film. Although the jams, foulings, and fist fights that characterize the sport are frequently in evidence, they are by no means dominant. Instead, we are taken behind the scenes to watch the lives of the derby people and particularly that of one neophyte, Mike Snell, who wants desperately to turn professional. Why? Because he works in a factory, hates his job, and figures he can make as much as $12,000 a year in the derbies. It is the ultimate flattering of the American dream, a dream with horizons so limited that one can only pity the dreamer.

This is one of the virtues of *cinéma vérité*. The film-maker's outlook may (but needn't) be totally dispassionate, as objective as a computer. But if the film itself is made with honesty and insight, as *Derby* has been, one can extrapolate vast realms of experience and emotion. There is an ugly confrontation between two women, one of whom believes that her husband has been unfaithful to her; simply because she speaks so candidly while the camera is on her, we recognize the bitterness of her hurt. An elderly female spectator explains why she comes to the derbies, and it is as if a Roman were telling why she liked to see Christians eaten by lions. Unlike *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?* (which *Derby* frequently calls to mind), this tawdry world is real and now. There isn't the easy reassurance that, after all, it's only a movie.

If *Derby*, built around young Snell and his ambitions, offers at least the semblance of a structured story, Kent Mackenzie's *Saturday Morning* makes even fewer concessions to convention. Essentially, it documents a six-day encounter session involving a group of twenty young people of varied backgrounds, races, and attitudes. But this is describing the film on its most superficial level. Mackenzie, a graduate of the cinema school at the University of Southern California and a veteran of innumerable documentaries, prepared himself for this film by spending a full year talking with some four hundred teen-agers, discovering from them their feelings about their world and, more especially, themselves. Out of these hundreds, he selected the cross section that would, in his opinion, be most self-revealing.

And self-revealing they are, to an incredible degree. Although the film was shot in Idyllwild, a mountain resort near Palm Springs, the camera stays almost claustrophobically close to the young faces as the teen-agers probe deeper and deeper into themselves. Their odyssey is recorded dispassionately. On Monday and Tuesday, they begin to grope toward self-awareness, some fearfully and tentatively, others aggressively and self-assertively. Wednesday and Thursday, self-doubts appear, particularly after a few dogmatic, racially biased outbursts. But by Saturday morning, which is what the film is really all about, the barriers have fallen. Through an intensive week of introspection and interaction, these kids have come heartbreakingly face to face with themselves. Many of them are in tears. They can hardly bear to admit their own insecurities and hang-ups, both social and sexual. But they do, many of them. And when they do, it is as much a moment of triumph for the viewer as for the young people themselves.

On the surface, this kind of film-making seems all too easy. You switch the cameras on for a given number of hours, then simply edit together the results. But the secret, as Kent Mackenzie well knows, lies in the editing process. He spent a full year (less six days) selecting the bits and pieces that would most truly reveal his young people to us. And out of it has come a document that is shattering in its impact and infinitely moving to anyone seeking to understand what is all too easily referred to as the generation gap. *Saturday Morning*, for the thoughtful viewer, takes a giant step toward closing it.

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THEATER

HOPE SPRINGS EXTERNAL

by HENRY HEWES

In an ideal society, people would look to poets for a truthful vision of what really matters. Therefore, it is most appropriate that one of America's leading elder poets, Archibald MacLeish, should use the late Stephen Vincent Benét's short story "The Devil and Daniel Webster" as the basis for a play that suggests that America is not doomed for its mistakes and its pursuit of prosperity.

The play, titled *Scratch*, focuses on the compromises of Daniel Webster, who put his opposition to slavery second to the preservation of the Union. Although some historians credit Webster's acts with postponing the Civil War by ten years until a time when the North had become stronger than the South, writers of the day saw it as a Southern strategy designed to gain Webster the Presidency.

The first act of *Scratch* presents an argument on this subject between Webster and his blunt-speaking hired man. In it, MacLeish's Webster admits to wanting the Presidency, but makes clear that his passion for the preservation of the Union comes from an honest belief that national prosperity and the government must be placed ahead of individual freedom. His hired man disagrees. He loves the Union not for itself but for its men.

In the second act, Webster meets Scratch, who embarrasses him by praising him for his political pragmatism, for recognizing that the United States is not a philosopher's model of the rights of man, but just a country, a political contraption like any other. This sets up the ensuing trial scene in which Webster defends Jabez Stone, who has made a contract with the Devil. Before a jury composed of the ghosts of past American traitors and profiteers, Webster acquits Stone by admitting his own past mistakes and arriving at a new understanding of his country that the jurors can share with him. He tells them, "Your indignation taught you in the night of Hell. Learning there to hate all human suffering, you learned to love what hopes, however faintly, for an end to suffering—a second morning of mankind." Webster goes on to plead, "Give me Jabez Stone to lift the hope of desperate humanity beyond the reach of Hell—the reach of Heaven—even beyond the reach of those who think themselves the surrogates of Heaven . . . those priests of human freedom who would burn the country down to make men free . . . ultimate hypocrites!" He concludes, "Union has no meaning without liberty. And liberty is one by one—one man, each man—however weak, however desperate."

If Webster's plea sways the jury, it is far less successful with the audience. Who are "those priests of human freedom"—the Abolitionists or the Berrigans? And if he is against them, why does he then ask acquittal for all who break the law in desperation? Furthermore, the play provides Webster with no opportunity to put his new philosophy into practice.

Patrick Magee is a little too willingly stentorious as Daniel, with the result that his anguish seems minimal. Will Geer brings a relaxed, rough charm to the role of the Devil and is most amusing when he points out that unlike "some," the Devil can operate without asking people to believe in his existence. John Conklin's old barn setting is impressive, and Patricia Zipprodt's costumes for the ghostly jury are splendid. Nevertheless, the play, which closed after four performances, is too arbitrary for a drama, too ambiguous for a history, and too shallow for a biography.

There is an extremely contemporary parallel between our political leaders' stubborn defiance of public opinion and Sophocles' *Antigone*, which depicts the tragedy of the willful Theban ruler Creon, who fails to listen to the people and to his own son until it is too late. The current Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center production of the tragedy obviously recognizes this parallel but does not contemporize the text, which was translated by Dudley Fitts and Robert Fitzgerald before our present trouble.

Philip Bosco portrays Creon as utterly pigheaded in his resolve not to give the defeated rebel, Polynices, a decent burial. It bothers him hardly at all that he must sentence to death his son's fiancée, Antigone, because she has defied Creon's edict in favor of a higher moral law and attempted to bury her brother. As Antigone, Martha Henry appears to be resigned to her fate, mature and composed instead of innocent and angry. And the chorus, which has been reduced to six individuals speaking to the accompaniment of confused musical cacophony, fails to sustain a driving sense of tragedy. Thus the production doesn't really come to life until the entrance of Creon's son Haemon. Then David Birney most movingly experiences the frustrations of a young man who sees the truth more clearly than does his father. He cannot break through to a man who a priori rules him wrong on the bases that he is too young to be wise and that a ruler must not be affected by public opinion. Indeed, Birney is so effective in expressing his love for his father and his need to communicate with him that Haemon's subsequent suicide seems motivated less by his grief about Antigone than by his disappointment in Creon. This impression is reinforced by a final scene reminiscent of *King Lear*, in which the grief-stricken Creon enters carrying Haemon's dead body. Although director John Hirsch has not achieved a very effective *Antigone*, he has given us something else, which he might well retitle *Haemon*.

On a recent visit to the twin cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul, I was most impressed with a production by the Children's Theatre Company of the Minneapolis Institute of Arts. Called *Jerusalem*, it was written by the CTC's playwright-in-residence, Fred Gaines, and retells the story of a band of 7,000 French children who in the year 1212 set out on a crusade to Jerusalem only to be sold out to the Saracens, who pirated them into slavery.

Under the disciplined direction of John Clark Donahue, more than ninety children plus a few adults combine to create the bitter reality of thirteenth-century life. But obviously both the actors and the author see parallels between the futile idealistic action of these crusaders and the current self-sacrificing demonstrations of our alienated young people. Some of this is suggested by the use of slide projections and some in Brechtian songs with strong music by Roberta Carlson.

Although the children are visible throughout, the focal character turns out to be not their leader, the twelve-year-old Stephen of Cloyes, but a character invented by Gaines, an opportunistic juggler and minstrel named Rudge. The plot of the play simply shows us Rudge's necessity-enforced decision to exploit Stephen and the children, and his brief feelings of remorse about having done so.

Although Rudge is attractively played by Peter Goetz, it is difficult to find a parallel between him and whoever is exploiting today's youth. What we are left with is a not very suspenseful narrative, spiked here and there with interludes that remind us that this tragedy has been repeated in other ages. Nevertheless, the performances are honest and beautiful. *Jerusalem* emerges as a striking artistic achievement for all concerned.

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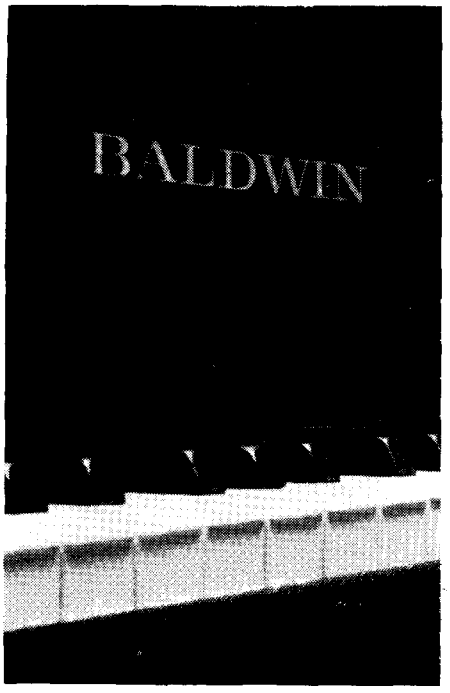
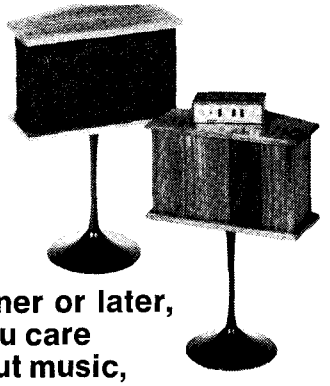


Aaron Copland's Accompanist



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POP

THE FUTURE AFTER THE FILLMORES

by ELLEN SANDER

The Fillmore East was jam-packed. Seats and standing room sold out, lobby mobbed with tie-dyed dancers, aisles alive with people pressing close to the stage. By midnight the concession stand was out of apple juice and the show still had another four hours to run, with the Grateful Dead back in town.

In a small ante-office, Bill Graham, father of the Fillmores (East and West) and promoter of other major rock events such as Fillmore at Tanglewood, surveyed the scene and mused bitterly. "I can do all this, present the best shows in the business, but if one kid yaps 'capitalist pig,' it blows the whole thing for me. Can anyone come to a show like this and say he didn't get his money's worth?"

For hours Graham had scurried about the building, tense and troubled. Calls came in from all over, anxiously requesting a statement, an interview, the "real reason." That afternoon, at a press conference summoned by an ominous-sounding telegram, Bill Graham, mercurial, unpredictable, self-made pillar of the rock scene, had announced the closing of the Fillmores effective June 27.

In a statement, he recounted his reasons: the unreasonable and totally destructive inflation of the live-concert scene; "packaging" by booking agents, the classic showbiz technique of binding a headline act to others of the stable, on the same bill. Graham reminisced about earlier days of promoting concerts, when a sense of community and integrity was more apparent. "Whatever has become of that scene?" he asked rhetorically. "It turned into a music industry of festivals, twenty-thousand-seat halls, miserable production quality, and second-rate promoters. . . .

Graham was wrong on one point. There has been a lot of asking why lately, but a minimum of answers. Last February, Stan Cornyn, vice president of Warner Brothers Records, in a speech at a record industry convention, stated: "Frankly, we—as an industry—lack class. I mean we really lack class. We often are unethical. We certainly are money-mad. And as for dignity, the record industry has less dignity than a rhinoceros in heat." Cornyn continued: "If there's one message the Rock Generation wants us to hear, it's this: 'Be a man, a civilized man. A thinking, feeling, moral human being. And this means, above all, stop screwing up the world with your selfishness.' . . .

A year and a half ago, Columbia president Clive Davis had warned a roomful of distributors and his own sales force that if a store refused to deal with a long-haired sales or promotion person, "They can take every Columbia record off the racks."

There had been warnings. There had been evidence of deterioration for more than a year. Bill Graham, rock's most prominent promoter, has thrown down the gauntlet, while tossing in the towel, on a matter of principle. I must say I am more proud than dismayed. He has confronted the scene by recognizing a situation impossible to ignore.

Business and artistic interests in popular music are inextricably intertwined. Whatever the motivation, they are impelled toward the same results. The rock business is no more or no less infected by the bacteria of self-interest than any other area of mass entertainment, but rock has the guts to confront its sickness in public because rock and its public are more a part of one another than any other contemporary entertainment.

Rock and society at large carry on a cold war. One disclaims the other. But there is a basic hypocrisy in that favorite of all pop myths. There are no ways of circumventing the symptoms of the present colliding head on with the future. The failure of the myth so far has been its inability to accept its likenesses to, as well as its differences from, the society against which it rebels. Pop is only now beginning to confront its own hypocrisies. If nothing else, Bill Graham has made clear that the mother culture and the counter-culture are not only causally related but very much a part of each other's failures and successes. It would be unenlightened to isolate one's thinking in terms of "them" and "us," whether it be in the name of the American flag or the Aquarian Age. Such symbolism is wearing a little thin these days; we all fight the same battle with inconsistency.

Can the pop community, now that its minimal attribute has been revealed, rise to that challenge? It should be at least as good a show as the Grateful Dead at the Fillmore East; all involved—business, artists, and audience—have the same responsibility in an effort to get things back on the track again.

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Britten's "Prodigal"

One had begun to speculate strongly as to whether Benjamin Britten had actually lost or merely preferred to ignore his superior gifts for the dramatic in lieu of the formal, ritualistic, and sometimes effete church parables he produced systematically, one, two, three, in 1964, 1966, and 1968. There was hope that this trilogy, as special and frequently affecting as it is, would not serve as the capstone to Britten's long and brilliant theatrical career—for they are special works that will ultimately serve as footnotes to his operatic output rather than examples of major strides in that area. Judging by his television opera *Owen Wingrave* (*SR*, May 22), he is still in full and potent possession of his musical stagecraft; but at the same time, the third of these morality plays, *The Prodigal Son*, has emerged via recording, based (as in the past) on an actual Aldeburgh Festival-English Opera Group performance with the composer conducting (London, OSA 1164, $5.98).

For this listener at least, the progression of parables has proved the law of diminishing returns. All three share the sparse orchestration with *glissando*-ing strings, the transparent textures and prominence of the percussion, the all-male cast, the opening procession of chanting monks leading into the story and ending with the repeated plainsong recessional, and the elongated recitative-arioso vocal writing. But what seemed so startlingly original and striking in *Curlew River* has become increasingly predictable and even repetitive through *The Burning Fiery Furnace* and *The Prodigal Son*. What had seemed so well mated to the formal rigidity of the Noh-inspired drama of *Curlew River* strikes one as somewhat stillborn for the very human drama of the profligate son.

But as always in Britten's music there are many felicities to intrigue the ear. Atmosphere, characterization, and imagery are created through the composer's imaginative mind, as the alto flute suggests the pastoral world of The Father, his sons, and their labors—contrasted by the trumpet of the Tempter, the city, and worldly temptations. It goes without saying that the 68-minute parable gets definitive recorded treatment in the composer's hands, with Peter Pears in the tour-de-force role of the wheedling, slimy-voiced Tempter; and John Shirley-Quirk, Bryan Drake, and Robert Tear eloquently heard as The Father, The Elder Son, and The Younger Son, respectively. London's sound, captured in the Orford Parish Church, is spacious and mellow, allowing a realistic separation of solo voices.

—ROBERT JACOBSON.

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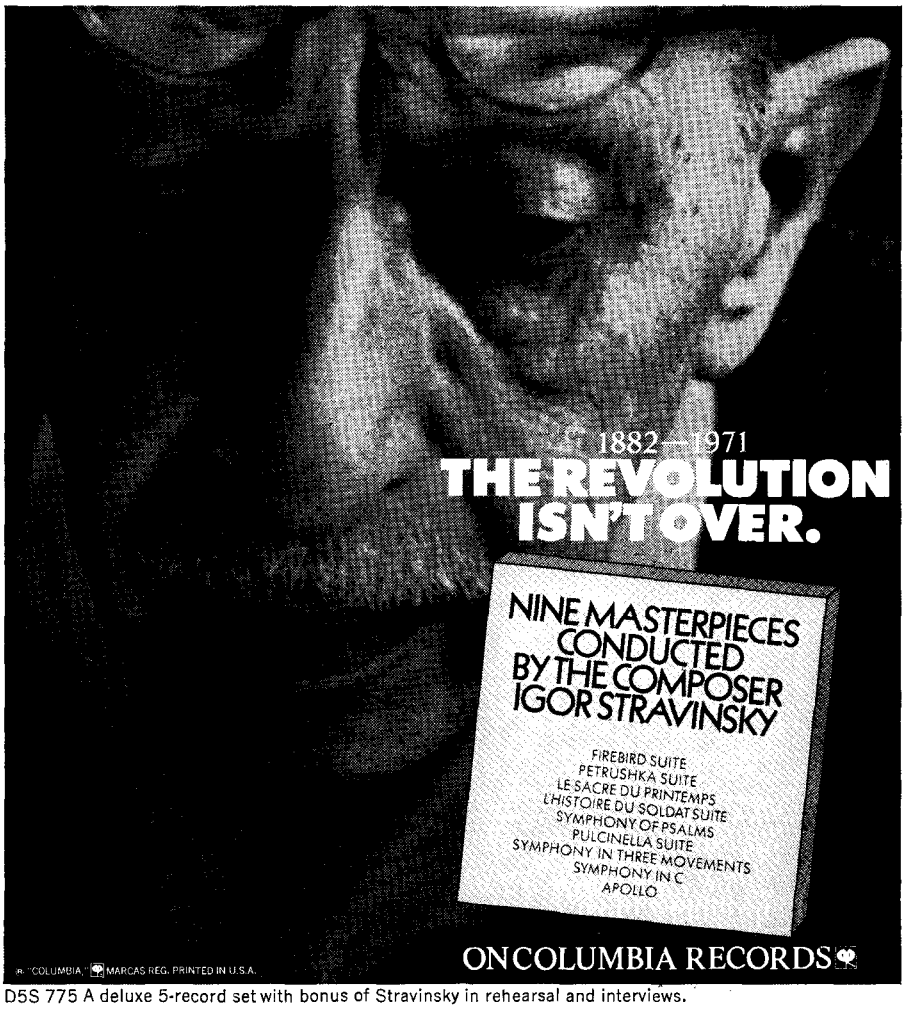

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Style or Idea?

Continued from page 41

Style is not a quality that one can, and even less that one should, pursue for itself. Style comes as an ineluctable consequence of language, when the latter manages to unify its different components, whether at the most elementary level of vocabulary or on the most elaborate plane of form. The composer's task is to establish homogeneity, to forge unity out of the elements he manipulates—elements whose centrifugal force is often prodigious. Style is what will appear, in the end, to be the unifying element par excellence, even if one has worked with disparate or rebellious components.

Analyzing Schoenberg's position has not taken us as far from Stravinsky as it may seem. For, in spite of all the labels that were attached to his production during a certain period of his life, Stravinsky's music did not reflect the neo-classical ideal I have just described nearly as much as did Schoenberg's. Stravinsky's aims, when he showed his attachment to history, were not the same as those of a man of tradition such as Schoenberg. To begin with, his situation was fundamentally different. We are dealing here with a rebel. Far from ratifying the Romantic heritage and absorbing it to the point of exhaustion, he rejected it categorically. This was certainly not merely a question of his personal nature; it was most likely also an ethnical question. But by refusing Romantic esthetics, he was also depriving himself of a large part of the resources that the evolution of language placed at his disposal. He remained, therefore, at a more elementary level of invention, in particular disregarding almost completely the formal complexity that Romanticism had attained. Far from adopting it, he canceled it out. Thus he created the series of works that still astonish us, in which he gave a new meaning to "the words of the tribe." I would even say that he gave a new meaning to the most trivial words, and that elementary things suddenly acquired a new necessity, a new urgency.

Even though it *is* absurd, the question still arises: Can one long avoid confronting the past, especially in an age that continually imposes memory upon us? Stravinsky's discovery of history and tradition began in an anecdotal way. Discovering Pergolesi was somewhat like paying an unplanned visit to a museum on a road where one didn't expect to find it—a museum that was empty at that time, though soon to be encumbered with crowds. His appetite was whetted by this unexpected visit, and he soon took to varying his itineraries, visiting museums with the curiosity and the insouciance of an out-of-the-ordinary investigator. There was between him and the works he looked at that inappreciable distance which separates adhesion from investigation. If one tries to determine the reason for this attitude it can be associated, I believe, with the influence of the French (and, more particularly, Parisian) intellectual milieu of that period—Cocteau, of course, but perhaps more deeply Valéry. Stravinsky shares with the latter any number of apparent paradoxes and actual forms of behavior: being constrained by the most material kind of discipline, belief in imitation, the need for meticulous craftsmanship, a sublimated poetics, esthetics based on culture. Nonetheless, there is one essential difference: intellectualism. Despite numerous accusations brought against him, Stravinsky was not an intellectual, in the sense that he did not delight in speculation upon culture.

No, Stravinsky was essentially a realist; in this respect, contact with the French intellectual milieu brought about absolutely no change. He still took the same pleasure in manipulating the musical objects that he ran across, even if they were objects found in a museum. There was almost a kind of childlike curiosity in taking apart the toy—the masterpiece—that came between his fingers, and a kind of mischievousness in putting it together again differently so that it would acquire an individual meaning.

If we come back to the notions of Style and Idea, it seems that for Stravinsky, Style was less a preoccupation than a Game. I mean the word "game" in the widest sense—speculative activity based on the inherently human need for diversion. The Game is sometimes amusing; it is sometimes terribly serious, since it questions the need for creation. The Game can make it easier to dodge fundamental questions; it can also go right to the heart of truth and malaise, for it denounces the accumulation of culture with which we are more or less obliged to live. To play with that culture is to try to annihilate its influence, by letting it be clearly understood that one has, from the outside, mastered all its mechanisms, including the most perverse. It remains to be seen whether such an attitude can long satisfy the person who adopts it; one must go through the last stage of asceticism before hoping to reach a truth. The Idea cannot be reduced once and for all to the Game; the real exchange between Style and Idea takes place beyond the superficiality of that transitory antinomy; it cannot be simply a visitor's activity.

This is probably the secret of the

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last transformation of Stravinsky's personality, the one that was the most astonishing, and most likely the least convincing, generally speaking, at the time it occurred. It was greeted with incredulity, even sarcasm. He was often accused of wanting to grow young at any cost, to keep a desperate hold on the present. It is undeniable that he found himself in the presence of a new generation whose ideas could not fail to strike him. I see nothing reprehensible, and certainly nothing indecent, in that. But above all, beyond a certainly episodic influence, I believe I can make out a much more capital phenomenon—namely, the renunciation of the Game, the refusal of illusion.

In the end, the Game results in one gigantic quotation. Here we are again in Alexandria, and even in its library, less burned than ever. Actually, contact with the literature of the past, if it is limited to initiating shock-type operations, loses all interest; when one period has been tamed, it is necessary to go on to another, then to still another, and so on until the point of exhaustion and absence of motivation. In this mechanical repetition of appropriation, there comes a moment when history has been summarized once and for all, and one feels no further need to bring it up to date. The urgent thing to do then is to forget this heritage visited in such an inquisitorial way; one must rediscover one's own countenance, even if the search be arduous and ambiguous, almost unnatural. In order to do this, one must return to the problems of language, reject esthetic motivation or literary pretext, and draw the necessary conclusions concerning writing itself. Whatever the circumstances may have been, the fundamental truth lies there: in rediscovering the Idea in its purity, giving up the Game—that is, in rejecting stylistic preoccupation as an a priori, and once again regarding Style as a consequence of Idea. It is certain that, in spite of certain compositional habits and dominant personal traits, the primordial confrontation between Stravinsky and himself, during the last years of his life—the revision of basic concepts—shook all his creative power and placed it in question. The composer was placed in the position of a penitent, asceticism and austerity being the indispensable conditions for renovation. Every means had to be readjusted, every concept reconsidered. The Game was over! Let the Idea come! A perilous dilemma indeed, and one that Stravinsky was courageous enough to face—probably because, apart from the aid supplied by his vitality, he had no other valid solution before him.

The world of quotations, the world of references—why have these entities exercised such a fascination upon the most brilliant minds of this century, to such an extent that we see it surviving still today under new borrowed clothes, under the cover of a different ideology? Is the explanation to be found exclusively in the character of our age's inventors, or is this obsession part of our period, our world, our civilization? Klee, I believe, already sighed words to this effect: "Too much culture! Ah! How wonderful it would be to wake up and have forgotten everything, absolutely everything!" It is true that everyone has an encyclopedia of culture at his disposal all the time—the entire world's memory. It has become practically impossible to ignore history, and not only the history of one's own culture, but that of the other civilizations, the most distant as well as the most recent. This plethora cannot fail to have consequences, unless the components, by their very nature, require new forms, invalidating all attempts to imitate or appropriate. That is what has been seen in architecture, for example. But in music?

It is perfectly evident that Stravinsky, like Schoenberg and like all the innovators of that first part of the century, began by making history without giving it any thought. The need to create was too urgent for them to worry about their own place in a future portrait gallery. They were in a hurry to get rid of certain ways of thinking, certain styles of existence. The acceleration of the transformation was all the more rapid because it was willed; everybody, seized by a sort of frenzy, discovered an enormous potential for novelty. But after the brilliant pyrotechnics that lasted several years, with Stravinsky as with Schoenberg, History (with a capital H) haunted everyone's mind and brought with it that obsession with Style, in reference to models that already existed. One no longer considers composition as belonging only to the category of becoming, but one mixes memory and invention—in the hope of creating absolute continuity. But in that respect one belongs to the present—the moment and its episodes—rather than to the past, and much more than to the future.

In fact, if there is a lesson (or moral) to be drawn from such a state of affairs, it is the pre-eminence of discovery—let's call it savage discovery. Yes, just as Klee thought, one cannot escape knowing one's own culture, and even, these days, the other civilizations. But how necessary it is to forget them energetically, with determination!

I will praise Amnesia.

—Translated by David Noakes.

The Dancer's Composer

Continued from page 43

. . . that's very important in dancing. Just listen to Stravinsky and you want to get up and move. If you've got George, you can do it, but it is all there all the time, as complex and as perfect as a Swiss watch. Stravinsky? Unpredictable but heaven!"

* * *

"I have danced through his different periods," says Melissa Hayden, prima ballerina of the New York City Ballet, often known as "the Balanchine company." She thinks of them in relationship to Picasso periods, for, as she says, "doing a Stravinsky piece is doing something new each time." Perhaps more than any ballerina, Miss Hayden has experienced the range of Stravinsky—*Firebird, Petrushka, Apollo, Card Game* (or *Jeu de Cartes* or *Poker Game*), *Orpheus, The Cage, Agon*, and others. At a rehearsal of *Agon* that I attended, there were new members of the cast. Some confusion prevailed until a voice said. "Get Millie; she'll know." And "Millie" Hayden does know her Stravinsky. She says of *Agon*, "You just had to learn it in counts and phrases. You did it in musical sections. Then the movements *became* the

counts—in a sense this was imposed upon the music—and the silences too were a part of our dancing. After a while you would stop counting because the counts became a rhythm. Mr. B. [Balanchine], of course, guided us.

"Years ago, as a novice with the American Ballet Theatre, I was an understudy in *Apollo*. I flipped for that man's music. I became a lover of that music. Do you know that I first heard the Stravinsky music for the second movement of Balanchine's *Jewels* twenty-two years ago? It was not composed for ballet, but I felt it should be danced. My record is old and scratchy and worn-out but there it is in *Jewels*!"

Miss Hayden had one final comment to make as a Stravinsky dancer, as a ballerina who has brought movement extension to his masterpieces: "Listening to his music, no matter how stark it may be, you find its flavor; and whether it has ever been choreographed or not, it becomes part of the body."

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Letters to the MultiMedia Editor

Sander on the Bee Gees

As a long-time Bee Gees fan I wish to thank Ellen Sander for her comment on their latest album *Two Years On* in her article "The Child Is Father to the Rock and Roll Music—II" [*SR*, Mar. 27]. This is their best album to date. The Gibb Brothers have been with the "soft rock" sound since 1967. They have been underrated too long by other rock critics. To think that an Establishment magazine like *SR* is more hip than *Rolling Stone*!

Leslie Robbins,
Cambridge, Mass.

Trees on the Runway

Lest your readers come to believe from the picture on page 63 of your March 27 issue that the Washington National Airport is partially forested, be assured that the water in the background is the Washington Channel. Beyond that is a park, and beyond it the Potomac, and then the Pentagon.

Jay S. Seeley.
Arlington, Va.

Sons and Others

Having read Henry S. Resnik's comments on *Gimme Shelter* in "The Rock Pile" [*SR* Jan. 30], I was perhaps disposed to view it in the same light he did, as "an amoral film that lacks critical judgment in a situation that demands a moral response." Now, however, having discussed it with my son (under thirty), I am not so sure. My son pointed out that the Hell's Angels had been used as security guards at other rock concerts by other groups, with no ensuing violent occurrences, so that the Stones could not have predicted the violence that would occur at Altamont. Then he pointed out the lyrics of "Gimme Shelter," which are that, although "war is just a shot away, . . . love is just a kiss away," and which seemed to him a striking illustration of the non-violent attitude of the Stones.

He interpreted the expressions of the Stones as they viewed the scene in retrospect as ones of bewilderment rather than callousness. Why did murder happen at Altamont when nothing like it occurred at any of the other concerts that the Angels policed? My son feels that if blame is to be laid on anyone, it should be on those who so poorly arranged and promoted the concert.

Mr. Resnik's phrase, "Mick Jagger's cynically vaunted impression of himself as a street-fighting revolutionary," does not seem to apply to the same person who pleaded with the audience at Altamont to "cool it." It is true that Jagger generates a kind of excitement, which may have had something to do with the mood of violence at Altamont; yet again, the same excitement at previous concerts did not produce violence.

It now seems that the Stones are asking for "shelter" for all of us from future such occurrences. Isn't this a "moral response" of sorts?

Helena M. English,
Troy, N.Y.

In reference to the Microstatic tweeters reviewed by Ivan Berger in "The Electrostat That Isn't" [*SR*, Mar. 27], I would like to point out a less expensive alternative to readers interested in improving the treble dispersion of their speakers.

In the 1971 issue of *Popular Electronics' Experimenter's Handbook* on page 25, there is an article entitled "Mini-six Add-on," which provides clear plans for the construction and hook-up of a dispersion tweeter very similar to the Microstatics. Having constructed a pair for about $20 worth of materials and 25 man-hours of work, I have attached them to a pair of AR-5's, which use the same tweeter system as Mr. Berger's AR-3a's, and am "hooked" on the subtle effect they produce, which is very similar to that described by Mr. Berger. As with the Microstatics, the Mini-six tweeters in no way degrade the already excellent treble clarity of the AR's.

There are, of course, several problems. The speakers in the article are intended to be used as the sole source of high frequencies in the system they are used in—a practice that would be a crime in the case of speakers of the quality of the AR-5's and AR-3a's. The changes necessary are as follows: the two forward-facing speakers along with their volume control, labeled L-16 on the plans, must be omitted. The coil labeled L-1 in the cross-over must be deleted, and the capacitor C-1 must be changed from 100uF to 50uF to raise the cross-over frequency to about 600 Hz. This may all sound rather complicated, but the above steps actually simplify construction.

Joe H. Blackburn, Jr.,
Durham, N.C.

No Thanks to Alpert

I would have held my peace. But after reading Dr. Donald B. Rinsley's sickening letter of thanks [Letters to the MultiMedia Editor, Mar. 27] for Hollis Alpert's article on Shirley MacLaine, my righteous anger rose to full height.

What thanks to Mr. Alpert? That he chronicled an article on Miss MacLaine with all the emotional ardor of a computer print-out? Oh, fie upon you, Hollis Alpert! Could you not even have murmured something as innocuous as Becquer's *"la poesia eres tú"*? I should have been content with that.

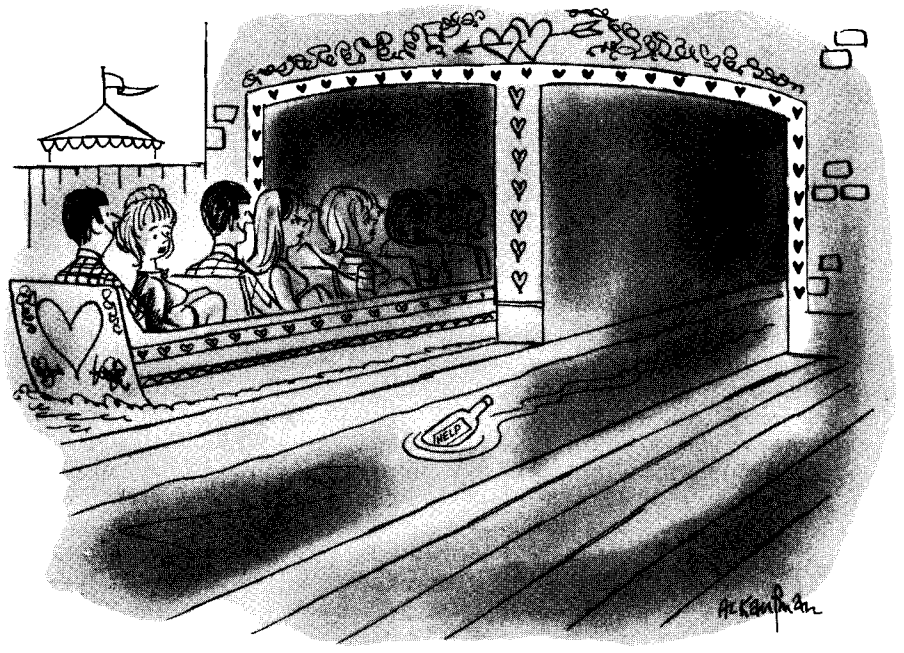
I know not how others may feel. But here am I now past the tenth lustrum of my life; and as I look at her, she evokes all the poetry and all the images and all the religious fervor that graced my youth. I could chant a paean to whatever gods may be in thanks for her presence among us.

Neither do I know how Mr. Alpert felt in interviewing her. Perhaps he found that she was not in herself loving. But, surely, she is the cause of loving in others, and the cause of the making of poems and other such wondrous things. Will this not suffice for thanks? Truly, it was of a woman like her that it was written:

> Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale/Her infinite variety: other women cloy/The appetites they feed: but she makes hungry/Where most she satisfies; . . .

I could think of other lines to quote, not quite so marvelous as these; but they should do.

William S. Fisher,
Berlin, N.J.



Answer to Wit Twister, page 35: poses, posse, pesos.

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(Continued on page 62)

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SCHOOLS

(Continued from page 61)

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(Continued on page 64)

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

(Continued from page 63)

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Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.

For Rent—Furnished

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For Summer Rental

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ROOMS AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

SWANS ISLAND, MAINE—Bedroom and study. Rowboat. Peaceful. SR Box B-856.

LAND FOR SALE

PUERTO VALLARTA, MEXICO. Level, ocean view lot. 35' x 85'. Malton, Box 90.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

MAINE—Wooded acreage, starting at $40 per acre—also all forms of real estate. FRANKLIN REALTY Co., 44 Main Street, Farmington, Maine 04938. Tel. Office 207-778-2852 (Mr. Barrows).

NORTHERN VERMONT REAL ESTATE. Brooks Barron, Broker, Hyde Park, Vermont. 802-888-4287.

SOUTHWEST NEW HAMPSHIRE—Houses and land. Dare Schumacher, Broker, Box 1, Acworth, N.H. 03601.

CAMP/CONFERENCE CENTER—100 acres, Hebron, Connecticut, 25 minutes from Hartford. Fields, woods, pond, brook, lodge with institutional kitchen (dining capacity 130), cottage, boathouse-garage, 4 cabins, sheds. 5 units each with six 14' x 14' tent platforms, cook shelter, latrines, piped water. Sale or lease with option to buy. $250,000. Principals only. SR Box B-859.

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CAMPS

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UNIQUE CAMPING TOUR of the great southwest. Boys 13-17. Leaves Albuquerque, New Mexico June 29th. Western Safari, Box 653, Barnegat Light, N.J. 08008.

JUDGMENT RIDGE—Unique camp on thousand acres Vermont mountains. Boys/Girls 8/16. Managed by ex-Peace Corps staff. Unpressured. Unlimited riding ($90 extra). 26 horses . . . beginning to advanced programs. Swimming, guitar, art, pottery, sports, farming, construction. Individualized programs, regular to pioneer. A.C.A. accredited. 100 camper limit. No poison ivy. RN resident. $650, $375 half season. Vershire, Vermont 05079. Telephone 802-685-4547.

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PARENTS—FREE ADVISORY SERVICE. Independent schools; summer study, private camps visited and personally evaluated. Write, indicate child's age, grade, interests, educational needs. Recommendations made and 347-page 30th Annual Educational Register sent without obligation. Vincent-Curtis, Room 202, 224 Clarendon, Boston, Massachusetts 02116.

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CAMPS

EXPEDITION FOR BOYS. Exploring and collecting in American Southwest by young naturalists and photographers. 42nd year. Prairie Trek for boys (13 to 16) and Little Outfit for younger boys (10 to 12). Thomas M. Billings, Jr., P.O. Box 218, Thoreau, New Mexico 87323.

SAWTOOTH WILDERNESS CAMP—Boys 10-16. Camping, backing, fishing, cooking, basic survival skills at remote mountain lake 25 miles north of Sun Valley, Idaho. Space available August. Write Box 153, Sun Valley, Idaho 83353.

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RETIREMENT LIVING AT ITS FINEST at Crestview Center in the heart of the residential metropolitan Toledo (Ohio) area. A specially-developed community where retired people share the security of health services, the comfort of never being alone, the assurance of protection against inflation, the independence of coming and going as they please. Life lease or a new monthly fee plan available. For complete information, write Mr. Maurice Seiple, Director of Development, Crestview Center, Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio 43560.

VACATIONS

COLONIAL ATMOSPHERE RESORT on lake in mountain area. Sandy beach, par 3 golf. Woodbound Inn, Box 190, Jaffrey, New Hampshire 03452.

VACATION ON YOUR OWN ISLAND—Drake's Anchorage in Virgin Gorda Sound, British Virgin Islands. An unspoiled, privately-owned, 125 acre island paradise. Secluded beaches. Swimming. Sailing. Scuba diving. Big-game fishing. Accommodations limited to 24 guests to insure a relaxed, informal vacation. Phone 617-969-3235 or write Drake's Anchorage, Box 423, Newton Upper Falls, Massachusetts 02164.

DEAD INDIAN RANCH—Offering wilderness backpacking and packtrips into completely unspoiled high mountain country. Mrs. Paul Ritterbrown, Sunlight Stage, Cody, Wyoming 82414.

OGUNQUIT, Spring is delightful at this seacoast vacation area. Broad expanse of beach and dunes, majestic cliffs, famous oceanside footpath. Artists' colony. Deep-sea fishing. Wide choice of accommodations. For information, write Dept. 15, Information Bureau, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

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NANTUCKET, Island of Enchantment, 30 miles at sea, less than one hour by air from New York or Boston. Sandy beaches, warm water swimming, surfing, golf, your favorite sports, varied evening entertainment. Well-equipped boat basin. Modern accommodations. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, 45 Federal Street, Nantucket, Massachusetts 02554.

BOOTHBAY HARBOR. Charming seacoast inn, motel, efficiency apartments on ocean. Informal. Modern. Modified American, European Plans. Seafood, lobsters featured. Cocktails. Scenic boat trips. Motel mid-May to late October. Inn late June-September. Ocean Point Inn, Box A10, Ocean Point, Maine 04557.

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SWISS RESORT. AAA. Nature, Peace, Beauty. Swimming, sports. Modern comfort; Swiss cuisine; excellent library. Snowvillage Lodge, Snowville, N.H. 03877. Tel. Conway 603-447-2818.

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THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel). Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $80 weekly. Bay Street Studio 333, Boothbay Harbor, Maine Brochure!

THE SEASIDE, unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida 33577. Year 'round resort on private Gulf beach.

WILD LOONS CALL from Indian Lake's clear mountain waters, Adirondacks. American Plan, families, adults. Rustic, informal. Sailing, horses, guided canoe trips. Timberlock, Sabael, N.Y. 12864.

A TREASURE by the sea. Unique oceanside resort apartments. Leisure living in tropical tranquillity—or exciting sport fishing and imaginative underwater exploring. Interested? Sunburst South Resort, Box 145, Islamorada, Florida Keys, 33036.

1780 LOG HOUSE — Superbly restored, furnished, equipped, charming Appalachian setting year round. Choppingdale Tree Farms, Deerfield, Virginia 24432.

ST. MAARTEN—Pasanggrahan, The Inn on the "in" island. Established 1958 in a tropical garden on the beach with excellent swimming. In town, one minute from Duty Free Shops. Exciting food, quiet, relaxed atmosphere. Cool summer breezes and even COOLER Summer Rates. Write Pasanggrahan, St. Maarten, Netherlands West Indies.

GASCON RANCH. Rociada, New Mexico. Southwestern hospitality midst Alpine surroundings.

AUTHENTIC TYROLEAN VILLAGE in White Mountains. Old-world Alpine Inn, Motel, Family Chalet accommodations. Heated pool. Free golf nearby. Fishing, tennis, dancing. Dining rooms, cocktail lounges. Open July 1st to mid-October. Mittersill Alpine Inn, Franconia, N.H. 03580. A Treadway Resort.

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PLYMOUTH ROCK—Take one home from our beach, a stone's throw from the original. 94 deluxe rooms, heated pool. Golf, restaurants nearby. AAA. Open all year. Governor Bradford Motor Inn, Plymouth, Massachusetts 02360.

FAMILY VACATIONS! ALOHA MANOR. Vermont lake. CAMP: sleep away or day. 1 counselor to 3 children. Pony. ADULTS: sailing, canoe trips, cookouts, tennis, fabulous meals. Cabins or housekeeping. Nearby: golf, auctions, Dartmouth. Mrs. Gulick Pierce, 531 East 20th, NYC, 10010. 212-GR 3-0222.

WHITNEYS' . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous food. AAA. Open most all year. Folder tells all. Don and Kathie Murray, Box R, Jackson, New Hampshire 03846.

SUMMIT LODGE, KILLINGTON, VERMONT needs help with ornithological survey of 20 mile area from 4,235 ft. Killington summit to 1,170 ft. Ottauquechee River Valley, all habitats. 35mm chromes wanted for slide show, also bird call tapes for stereo library. Master wall displays on area birds, woodlands, geology and history our goal. Forty rooms and suites with terraces and balconies, heated pool, tennis, all amenities. Write Dept. O, Summit Lodge, Killington, Vermont 05701.

COME AWAY and breathe our fresh air—rare combination of scented pine and ocean spray. Motels and efficiencies. Coffee Shop-Cocktail Lounge. Pool. Fishing. Golf. May into October. Color Brochure. Tel. 207-646-5662. Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Weare, Cliff House and Motels, Box R, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

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VACATIONS

DAVID'S FOLLY. Country living on Maine Coast. Seafood, garden vegetables, blueberry pies, coffeepot always on stove. Minerva Cutler, Brooksville, Maine.

TIRED? Come to the tropical, fully modern, Matecumbe Resort Motel, Florida Keys. Box 203B, Islamorada, Florida.

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NASSAU—Relax in 1-2-3 room apartments. On excellent beach, pool. Cable Beach Manor, Box 263, Nassau, Bahamas.

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MAGNIFICENT ISOLATION, meaningful conversation, relaxed participation, memories to bless. Holden Village, Chelan, Washington 98816.

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BEACHCOMBER'S "TROPIDISE"—"a get away from it all place." Housekeeping motel rooms, efficiencies, cottages; no tipping. Endless beach. Write Rod & Ruth Happel, CARIBE ADVENTURE INN, Box 158, Sanibel Island, Florida 33957.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN. Beautiful, safe, tropical beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Write for information to Hotel Playa Mazatlan, Apartado 207, Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

CIVILIZED FAMILY VACATIONS and 2nd Honeymoons. Vermont's unique resort on Lake Champlain. Color brochure. Tyler Place, Highgate Springs 66, Vermont 05460.

INDIA HOUSE, NANTUCKET, MASS. Attractive turn-of-the-18th-century residence, a comfortable home base for young and old lovers and discoverers of Nantucket. 8 clean, cheery rooms, private baths. 5 minutes to beaches, sailing, galleries, surfing, antiques, tennis. Singles $13, doubles $25 daily EP. Lower after September 30th. Gourmet breakfasts, dinners from mid-June. Bar. Open April-December. 37 India Street. Tel. 617-228-9043. You'll love it!

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PERU, VERMONT. Heated pool, privacy. All the Beckoning Country has to offer. Wiley Inn, Box 37, 05152. Gene & Jean Vidal.

YOU'VE BEEN WHERE IT'S AT—Now go where it isn't. Rental houseboats cruise Florida's sheltered waterways. Boating experience unnecessary. Write for brochure: Waterbird, S-3, Box 617, Jensen Beach, Florida 33457.

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GOLF PACKAGE and Beach Vacations at Hilton Head Island's most exciting luxury resort, Palmetto Dunes. Low-cost Golf Package only $29 includes unlimited golf on Robert Trent Jones designed course, breakfast, gourmet dinner, lodging, cart, airport transportation. Villa rentals as little as $25 a day for a family of four. Steps to ocean, pool, tennis, clubhouse, restaurant, more. Write for color brochures. Palmetto Dunes Resort, Department 345, Box 5008, Hilton Head Island, S.C. 29928. Phone 803-785-2141.

EUROPEAN VILLA/CAR VACATION! Superior, fully-furnished villas in Portugal. Car and meeting service included. Call: Vamco Zenith: 212-725-8812 or 212-832-1163.

THE CLAREMONT ANNOUNCES a change of policy. This year our paying guests will not be required to help prepare vegetables to remain in good standing. Shelling peas, snapping beans, and shucking corn will be on a purely voluntary basis and no stigma whatever will be attached to the fact that you may be a non-snapper or a non-shucker. For other news of the Claremont and our revised rate schedule, please write to Allen & Gertrude McCue, Proprietors, Southwest Harbor, Maine 04679. 207-244-6636.

VACATIONS

"JOHNNY SEESAW'S"-VERMONT ou l' on trouve la vie en rose. Agreable auberge familiale - paysage fleuri - voisinage interresant. Tous sports. Activite, ou repos complet. Brochure. Peru, Vermont 05155.

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BEDS TURNED DOWN EACH NIGHT in one of the few small country inns left. Set in a tiny picture-book village Gardens, tall trees, sweeping lawns. Advance reservations requested. Open year 'round. Betty & Jim Lee, Barrows House, Dorset, Vermont 05251.

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CHRISTMAS FARM INN. 26th year. A small Colonial inn in the White Mountains with a friendly atmosphere, spectacular views, swimming pool, sports. Excellent meals, nicely served. AAA. Doris and Dick Welch, Owner-Hosts. Jackson, N.H. 03846. Tel. 603-383-4313.

SPECTACULAR SEASCAPE VIEWS overlooking the broad Atlantic. A distinguished resort on expansive, landscaped grounds. Broad lawns, flowers, big swimming pool, professional putting green. Social season mid-June to Labor Day—concerts, dinner dances. Near Playhouse and Art Galleries. Modified American and European Plans. Motor inn, cottages, efficiencies mid-May to mid-October. The Lookout Resort, Box 2, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

UP-ISLAND on Martha's Vineyard, you're away from frantic joy-mills, free as a gull. Picturesque harbor to paint, beautiful beaches, tennis, cycling. Modern cottages (nonhousekeeping) for 2 to 6 guests. Each person $18 to $24 daily; two delicious home-cooked meals included. Lower June rates; open 19th. Owner-Manager Thompson. Menemsha Inn, Menemsha, Massachusetts 02552. 617-645-2521.

PARADOR MARTORELL, inn by world famous Luquillo Beach. Box 0, Luquillo, P.R.

JEWEL BOX ELEGANCE, Lighthouse Inn, 52 room mansion showplace of the shore at New London, Connecticut. 2½ hours from Gotham. Superb food. E.P. Doubles $15 up. Brochure S.

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CARIBBEAN — Serene, tranquil, peaceful, beautiful, informal private estate; beach, pool, superb cuisine. CLOVERCREST HOTEL, P.O. Box 717, Frederiksted, St. Croix, V.I. 00840.

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CAMPERS! ROUGH IT (GENTLY), without crowding in campsites. Savor peaceful beauty of wooded island, unspoiled lake, Eastern Ontario. Cottages, $45. Duane Barnes, Ompah, Ontario.

ACADIA NATIONAL PARK. This gracious, lovely resort at the edge of the Park and shoreline provides sumptuous food, drink and lodging. Late June-Labor Day. A Treadway Resort. Asticou Inn, Northeast Harbor, Maine 04662.

QUIET, ELM SHADED location near ocean, art galleries, shops, wharves. Small inn and motel with or without meals. Open to November. Tuck Inn Lodge, Box 118R, Rockport, Massachusetts 01966.

GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P.O. Sunset, Maine 04683.

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(Continued from page 65)

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NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, Just East of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet and gracious hotel in the midst of New York's most convenient Grand Central area . . . near all shopping and entertainment. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites . . . featuring fully equipped kitchenettes . . . air conditioning and TV . . . Ideal for families . . . Continental Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge. Write for brochure, 118 East 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

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AEGEAN CRUISES—Two weeks, Schooner Sofia. Athens departures August 1st, 17th. Box 332, Tiburon, California 94920.

THIS AD + $7.00 per person, double occupancy, entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air conditioning. Single-$10.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

FOR STUDENT TRAVEL or Study or Family Stays or Camping or Summer Ski Camp . . . small groups . . . leisurely pace . . . lively, flexible programs . . . leaders of caliber, taste and wit . . . Itineraries in Western Europe, Scandinavia, Russia, Greece and Yugoslavia. 14th year. Students Abroad, 771-S West End Avenue, NYC, N.Y. 10025. 212-928-7878.

AFRICA minibus, camping through Kenya, Uganda and Tanzania. Small, coed, teen group with experienced, lively leaders. Eight weeks, $1,280. Departs June. Request Brochure HS, Metropolitan New York Council, AYH, 535 West End Avenue, NYC 10024.

BRITISH ISLES—Individually prepared tours by car accompanied by knowledgeable drivers. Particular attention paid to special interests. Personal Touring Services, 62 Highlands Court, Highland Road, London SE 19, England.

CHARTER FLIGHT HANDBOOK. 1,100 organizations named. Particulars free. TIB, P.O. Box 105s, Kings Park, N.Y. 11754.

SAIL TO THE ISLANDS of Maine on Gloucester Schooner, "ADVENTURE." An unusual, informal, fun filled vacation, $150 weekly, all inclusive. Brochure. Capt. Jim Sharp, Box 696-G, Camden, Maine 04843.

SOUTH AMERICAN HOSTELING—Small coed teen group explores Ecuadorian jungles, Peruvian Andes, Bolivian lakes. 30 days, $670; 50 days, $949. Other unique trips. Brochure: MNYC, American Youth Hostels, 535 West End Avenue, NYC, 10024.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York by staying at the Hotel Paris. The Paris is like a Volkswagen . . . we offer all the essential services but no frills; comfort but not luxury; a swimming pool but no night club. Ask for leaflets, "New York for Free" and "How to Enjoy New York." Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 10025.

JOIN THE CREW in the Virgin Islands for 8 days sailing aboard popular sailing ship, "MAVERICK." From $190, all inclusive. Free folder. Stateside phone 201-566-6416, or Airmail WESTINDIAMAN CRUISES, Box 2131S, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands 00801.

SINGLES CRUISES & TOURS—Bachelor Party, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, 10022.

YOU HAVE MORE MONEY to enjoy New York when you stay at Pickwick Arms Hotel. We're your Manhattan piggy bank. You save on our low rates and you save on transportation. We're centrally located, midtown East Side. Walk or bus to what you want to do. Choice of 400 singles, doubles, twins. Write E. A. DePinna, Pickwick Arms Hotel, 230 East 51st Street, New York, 10022.

NEPAL-MT. EVEREST trek, jungle safari. 18 days. $1,549. Capers 400 Club, 960 Larrabee, Los Angeles, 90069.

THE CARIBBEAN. Your own schooner; live shipmates, crew. Great grub, grog, ports of call. Skin-dive, navigate, explore; limbo till dawn. 10 days, $245. Windjammer, Dept. 122, Box 120, Miami Beach, Florida 33139.

LONDON, ENGLAND. Fashionable Royal Borough of Kensington, central and quiet; good middle-class accommodation with light housekeeping facilities, all with private bathrooms, central heating, phones, and all hotel services. 2 room Family Suite from $17 daily; Double $14; Single $8. Licensed bar and restaurant, friendly, informal atmosphere. Clearlake Aparthotel, 19 Prince of Wales Terrace, London W.8. 01-937-3274.

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"BOY."

He broke 250 years of tradition.

William Woods.
Canton, Mississippi
Grandfather (guardian): *saw mill worker*
Grandmother: *domestic worker*
Children At Home: *2*
Total Family Income: *$2,980*

Some people may still call him "boy." But now he needn't answer. When he graduated from Tougaloo he had already killed a couple of centuries of hopeless, ugly tradition that began when his ancestors were kidnapped and sold into slavery.

He could have dropped out. Instead, he pumped his way through high school at a gas station. He received a scholarship from Tougaloo. And earned it all the way to the top of his class. Now he's a Danforth Fellow in History at Princeton.

It has taken him a little longer to do it than most. But he'll use his education a little more wisely than most. Because, as far as he goes, he'll never forget where he came from.

William Woods was one of 750 students at Tougaloo. 90% of our student body is here on scholarship aid.

Over 40% of our most recent graduating class went on to graduate and professional schools with richer, more famous names than ours. Another 40% began careers in government and industry.

All the more reason why we are proud of our sons and daughters. For 101 years of Tougaloo history they have broken traditions of illiteracy, poverty, sharecropping, servitude, persecution and humiliation.

The only way. Constructively. Their work can only increase and multiply.

If you will help, we will appreciate it. And so will you. Tougaloo College is perhaps the most worthwhile investment you will hear about this year. Or any year.

Tougaloo College

With your help.

Contributions are tax deductible.
George A. Owens, *President*
Tougaloo College;
Tougaloo, Mississippi 39174
Telephone: (601) 956-4941

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1938

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Pastime, diversion	9 18 34 41 57 66 75 102 105 113
B. Fill to the point of discomfort or disadvantage	114 124 131 168 6 28 42 52 56
C. Trifling, or no real value	67 158 176 183 188 197 33 151
D. Governor of Kansas, 1933-37 (first name, middle initial, last name)	154 7 20 62 73 133 160 97 117 24 179 185 194
E. Genus of perennial chiefly swamp grasses having flat roughish leaves and one-flowered spikelets	19 27 30 74 87 119 146
F. Abstract (2 wds.)	48 84 98 116 125 139 157
G. Held firm (2 wds.)	164 165 175 13 77 82 86 182 196
H. Four words after *The:* Keats poem	200 109 123 137 140 17 51 53 148 163 167 23
I. Potter's field	45 63 99 108 191 26 78 89 36 91 128 152
J. Mysterious, obscure	177 198 69 100 129 138
K. Terse, pithy	58 162 72 88 104 181 79
L. Configurations, entities, wholes	83 95 112 195 126 12 16 35 65 54
M. Taking in; containing; entertaining	145 8 94 60 70 107 192 47 187

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Inveigle, allure	190 14 64 199 96 134
O. "Idleness is an ——— to nobility" (Robert Burton, "Anatomy of Melancholy")	10 40 93 141 147 135 38 31
P. Uniformity of style of color	184 103 132 110 127 25 71 149
Q. Having little or no regard for the interests, attitudes, and beliefs of others	153 193 81 142 169 178 1 172 59 144
R. Recidivist	115 156 43 92 22 11 32 122
S. Holding a commanding position (3 wds.)	15 174 120 189 173 118 46 4 68 159 3
T. Be eager to progress or proceed (4 wds.)	155 2 49 106 5 121 130 136 180 171 150 50 143
U. "I am bound/Upon ——— of fire, that mine own tears/Do scald like molten lead," says King Lear. (2 wds.)	44 21 166 29 37 111
V. A basket weave made with contrasting colors in the warp and weft	39 55 80 90 161
W. Make more pleasant	201 170 61 76 101 85 186

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram... When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning... Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line... When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

					1 Q	2 T	3 S		4 S	5 T	6 B	7 D	8 M	9 A	10 O	11 R	12 L
13 G	14 N		15 S	16 L	17 H	18 A	19 E	20 D		21 U	22 R	23 H		24 D	25 P		26 I
27 E	28 B	29 U		30 E	31 O	32 R	33 C	34 A	35 L	36 I	37 U		38 O	39 V		40 O	41 A
42 B	43 R	44 U	45 I	46 S	47 M	48 F	49 T		50 T	51 H		52 B	53 H	54 L		55 V	
56 B	57 A	58 K	59 Q	60 M	61 W	62 D	63 I	64 N	65 L		66 A	67 C	68 S		69 J	70 M	71 P
72 K	73 D	74 E	75 A	76 W	77 G		78 I	79 K	80 V		81 Q	82 G		83 L	84 F	85 W	86 G
87 E	88 K	89 I		90 V	91 I	92 R		93 O	94 M	95 L	96 N	97 D	98 F	99 I	100 J	101 W	102 A
103 P	104 K		105 A	106 T		107 M	108 I	109 H	110 P	111 U	112 L		113 A	114 B	115 R		116 F
117 D	118 S		119 E	120 S		121 T		122 R	123 H	124 B	125 F	126 L	127 P		128 I	129 J	130 T
131 B	132 P	133 D	134 N	135 O		136 T	137 H		138 J	139 F	140 H	141 O	142 Q	143 T		144 Q	145 M
146 E	147 O	148 H	149 P		150 T	151 C		152 I	153 Q	154 D	155 T	156 R	157 F	158 C	159 S		160 D
161 V	162 K	163 H	164 G		165 G	166 U	167 H	168 B	169 Q		170 W	171 T	172 Q	173 S		174 S	175 G
	176 C	177 J	178 Q	179 D	180 T	181 K	182 G		183 C	184 P	185 D	186 W	187 M		188 C	189 S	190 N
	191 I	192 M	193 Q	194 D	195 L	196 G	197 C	198 J	199 N	200 H	201 W						

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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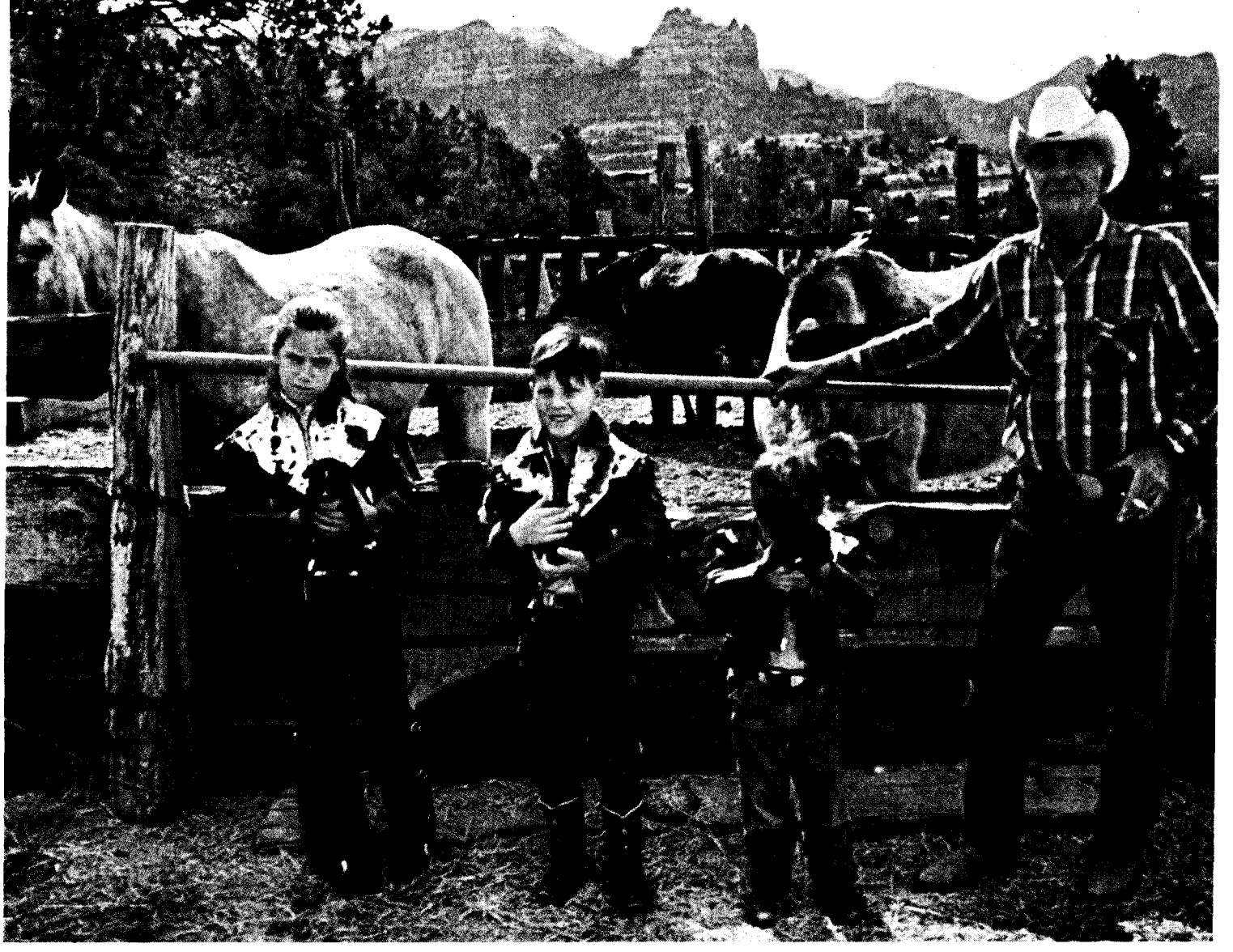
The Hertz vacation rates. They'll help you see what makes a different part of the country different.



Most vacation resorts you fly to can only offer you o much.

It's the America outside these resorts that's really omething to see. The America that isn't covered by oncrete and steel and neon signs.

To help you take a closer look, Hertz has special acation rates.

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Or for a weekend, or over ertain holidays (2-day minimum).

And if you really want to do ome exploring we have a plan hat's even better.

The 109 plan.

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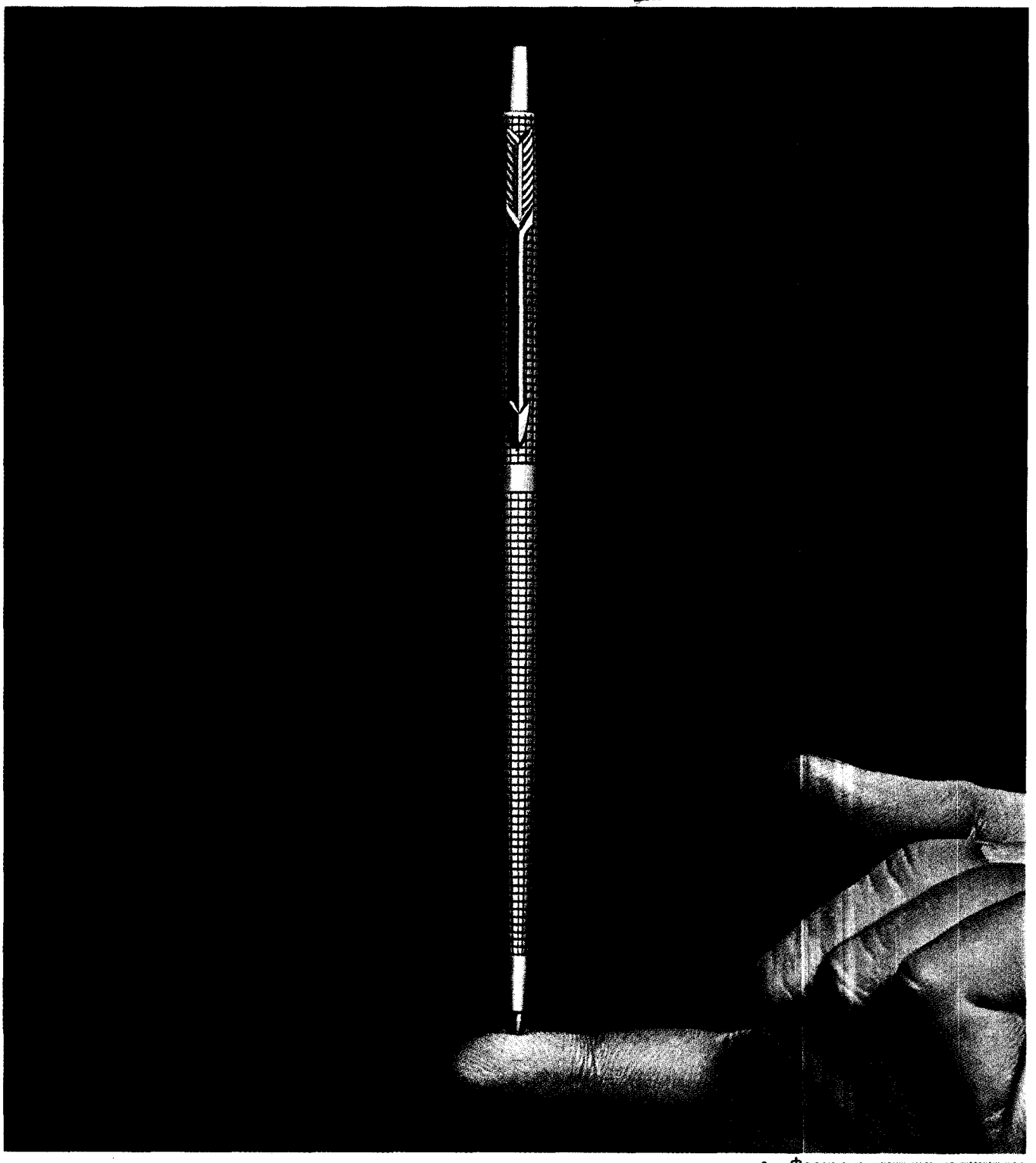

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It's the Parker 75 Classic Ball Pen. In solid sterling silver. Yet so slim and so carefully made it weighs just an ounce.

But what an ounce!
It includes an ink supply that lasts and lasts and lasts.
It will write better months longer—three times longer than the ordinary ballpoint.

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Twelve dollars is a lot to pay for a gift that weighs just an ounce.

Unless it's an ounce of perfection. The Parker 75 Classic Ball Pen.

PARKER
Maker of the world's most wanted pens

The sterling silver Parker 75 Classic Ball Pen is $12. With matching Cartridge Pencil, $24. A memorable gift for personal or business friends. Other fine Parker Pens to own or give, from the $1.98 Jotter Ball Pen to the $150 Presidential Fountain Pen.

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